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THE  
NATIONAL  
Quarterly Review

TWENTIETH YEAR

*Pulchrum est bene facere reipublica, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est*

DAVID A. GORTON, M.D.

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NEW YORK

DAVID A. GORTON & CO., Publishers

51 & 53 MAIDEN LANE

GENERAL AGENTS:—NEW YORK: THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

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BOSTON: NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY.

BOSTON: A. WILLIAMS & CO., 283 WASHINGTON ST.

CANADA: TORONTO NEWS CO., TORONTO.

LONDON: TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.

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A SCIENTIFIC, LITERARY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL; EACH NUMBER  
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SECOND SERIES.

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THE Editors of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW desire to express their gratitude to the subscribers and contributors for the generous support which they have given the work, and to set forth anew its aims, objects and policy.

That any American work of so independent and liberal a character as that of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW should have survived the depression of the times, and the still greater foe of American periodical literature, the competition of English Quarterlies, is a matter of congratulation; and the fact itself is due more to the labors of contributors and the interest excited by the character of the work, than to any effort on the part of its management.

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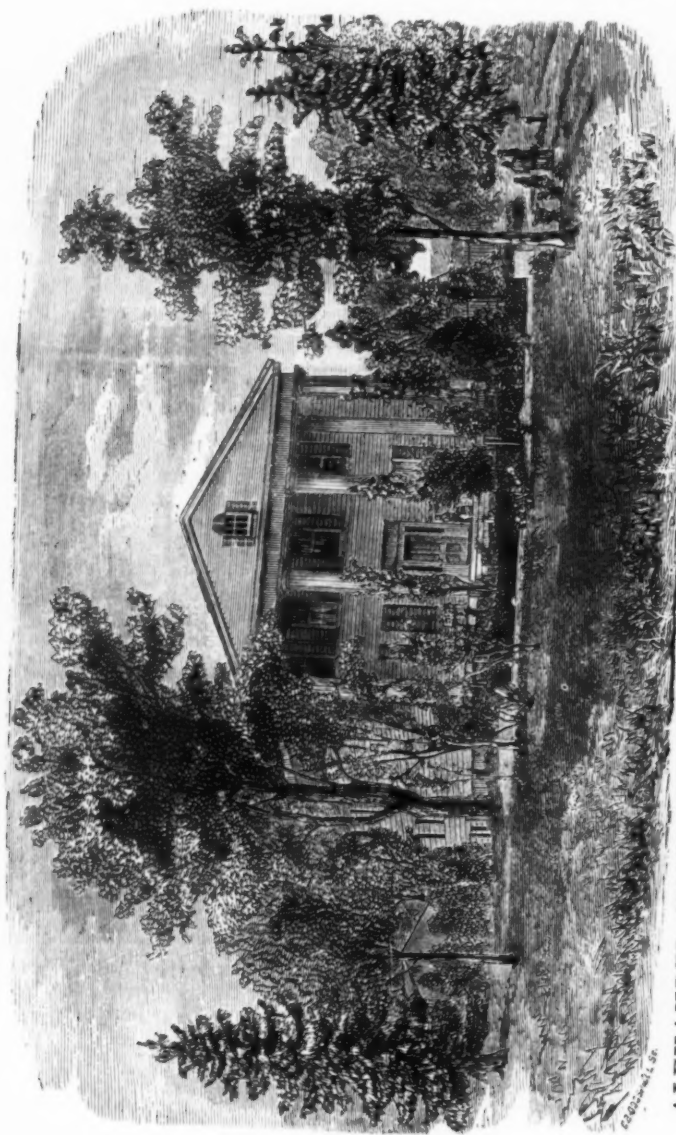
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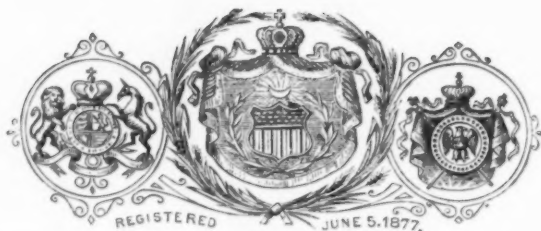
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1. *Essai de Théodicée sur la Bonté de Dieu, la Liberté de l'Homme et de l'Origine du Mal.* Par GOTTFRIED WILHELM LEIBNITZ. Paris: 1710.
2. *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique—Essai sur les Pauliciens.* Par PIERRE BAYLE. Rotterdam: 1720.
3. *Histoire de Manes et Manichéisme.* Par ISAAC DE BEAUSOBRE. Amsterdam: 1739.
4. FRANCISCI BACONI *De Augmentis Scientiarum.* Londini: 1620.

Ἐγώ εἰμι πᾶν τὸ γεγονός, καὶ ὄν,  
καὶ ἐσόμενον καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν πέπλον  
οὐδεὶς πω θνητὸς ἀνεκάλυψεν.

(Inscription on the Temple at Sais.)

I.

WE must assume at the beginning of our inquiry that nothing is wrought in the creative economy without a purpose. What beneficial purpose can be discovered by inquiry into the incidents and results of the organism of man and its transition to decay? According to the theory that the present is a preparation for another and an advanced state, there should be progression through the entirety of this life. How, then, can be explained the decline soon following maturity, and the collapsing in old age into

disability? If it were physical weakness alone without corresponding decay of mental vigor, we might suppose the process to be a mere sloughing off of the exterior,—like *exumination* of the worm and the putting forth the butterfly. But in the later years of advanced age, vigor of mind in general subsides with that of the body, sometimes merging into utter imbecility. From the commencement of decline there is no further apparent progress in mental development that might be supposed to be available in a future life. There is, indeed, a retrospection,—a dwelling upon the incidents of the years that have gone, or upon thoughts and plans that during that period have occupied the mind; and from such review may result a more impartial estimate of the real value of what we have sought after, and more particularly of our own intrinsic character. But oftener, prejudices and errors that have been the outgrowth of unfavorable circumstances in life, or resulting from natural proclivities, become confirmed in later years. There is less of vigor then to resist what deliberate judgment disapproves; and the check interposed in the active part of a man's life by the counter-pressure of the opposing interests and passions of other men is withdrawn in proportion to the isolation, by infirmity, from such collision.

Again, if the process of decline is in any sense preparatory to another state, it would still be limited to the comparatively small number who go through the entire succession of changes—adolescence, maturity, decay. But what is to be thought of the vastly greater proportion of those who are cut off before maturity? What of the moiety of the human race which, in civilized communities, die under the age of five years? As has been elsewhere observed:

“For what purpose has been the unceasing production of rational beings, the far greater proportion of whom live not to attain the full development of the faculties with which they are endowed—disappearing while as yet there is but the promise of what they might become, none attaining the full realization of what seems to be within the reach of their natural capacity? So that it was not altogether irrational in Comte to say that human life is fixed within too short a period for the accomplishment of what the mind of man is capable of. It is no satisfactory answer to say that one generation must die in order to give place to

another, which is rather flippantly remarked by Montaigne, as if thereby the whole subject was easily disposed of—and he cites from Lucretius,

\* \* \* inter se mortales mutua vivunt ;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt,

in allusion to the torch race in which one, having run the course, delivered his torch to another.

"But why is it necessary that others should succeed, or why in such swift succession? Sharon Turner proposes a hypothesis, that the world is a nursery of beings which are to be transplanted to other worlds. But if souls are merely to germinate here, why should they stay beyond infancy; or,—allowing that for continuity of the race some must live to maturity—what occasion is there to wait for old age? and what use is there for the unmarried?"\*

Hume has observed that in human generation there is evidence of provision only for the multiplication of the species, not for the substantial enjoyment of life.†

There is, in fact, something in the infirmities of declining age,—the pains of body, feeble steps, emaciated frame, and gradual failing of the light of the mind,—which we cannot look upon without sadness, nor without a baffled yearning to know why this should be the necessary sequel of every human life not cut off prematurely by acute disease or violence.

But again, when we consider the marvellous structure of the human organism,—its intricate network of nerves, arteries, capillary tubes: the unexplained, perhaps inexplicable flow of blood to and from every part in conduits, diminishing from the great aorta to the minutest ramifications, under the propulsion of the alternate systole and diastole of the heart; the varied apparatus appropriated to the organs of sense, especially the eye and ear; the mysterious endowment of the brain and its medullary coagencies, whereby impressions are transmitted to it from the outer senses; and the still more

\* A. H. Dana. *Inquiries in Physiology*.

† Hume's *Dialogues on Natural Religion*. The purpose and intention of nature, he says, "is the preservation of the species. It seems enough for her purpose if such a rank be barely upheld in the universe, without any care or concern for the happiness of the members that compose it." Again he says of human life—"the first entrance into it gives anguish to the newborn infant and to its wretched parent,—weakness, impotence and distress attend each stage of that life and it is at last finished in agony and horror."

amazing intercommunication between the soul and its material environment through an hypothetical semi-material agency;—when we consider all this, and the various marvels which physiologists have in later times brought to our knowledge, would it not seem as if this chiefest work of creation should be destined to a duration proportioned to the exquisite completeness of its mechanism? Yet we are confronted by the swift transition from developed maturity to entire annihilation of bodily functions,—the body itself being then laid away in the earth to decompose into its original elements, its whole purpose having apparently been accomplished. When to this is added that by far the greater part of the human race do not attain complete development; that further progress is thus arrested, and disintegration ensues; and that of those who reach maturity comparatively few have allotted to them a protraction of life sufficient for the accomplishment of any end justly corresponding with the capability of the sensorial organism—we inquire in vain for a solution that shall wholly relieve our perplexity.\*

Finally, in the scenes and circumstances of death, we are shocked by images calculated to inspire terror and repulsion. The corporeal form, which is indissolubly associated in our minds with the inward self, and which, by the external expression of lineaments, motion, and voice, constitutes the living sentient being which we recognize and whereby his identity is to us maintained,—this form is suddenly stricken in some mysterious manner. Its warm and active pliability is succeeded by unyielding rigidity, and marble-like coldness; the light of the eye has gone out and the facial play of intelligence and sympathy been stiffened into immobility. We know that in the charnel-house to which we consign it, it shall lie in its solitary

\* There is a grim humor in Strauss' comment upon Goethe's argument concerning future existence, which he based on the conviction of continuous existence, arising from continued activity to the end of life—and that nature is bound therefore to furnish another form of being in order to fulfil the requirements of the soul.

"Goethe (he says) had in his eighty-two years in fact lived out his life. Schiller, it is true, did not in his forty-five years. Then the result would be that future existence must be demanded for Schiller but not for Goethe, and only enough to develop the faculties in full, but certainly not interminable life."—*The Old Faith and the New*.

stillness, and become the prey of such things as are loathed by the living. Who does not feel a dread in meditating upon the great finality which is to come, postpone it in one's thoughts as far as one may? And still more do we feel it under the consciousness of its near approach.

For what purpose are we pressed down by this fear of the inevitable future, and so encompassed in our declining strength and last helpless infirmity by anticipations which shake the courage of the most dauntless?

It is in vain to say that these things are the terrors of imagination only. The questions recur, why were such terrors imposed? And how does it answer the question, even if all the forebodings be not realized? *Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa*, is an old adage; and Bacon, who cites it, adds that "groans and convulsions and a distortion of face, and friends weeping, black and obsequies, show death terrible,"—that is, make it to seem terrible when in reality it is not.

But such was not the teaching of Paul, who represents Christ as undergoing death that he might destroy him who had the power of death, "and deliver them who through fear of death were all their life subject to bondage." This surely could not have been a mere groundless fear, a dream only of the imagination.

## II.

For what salutary purpose was pain of body inflicted? Allow the limited class of cases in which pain may be deemed premonitory or prophylactic—a warning against more dangerous impending harm; allow also the instances in which impaired health is restored by means of reiterated admonitions of pain consequent upon transgression of sanitary laws; and conceding to these a precautionary or remedial use, what are we to think of pain when it becomes inveterate by the ascendancy of disease, and so remains until the close of life? Is it a satisfactory answer to say that this is intended as a warning that should put us on our guard against the incipient causes of disease?

But how often does that inception arise from a naturally feeble organism, or an hereditary predisposition, an environment of pestilential elements, or from involuntary subjection to an uncongenial climate, or other unfavorable conditions? Regarded as prophylactic, there should be power of guarding against the threatened injury upon receiving such monition; but this does not exist in the case of hereditary disease, or of unhealthy conditions imposed by abject poverty.

It may be said that in the one case there is warning to the ancestor in behalf of his posterity; in the other, to public authorities having a sanitary oversight of the community. But the ancestor sees only the result in the posterity of others,—he does not feel it himself; and until the world becomes more unselfish than it has ever yet been, the motive is too remote and faint to have any decisive influence. And as to public sanitary measures, we know that all devices have been hitherto baffled by an inherent law of population, *viz.*: that in proportion to the relief extended to the poor, is the irrepressible increase of the class,—thus always exceeding the help afforded by charitable aid.

Or again: Is it more satisfactory to suppose that we are in this life in a perpetual probation, and that pain is an element of such probation? To make this an entirely rational solution, there should be some correspondence between the pain and the cause of its infliction. If it were always in exact proportion to wrong-doing, if the wicked suffered penalty from which the righteous were exempt, or if the penalty were measured by the gravity of the transgression, there would then be apparent a law resting upon a comprehensible basis. Such, however, is not the uniform tenor of human life. In respect of what, in a worldly view, is deemed desirable success in attaining the objects of general pursuit, it seems apparent that men who are unrestrained by strict principles of right accomplish it in largest proportion. Such is the general result in the pursuit of political power; and the like is noticeable in the conditions of private life, the accumulation of wealth and the attainment of social position. True it is, that many and striking instances



of retribution for wrong-doing are also seen ; yet perhaps not preponderant over the instances of suffering by those who have done no wrong, or who, at least relatively, have not deserved the suffering. In the latter category are to be included not merely the wrongs done directly to good men by the devices of the evil-minded, and the penalty suffered by the innocent through prejudice or mistake, but also the evils entailed by hereditary descent, or accidents of early association. Thus the offspring of a profligate parent undergoes the life-long penalty of physical pain ; and children born in poverty are predestined to bear privation from which the best moral qualities do not exempt them save in exceptional cases.

And even if it should be conceded that upon the whole a good life tends more to insure real happiness than a bad one, which is the postulate of Bishop Butler ; and admitting the force of his argument,—that this may be a better discipline than if virtue were always and immediately rewarded and vice as suddenly and speedily punished,—there still remains the unquestionable fact that the larger proportion of mankind are cut off too early to derive an instructive lesson from their own experience, or from their limited observation of life in general. There is also the additional fact, that the supposed tendency of virtue and vice is not so marked, even as observed by the wisest men, as to furnish in itself a motive of much influence on the great mass of mankind ; certainly not a sufficient motive for the resistance of the powerful incentives to evil by which they are environed. On the contrary, the general deduction by thoughtful men in every age has been that human life, regarded merely in its present earthly relations, is subject to a preponderance of evil ; at all events to the extent that its continuance is not to be desired,—as expressed in the saying which Aristotle quoted and approved,—“that it would have been best not to have been born, and next to that, it was best to die.” We have thus a second enigma which has perpetually tasked the human mind to solve.

A kindred inquiry, and of like difficulty, is the meaning and purpose of the apparent suffering which is the lot of all brute races, and of some of these largely in excess of what is

endured by man. Look at the countless myriads of holocausts daily sacrificed for the use of man, and the vast amount of suffering involved by the want in this slaughter, even of that measure of humanity which would be feasible, to lighten the pain of the victims. Again, look at the cruelty exercised upon beasts of draft or burden by brutish men. But still harder is the lot of wild but harmless animals, which are the prey of fiercer and stronger carnivora. What a vast field of violent destruction are the forests and prairies of the North and the jungles of the Tropics ! It has been argued in extenuation that the process of destruction is speedy—that the life of the victim is quickly extinguished by the carnivorous enemy ; and this is called a “ kind Providence.” We doubt if this is uniformly true. Beasts of prey may indulge in a luxury which human carnivora have found attractive. \*

Again, animals which are preyed upon sometimes escape in a mutilated condition. The antelope and giraffe are often pierced by the arrow or spear of the African hunter, and may carry with them the barbed missile fixed in their flesh ; suffering agony therefrom, but powerless to remove it. The elephant killed by the European hunter not unfrequently shows previous wounds made by the bullet, which had been long festering. So the tendons of the hind leg are sometimes cut by the agile *Hamran*, whereby the huge animal is disabled from motion ; and then he may linger till death ensues by starvation or loss of blood, or he becomes a prey to the lion and hyena that are watching his exhaustion.

Wherefore are the subject races thus doomed ? No auxiliary purpose of probation can be predicated of them unless upon the hypothesis that they have a future existence. But even this falls short of an entire solution. There is no apparent correspondence or necessary connection between the present suffering and the future equivalent ; or, in other words, there is nothing probationary in the present suffering,

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\* We have the testimony of Bruce and Parkyns, both of high repute as travellers, that the Abyssinians have a special relish for the raw flesh of animals, cut off before life is extinct ; and that it was formerly the practice at feasts to serve slices from the living cow, the poor creature being thus subjected to a lingering death while the savage feast continued.

as it can lead to no result without a change of organism. To suppose that there shall be a gratuitous reward in another life which will be a compensation for the misery suffered in this, would be meaningless, if the one is not the proper sequence of, or in some concatenation with, the other.

The theory of Descartes, that the lower animals are *automatic*,—exhibiting actions like those of conscious beings, but in fact without sensation,—would, if it had any basis, relieve the question we have discussed from all difficulty. But that theory has been generally regarded as visionary and baseless.

It is true that Professor Huxley has, in an address delivered before the British Scientific Association (Aug. 25, 1874), attempted to give some color to the opposite assumption; but the tests which he referred to in support of it apply equally to rational as to irrational creatures; and, inasmuch as we have the consciousness of pain, his argument fails to show the absence of pain in the brute. His conclusion, however, though he declares a strong partiality for the doctrine of Descartes, is that “probably the lower animals, though they may not possess that sort of consciousness which we have ourselves, yet have it in a form proportional to the comparative development of the organ of that consciousness, and foreshadow more or less dimly those feelings which we possess ourselves.” This, he thinks, would involve comparatively less suffering of the brute, and would be safer to adopt than the more congenial hypothesis that the lower animals are altogether insensible.

### III.

So uniform is the encroachment of every people upon the necessities of existence, that the saying of Christ, “The poor ye have always with you,” has constant verification under every condition of national life. When people are impoverished by tyrannical power, whether of foreign rulers or of indigenous despotism, the proportion of the very poor is of course larger; but under the best form of government and the amplest prosperity in industry and trade, there is, and ever must be [until principles of justice and benevolence

bear rule] a class dependent to some extent upon charity for the ordinary comforts of life. This class is the first to suffer in times of scarcity; famine, of course, reaches beyond to the less destitute. But the question we have to deal with is the incessant, irrepressible advance of population beyond the regular means of subsistence. In China, where there is a more uniform level of the mass of population than in any other country, there is such an aggregation of the people that the subsistence of a large proportion is stinted in the extremest degree; their diet having been reduced to a grade very little above that of the lower animals. Corresponding with this is the grade of humanity, which is also reduced to a sensuous nature, from which the moral element is almost wholly excluded.

In England, on the other hand, where there have been, perhaps, the greatest intelligence and the highest degree of comfort ever enjoyed, these have yet been limited to one class. Another and far more numerous class is seen in direct juxtaposition and contrast with the first,—struggling for bare subsistence, depressed into abject poverty and consequent ignorance. Such are the manufacturing operatives of England and the peasantry of Ireland.

No adequate counteracting principle has yet been found for this excess of population over the means of living, or rather for the deficient ability of the many to avoid being straightened for subsistence. The labors of political economists have been unanswered. The proposition of Mill (the voluntary renunciation of marriage or of its incident, the propagation of children), which he announces as a finality, as the last and only effectual remedy, is in fact utterly powerless. Self-restraint, as was amply proved by Malthus, is most inoperative in the very class that needs it most.

"There has been of late years," says a recent writer, "great improvement in the condition of the lower class. Sanitary laws are better understood, and more attention is given to ventilation, cleanliness and other essentials to health. \* \* \* But, in the same proportion, population has increased and is becoming more crowded, and such increase is mainly in the class thus relieved or better provided for. In fact, there is in all the charities of

our time a tendency to increase the evil of too rapid growth of that part of population which is unable to provide for itself. Relief from the pressure of want soon creates a greater number that will need relief. On the same principle, when greater means of subsistence are acquired by sudden prosperity in trade, manufactures or otherwise, while there is for a time greater apparent comfort,—population speedily arrives at a point when pressure upon these enhanced means begins. So also extended cultivation of land furnishes one generation with a more ample support; but in the next generation there will be a greater number to be supported." \*

A more hopeful view is taken by some political theorists. Thus it is argued that an invisible, irresistible agency directs and pervades the social destinies of the species; that there is no irremediable cause of distress. Deviations from the regular order, which was apparently designed, arise from the errors and corruptions of men; but in the very consequences of such errors or iniquities there is an unseen power operating for their punishment and ultimate removal. And exposure to such retribution is to a large extent avoidable by the general adoption of sanitary and moral principles in the relations of man with man and of man with nature. †

The fact, however, still remains incontrovertible, that population, in the ordinary course, has always outrun the increased means of subsistence. And this excess is constantly augmented until the intervention of some one of the great scourges of the race—famine, pestilence, war, the stern and awful counter-agencies against over-population. While, then, it is true that there is a controlling power that maintains by such retributive methods a general equilibrium, it is also true that there is a perpetual tendency to an extreme, which is checked only by a reactionary process involving an immense amount of misery.

This inequality being thus by necessity regarded as an inevitable condition of humanity, another hypothesis has been propounded, which, recognizing the actual condition, and assuming it to be irremediable, asserts that the whole course of human experience has reference only to the advancement of

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\* *Inquiries in Physiology*. By A. H. Dana.

† Alison's *Principles of Population*.

the race without regard to individuals ; in other words, that the process of natural selection, by which improvement is wrought in plants and lower animals, applies also to human progress ; that civilization means the advancement of the few at the expense of the many ; that great achievement in war, science, or art, is for the benefit of a privileged class ; that social happiness is the *peculium* of a select number—the *αριστοί*,—and wretchedness the inheritance of the vastly more numerous proletaries, serfs, and slaves. Mr. Greg insists that the law of natural selection would have been sufficient to prevent over-population and to have secured the progressive advancement of the race, had it not been counteracted by certain elements of civilization. That is to say, that the strong would have overpowered the weak and propagated only those like themselves. But civilization extends protection to the weak and encourages the propagation of their kind ; and, by a reversal of the proper order of nature, these are even more prolific than the better class. The rich have no occasion for apprehension as to the support of their offspring, even should they be weak in body ; and the very poor are reckless of consequences, propagating without forecast large families that must struggle with the like hardships that have been borne by their progenitors.

This cheerless view of human life is wholly antagonistic to the Scriptural doctrine, by which we are taught that the individual is everything and the race nothing, except as embracing the aggregation of individuals. Nor are our natural instinct and rational deduction less decided against such an hypothesis. The mere fact that every individual of the race is endowed with faculties susceptible of indefinite expansion and has functions that seem to reach far beyond the present environment, enforces the belief that such endowment was not without a purpose ; and that it would be derogatory to divine wisdom to suppose such purpose limited to the contingencies of the present brief existence. Still more derogatory would be the assumption that one is trampled down and crushed out merely to make way for another, or is subjected to a life of misery only in subservience to the enjoyment of another.

Yet, on the other hand, we are confronted by an array of inexorable facts in the history of communities and the course of individuals making up the vast aggregate. [These must be regarded, however, as due to an imperfect social state.]

The vast numerical preponderance of slaves in the ancient States—of the serfs (*adscripti glebae*) in the Roman and feudal ages—and, even in our later civilization, the immense proportion of the pauper class, disclose an inequality that seems to be hopelessly perpetual—an inequality not in comparative enjoyment, but a fearful contrast of misery with enjoyment,—the latter being the lot of the few, and derived in large measure from excess of privation suffered by the many.

What is military renown but the immolation of a countless number of human beings? What is great civil power in the hands of a class, but the exclusion in a greater or less degree, of all not embraced in it from substantial rights and sources of happiness? So it would appear that the wealth of one is based upon the impoverishment of many; and certainly, as a general rule, it is true that wherever there are very large fortunes there will also be found great destitution. It is also true that where such is the condition there is a tendency to still greater poverty till it reaches the minimum degree of sustentation.

#### IV.

What is to be concluded upon this review? Are we left to a chilling negation of the active faith which is the essential element of all human progress,—to frail conjecture, to mere hypothesis without trust or hope? The question is not to be answered by counter hypotheses, or by further conjectures. The following course of argument will lay the groundwork of a more satisfactory belief; or, at least, like the finger-post, indicate the right direction for inquiry.

1. The wisdom and power displayed in the creation of man, and the marvellous completeness of his structure indicate that such creation was a deliberate plan, and that there could not possibly have been a mistake. What was intended must have been accomplished. The creative power was

adequate to do what was undertaken. Mr. Greg denies that we are warranted in assuming omnipotence as an attribute of the Supreme Being. It is, he says, incomprehensible how infinite love and illimitable power should have created such a world as this, and we have no authority for the belief that there is unlimited power. Compared with that of man, the power of God may be said to be immeasurable, but not therefore, infinite. We are to conceive of him as conditioned,—hampered, it may be, by laws inherent in the nature of the material upon which he had to operate.

This reasoning presupposes the eternity of matter;—in other words, that the Creator had to take it as already existing, and to use it subject to laws which he could not reverse.\*

Professor Tyndall, though not in express terms avowing his belief in the eternity of matter, yet maintains that there is inherent in it a potency adequate to the production of every form of life; which potency is contained in the primitive element called atoms, in the language of Democritus and Epicurus. These atoms or molecules he supposes to act by a law of their own, and the other proposition seems not remote, *viz.*: that this law is irreversible. Hume reasoned—that we find in nature perplexities which are inexplicable; that we cannot therefore ascribe perfection to the Deity; and that many worlds may have been spoiled before this was contrived. This supposition would be in accordance with our experience of human art. But the world does not resemble a machine which involves design; its origin seems more probably to have been like that of animal or vegetable production. “Generation,” he says, “has some advantages over reason; we see the latter arise from the former—never the former from the

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\* This is substantially what Plato represented as the origin of the visible universe. The Kosmos was in a chaotic state until brought into order by the Nous or Intelligence—a Demiurge who was not a Creator but an Architect. A portion of the soul of Kosmos was used in the formation of man, which was done as well as the conditions admitted. But in this creation a mortal soul was added which might be called the physical or sensible—and equivalent to what is sometimes termed the animal soul—and this necessarily involves passions and appetites whereby the immortal or kosmical soul was defiled; and the result was an organism subject more or less to pain and disorder.—Plato (*Timæus*.)



latter;—reason arises in fact solely from generation; we know no other origin."

Again, he denies that thought, so far as we have experience, has any influence over matter except when matter is so conjoined with it as to have an equal reciprocal influence.\*

The last proposition is not very intelligible. The mind moves the members of the body; but these do not move the mind, unless by sensation of pain or pleasure. But it is doubtful whether pain and pleasure are in fact felt otherwise than by the mind itself. The power of the Creator must be assumed if we suppose the creation to be the result of his will. And there can be no limit to this power unless upon the single hypothesis that there was no original creation, but only fabrication from preëxisting material. This hypothesis imports inherent laws in the component elements of the material world; it is in fact the reiteration of the old doctrine of Fate or Destiny, which was held as superior to all celestial powers. It involves the eternity of matter and a self-organizing principle. The two are always linked together and constitute a theory of creation entirely distinct from and independent of the intervention of a personal Creator. But the supposition of a self-constructive power in the crude elements of matter, whether under the designation of atoms, or monads, or molecules, according to the phraseology of Democritus, Epicurus and Leibnitz—reaches such a culmination of absurdity when put forward as an explanation of the origin of such marvels, as we find in the analysis of the human organism, for instance,—that it is rejected by the generality of mankind. Argument is as inappropriate as it would be in refutation of the most Quixotic imaginings of mental aberration.†

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\* Hume's *Dialogues on Natural Religion*.

† The answer made by Cicero to the Epicurean theory contains more of ridicule than argument, but is still appropriate in the new genesis of that theory. "Every atom," says Epicurus, "has a motion of its own." In the first place, why is it so? It possesses a peculiar energy which Democritus terms impulse, and Epicurus calls gravity. But you have not discovered that primitive power in nature from which such atoms derive their motion. *Did the atoms cast lots among themselves which shall move this way and which that way?* \* \* \* Do you show any exterior cause why an atom should deviate? You show nothing in the space wherever it moves that should turn it from a perpendicular, and no change in the atom itself that should cause it to

The other alternative is, as we have said, the unlimited power of a Creator. Coextensive knowledge is a necessary concomitant; for what he designed and had power to accomplish must have been known before as well as after it was accomplished. All the consequences of the introduction of this visible creation and the calling into existence a new power,—that of mind or soul,—superior to any preëxisting in the material elements of the world, must have been forecast through the vast future and duly weighed.

2. There being, then, in the mind of the Creator a prevision of the entire course of human history at the time of the creation, it follows by necessity that the design had in view was worthy of his wisdom; but that to understand that design there must be a like knowledge of such history, either by prophetic vision or by actual fulfilment. The former kind of knowledge, even in the most inspired of our race, has been

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lose the direction which is incident to gravity.\* \* It is necessary to suppose not only that nature has given them a perpendicular direction common to all bodies, but has also given to some atoms or to all if they so choose the election to deviate."—Cicero de Fato, 20.

Again, in the Dialogue *De Natura Deorum*, the Stoic Balbus is represented as saying "Is it possible for any man to behold these things," (*i. e.* the heavens and all its luminaries) "and yet imagine that certain solid and individual bodies moved by their natural force of gravitation have, by fortuitous concurrence produced the world so beautifully adorned? He who believes this may as well believe that if a great quantity of the twenty-one letters were thrown upon the ground they would of themselves fall into such order as legibly to form the annals of Ennius."—B. 2, c. 37.

Bacon dismisses the theory in a single paragraph. "That school (he says) which is most accused of Atheism doth most demonstrate religion—that is the school of Leucippus, Democritus and Epicurus—for it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements and one immutable fifth essence duly and eternally placed need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions or seeds unplaced should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshall."—*Essay on Atheism*.

This fifth essence was the intelligence supposed by Anaxagoras to be the formative power, though itself material, and by Aristotle held to be a vital instinct or principle inherent in matter itself. Plato's idea was that the Kosmos was brought into order by the Intelligence which was a Demiurgus—an architect not a creator—but which he seems to have supposed was the soul of the Kosmos as the human soul is of its bodily organism—and immortal; but he also held the eternity of matter. Nothing was created by it nor was there any creation except changes of form.—Plato, *Timæus*.

The human soul, that is, what he in the *Timæus* terms immortal in distinction from the mortal or animal soul, according to his theory is separable from the body and retains, after such separation, the characteristics which it had acquired in the body; and it is marked with the prints and scars of its wrong-doings—and is to be restored only by expiatory penalties.—Plato, *Gorgias*. This assumes the personality of the soul to be perpetual.

fragmentary and of trivial extent compared to the measureless entirety. The latter has been infinitesimally brief as compared with the entire future of man. It is not necessary, in this connection, to take into account the immortality of the soul. The mere earthly continuity of the human race, in its successive generations, is projected into the vast perspective beyond finite calculation. The period of existence already lapsed—involved as that existence is, through its entire course, in anomalies, in wickedness and misery, in confusion and uncertainty—determines nothing against omniscient judgment. The entire experience of the past may be but as the faint and indistinct coruscation before the dawn.

Bishop Butler argues well that we see on every hand evidence that the creation of which we have knowledge, or rather with which we are immediately environed, is but a part of a greater system, with which we are connected in some manner now unknown. What seems to us inconsistent may have consistency in its relation to the whole.

The true course of argument is not by limitation simply to what has come within the range of our external association. We cannot look upon the material world without perceiving that there are relations vastly transcending those which we can trace out. Shall we attempt to measure the immeasurable? Shall we bind down our conception of the Creator and his designs to strict logical deductions derived from that infinitesimally small part of the universe to which we are personally related? It is claimed by the rationalists that we can judge only by what we know; that what is subject to perception by our senses comprises all of which we have positive knowledge. On the other hand, it is maintained with more logical consistency that this exterior world, which is thus set apart as having alone real existence, is in fact known to us solely by certain impressions made upon our minds; that it is therefore an imaginary world (represented by images only); that our inner consciousness is the true reality; that through this we have a proximate knowledge of the power by which the processes of our minds are directed. In other words, we thus derive knowledge of our relation to the spiritual world;

while that of the natural is indirect and secondary, amounting to nothing more than the consciousness of certain states of mind. \*

Without, however, pursuing the argument into metaphysical subtleties, it seems to us a rational assumption that we may safely rely upon the inner experience of the soul, upon the thoughts and feelings that are therein germinated, as exponents of the spiritual nature, to which we are allied by these mental processes. Concede that it is imperfect in degree—yet does it spread out to our mental vision the general tendency and scope of the activities belonging to that part of our being which is the vitalizing principle of the corporeal organism.

May we not justly reason, from our moral discrimination, our hopes and aspirations, and capacity of intellectual progression—which has no fixed limit—what is to be the probable future development of this affluently endowed spirit incarnated in the bodily environment?

May we not also, by the moral elements within us—our affinities, domestic affections, and all the charities that have found expression in human life,—be authorized to look reverently to that divine Being, from whom all these have originated, as having in perfection whatever is thus faintly reflected by our finite nature?

3. We have thus the way opened for what may be called verisimilitudes or moral probabilities, conceding that these may not be proved by deduction from physical laws. [According to the doctrine of Manes] the physical and spiritual are, in the present life, conjoined, or rather synchronous with certain activities of the mind. But the corporeal organism

\* Plato maintained (in the *Phædo*) that all objects of nature are but imperfect representations of preëxisting *Entia*, which we discern only by thought. The body subjects us to hindrances by reason of imperfection and diseases, and fills us with all kinds of fancies and absurdities. The soul when it employs bodily sense is confused and uncertain. Again (in the *Theætetus*), he impugned the reliability of knowledge derived through the senses. To perceive by the sense is not to know. When men talk in a foreign language, we hear what they say; so an unlettered man looking at an inscription sees the writing; but in neither case is knowledge conveyed. Color has no existence: it is the result of the retinal function, which is not the same to different persons.

has not in itself any power that is predicable of the spiritual nature. It is not, in fact, a living or vital element. That element which has for a time been joined with it in the human organism is separable. The separation is death.\* But that means only that the corporeity, *i. e.*, the natural constituency, is left to itself, and then it lies before us like other matter, inert and incapable of originating action or of receiving any sensible impression. Of course it is not denied that it is passively subject to certain physical laws which have, however, nothing to do with organic activity. Such, for instance, is gravitation; and so also chemical combination. But the separate elements have no self-moving power; they cannot combine themselves. They must be brought together by an active power; and the very law by which motion is imparted to them, when thus combined, is imposed by an exterior agency, since it does not exist in either of the uncombined elements. According to this view matter is passive—is acted upon but does not originate action. Even gravitation is not an exception; it is simply a law operating in and upon matter, a mere mechanical force which cannot modify itself or change its direction.†

The argument of the materialist is that we know nothing of this supposed spiritual entity, whose existence is in question, except as exhibited in the living organism; that there is no instance in all the records of the past of its existence apart therefrom; that there is no evidence, therefore, that it can have such existence. The answer has been already anticipated. The living sentient principle is not inherent in matter under any of its forms, so far as we know by any analysis ever made. And again there are capacities of the living entity, whatever that may be, which can be exercised entirely independent of the material structure by which it is

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\* Plato puts it thus: "What is that which, being in the body, gives it life? The answer is, the soul, which, whenever it lays hold of any body, brings with it life. Therefore the soul, which brings with it life, will not receive the contrary of life;—that is, it is deathless."—*Phædo*.

† It was the unchangeable direction necessitated by gravity which, as before noticed, led Epicurus to postulate an alternative oblique motion. But there is in matter no such variable movement, nor can any change be wrought but by other exterior forces.

enviored—such as thought. There is total isolation from all things exterior or sensible in some processes of abstract reasoning. The thinking being cannot therefore be material, unless we assume that there is some form of matter yet undiscovered.\* It is not of any vital consequence whether the spirit is something entirely distinct in nature from matter, or whether there may be a refinement and etherealization of matter to such a degree as to be unrecognizable by our present means of perception, and so constitute a quasi-spiritual substance. It is in either case unknown, except through our inner consciousness, and what we know of any thing perceptible by sense furnishes no analogy. Several possibilities may be predicated which would, in the latter view, go far to explain the apparent failure of the human organism to accomplish in this life what would seem attainable, by a natural progression, in expanding vigor, of the powers with which it is gifted in its double nature, the physical and psychical. Upon the semi-material hypostasis of the soul above mentioned, it would not be irrational to suppose a solution like what has been suggested by psychologists, *viz.*, the existence of an intermediate nature, called by them *Nerve-Spirit*, which, it is assumed, departs at death; but carrying with it the lineaments of the visible organism and retaining all the sensuous functions which have belonged to this outward structure.

Another startling possibility is propounded, † by which the unseen world is regarded as permeated by an ether similar to that whose undulations are, in recent philosophy, supposed to account for the phenomena of light; and that this world is the obverse, or complement, of the world of sensible matter; so that what-

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\* It may be said that there is a molecular motion of the brain corresponding with all mental action, and that without the brain there could be no thought. So, it may be said that without action of the heart or of the lungs, there can be no process of the mind. The momentary suspension of the one—or a suspension of the other but for a few moments—is the extinction of life. The proposition, therefore, is nothing more than that the soul does not act in the human organism longer than there is life. But even admitting a specific motion of the brain synchronizing with every thought or motion of the soul—it is clear that the former is but the incident of the latter, or, in other words, that it is but a mechanical motion wrought by the soul upon the material structure.

† *The Unseen Universe, or Physical Speculation on a Future State.*

ever energy is dissipated in the one, is by the same act accumulated in the other. It is thus like the negative plate in photography, where light answers to shadow and shadow to light; or, like an equation, in which whatever you take from one is added to the other with a contrary sign, while the relation of equality is unchanged. This theory is suggested chiefly as an explanation of the vast apparent waste in the natural world, especially of light transmitted by the sun in a profusion infinitely exceeding any possible use to the other heavenly bodies. It is, however, equally appropriate to explain the incalculable amount of human energy which is without corresponding result in this life.

It may be objected that this is resorting to mere hypothesis, which we have proposed to waive. But it is not necessary to assume that either of the hypotheses which have been referred to, or any other which we can conceive of, is absolutely true.

The argument is that an explanation may be supposed which would solve the enigma. Concede that it may not in reality be the true explanation, yet, if there can be any within the range even of conjecture, we may justly assume that some solution, whether it be that or some other, can be found. It is, in fact, an inevitable presumption from the wisdom and power of the Creator. There can be no greater presumption of any thing in the future than that human existence will be developed as part of a plan, that in its entirety, is consistent in all its parts.

Nor does this mode of reasoning subvert the previous argument in respect to individuality. That argument rests upon the apparent display of purpose as to individuals. The unexplained phenomena involved in individual life, we may justly argue, will have a rational exposition in their relations with other incidents of cosmical life. Nor does this necessarily involve the sacrifice of one being for the advancement of another, if such a result could by any possibility be avoided by Divine wisdom. But any such inevitable restriction or disability cannot be proved.



## V.

The foregoing presentation is in conformity with the Scriptural doctrine,—that in all men, even the most debased, there are elements of a better nature; a susceptibility by an appeal to which there can be restoration to purity; and that this appeal is made to every individual man by the awakening power revealed in religious experience. The image or likeness of God, in which man is said to have been originally created, though much defaced is not wholly obliterated. The vilest of men were called to repentance by Christ and his Apostles, and converts were made even among those who were outcasts of society. They did not, it is true, answer questions growing out of the confusions or contradictions of human life. "Did this man sin, or his parents, that he was born blind?" was a question that touched upon one of the great problems of human speculation, *viz.*, the suffering of the innocent for the misconduct of others, and particularly the hereditary descent of maladies of mind or body. The answer was to the effect that the blindness was not a penalty for sin, but a dispensation of God for a wise purpose.\* But, on the other hand, nothing is more clearly taught in the Scriptures than the individuality of man in the sight of God; as in the case of the beggar Lazarus, carried to Abraham's bosom, a parable illustrating the personal care of God over the most humble and down-trodden of the race; of the prodigal restored to his place in the family on his penitent return from the lowest profligacy; of the woman who anointed the feet of Jesus, of whom he said: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much." Notice also the denunciation of the self-righteous Pharisees—"The publicans and harlots shall go into the kingdom before you."

If such, then, is the regard which God has for the lowest

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\* "Neither has this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."—John, 9, 2-3. Of the same purport was the answer as to the Galileans sacrificed by Pilate: "Suppose ye that these were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—Luke, 13, 2-3.



in the scale of humanity, will His providence fail in any of the exigencies of life?

## VI.

A final inquiry is, when and in what manner shall all this be fulfilled? Looking upon the course of things in this world, a doubting mind may find no evidence that such discriminating reward of faith and well-doing is in fact therein displayed. The answer is two-fold: 1. Even in this life is realized to a large extent what is thus set before us as something to be hoped for; but it is in the inward experience rather than in the external condition. It is not to be expected that any man shall have immunity from the ills of human life. The pure-minded and devout shall have trials in like manner as is the lot of all others. Such trials are for purposes not now fully revealed, the inevitable incidents of human life; and, as indicated in Scripture, expressly appointed by God himself.

2. The rewards and retributions of the future life have been so far revealed as to assure us that all that takes place here shall not fail of its correlative there. The devout disciple who has suffered much in this world will meet there with a recordation of all the trials through which he has passed; and with the scenes freshly recalled in his memory will be spread before him the illimitable ministries of good by which they are to be followed.

Such must be the result, if memory of the present life shall survive and if the Scriptural exposition is to be interpreted as a reality.

The Buddhist Scriptures teach that the human soul needs to be purified; that not only the trials of this life, but of many successive lives in different bodies into which the soul is supposed to transmigrate, are necessary for its perfect restoration; that in all these forms of existence there is an incessant agitation; but at last the soul shall attain to rest—the undefined *Nirvana*, which by some is understood to be absolute extinction, by others only the extinction of individuality, and by others still merely perfect tranquility.

The Brahmin theology, as deducible from its original

source, the Vedas, teaches the same doctrine of transmigration for the purifying of the soul, and the final attainment of rest; but it is by absorption into the Soul of the universe, from which all human souls have emanated.

In Buddhism there is no recognition of a personal God; but in both systems all that transpires in this life is regarded as of the nature of purgation. It is therefore a state of trial in which suffering preponderates; yet, there exists the element which devout feeling and moral rectitude are supposed to aid in the final restoration of the soul to rest.\*

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\* A more extended reference to Oriental Archaism, explanatory of similar views entertained of the benign intent of all that appears to be evil in the world, would exceed the limit of this article.

## ART. II.—JONATHAN SWIFT AND HIS TIMES.

1. *The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By JOHN FORSTER. New York: 1876.

DEAN SWIFT is still a great name in British literature, keeping its biographical freshness in a very singular manner. If the man was not the greatest genius of his time, he certainly ranked with the most extraordinary geniuses of that, or perhaps any other age; touching life in his career at such a great variety of points—as the Germans express it—and at such different levels of society; strong enough to walk firmly and very much at home on the loftiest of these, and yet able to find his heartiest enjoyments on the lowest; a poet of lively thoughts and vigorous lines; a historian; a journalist doing battle with journalists; a churchman disconcerting churchmen; an imperial statesman lecturing statesmen; a sort of Abelard in the gentler features of his character; a farmer like Cicero, who declared that agriculture ranked next to knowledge; a reformer of government abuses and social manners; a political economist, making figures do the main duty of a great argument; a critic of language; a satirist with the audacity of Lucian and the buffoonery of Rabelais; possessing as kind and impulsive a heart as Oliver Goldsmith; as vehement and lordly a spirit as Edmund Burke, and altogether as strange a mixture in an Irish nature as ever bewildered the English mind; questioning, contradicting, ruling or affronting the majority of his contemporaries, and leaving his character in all its lights and shadows as a puzzle or an antipathy to the sedate moralists of the present age—Macaulay, Jeffrey, Thackeray and others less notable, who, to use the curious words of Edmund Burke, could as little understand such a man as a rabbit could understand the gestation of an elephant.

Jonathan Swift owed his character less to education and

circumstances than to nature—a power that can produce its strongest effects in an abnormal way and by means of defect. His genius came to him in such a way. He suffered more or less, it is believed, from water on the brain during life; just as Napoleon carried always with him the germ or growth of the cancer in the stomach, while keeping all Europe in an uproar of battle for twenty years. In Swift's case, his stomach was also an irritant of his brain; and he himself fancied its ailments came from a surfeit of fruit in his boyhood. But it more probably came from his progenitors, and by no fault of his. At any rate, he was "a strong nativity," and destined to play a memorable part in the business of his time, chiefly agitating and worrying his days and nights with the dreadful and thankless purpose of reforming the world; a purpose which the world is always bent on crossing and combating. He was during life a baffled and discontented man—with the exception of the three years he spent in England, 1710–1712, as the champion of the Harley ministry; in that resembling that other disappointed man of genius, the great secretary, William Pitt, who, after his brief period of ministerial triumph (1757–1760)—the most brilliant in the annals of English war—was driven by the petty strategy of his opponents into a life-long exile, and rendered powerless except as a leader of the opposition. The results in both cases carry the parallel farther; for while the discomfiture of Swift—leaving him a long restless leisure to put his satirical ideas on record—was a gain to literature and the world at large, that of Lord Chatham certainly gave occasion for those memorable assaults on the policy of George III and his ministers, which had their strongest expression in the Letters of Junius—a legacy which the world cannot willingly let die.

Jonathan Swift, who was descended from a respectable English family of Yorkshire, was born at Dublin in 1667, a few months after the death of his father, an attorney, who had been steward of the King's Inn law establishment in that city. He was early acquainted with poverty, his widowed mother having little to depend on but the friendship of her

brother-in-law, Godwin Swift. The poor little fellow, while yet in his cradle, was fated to have an adventure as extraordinary as any of those that befel him during the rest of his eventful career. The woman to whom he had been put to nurse, being obliged to go to Wales, took him away with her and kept him there till he was three years old—his mother consenting, and in the meantime providing for him. When he was six years of age, his mother went to live in England, and he was sent to the endowed school of Kilkenny by his uncle Godwin Swift, who was Attorney General for the Duke of Ormond at that place, and who had charged himself with the education of his almost destitute nephew. Little Jonathan had a hard life, even then, being rather “dragged up” than brought up. He always remembered his uncle unfavorably, and used to say: “he educated me; but he gave me the education of a dog.” The poverty of his early days helped largely to sharpen his mind and to shape its impulses. The school was his home. At the end of eight years he was sent as pensioner to Trinity College, Dublin, April, 1682. Here he remained for the next seven years. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1685. The remembrance of this degree gave him no pleasure. In a curious piece of autobiography published by Mr. Forster in his *Life*, he says (page 26):

“At fourteen he was admitted into the University of Dublin, a pensioner, on the 24th April, 1682; where by the ill-treatment of his nearest relatives, he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits that he too much neglected his academic studies, for some parts of which he had no great relish by nature and turned himself to reading history and poetry; so that when the time came for taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of the degree for dulness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratiâ*, on 15th of February, 1685, with four more on the same footing; and this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands on record in the College Registry.”

The truth is, young Swift held part of the college *curriculum* in contempt, and would not follow it. He hated the pedantic jargon of logic so dear to the academic teachers

of the last century, and laughed at the learned sophistries of the Dutch Smiglecius, Burgersdicius and Kechemannus, who wrote commentaries on Aristotle. In class he was in the eccentric habit of arguing a question in common English, instead of the proper technical verbiage, and was looked on as rather fractious and insolent, accordingly. He received a number of bad marks and incurred several penalties and fines, the history of which has been greatly confused by the biographers; and the confusion has been increased by the fact that two *Sir* Swifts—the christian names, Thomas and Jonathan, being never written—appear on the college books. Thomas was a year older than his cousin; and no doubt a great many of his delinquencies have been transferred to his junior, these consisting chiefly of neglect in attending chapel, in missing night-rolls and in going about the streets of the city.

After receiving his Bachelor's degree, Swift remained in the College till May, 1688, when he was qualified to take a Master's degree. But this he never received; and the biographers all differ in explaining the matter. Some of them say he had a hand in an abusive diatribe, (a thing usually allowed at the end of a term, oddly called a Commencement,) in which *Sir* Jones, another college man, scandalized the masters of the University. This harangue, still delivered at Oxford and other English colleges by the *Terra-filius*, is one of the traditions of Keltic literature; and the person who pronounced it in ancient times was appropriately named the *Taira-feilius*, or "scurrilous-talker;" a term adopted and mis-spelled by all modern scholars who, ignorant of its origin, give it a meaning just as nonsensical as the thing itself could possibly be. *Sir* Jones was very bitter all round; and it is very probable, *Sir* Swift helped him to a good deal of his vituperation. Roscoe (*Works of Jonathan Swift*, Bohn, London 1851,) presents that curious *Tripus* among the acknowledged writings of the Dean; and there are parts of it which are quite in his manner; as in the following at the commencement:

"Dii boni, quas novas aves video! tot habemus barbaros ignoramus et foppos; tot doctores indoctos, rummos academicos, cives aldermanicos rusticos personas and so many pretty, pretty

little rogues that, should I speak Latin, I should banter ten parts of the company; wherefore, for the sake of the ladies, bullies, rums and fellow commoners, I'll order it that the English be ten to one against the Roman."

The "pretty little rogues" in the above is quite in the style of Swift, as all the readers of his *Journal* will remember. But there were other reasons why Swift should have left College in 1688, without his Master's degree. The chief of them was poverty consequent on the recent death of his uncle Godwin, which drove him over to England at the age of twenty-two. He travelled, mostly on foot, to see his mother at Leicester; and then in the same way to the house of Sir William Temple, a distant relation, then Master of the Rolls for Ireland, who had a house at Moor Park, in Surrey, and had already helped his cousin, Thomas Swift, to a curacy in England. Here Jonathan was received as amanuensis and literary assistant of the old statesman, with a salary of twenty pounds per year; and this connection, with some interruptions, lasted for over nine years, or the death of his patron.

It was at Moor Park that Swift first saw Hester Johnson, daughter of Temple's late land-steward. Macaulay, in his Essay on Sir William Temple, wrote the following passage:

"An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William as amanuensis, for board and twenty pounds a year, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty dark-eyed young girl who waited on Lady Giffard."

This is quite in Macaulay's usual flashy-forceful style and, short as it is, contains three mistakes. Swift was not a coarse, disagreeable young man, but on the contrary, very talkative and playful; did not at all escape "plucking" at college; and did not make love to poor little Hester, for she was only seven years old at their first acquaintance. But the Dublin B. A. was her instructor in "the three R's"—at the request of his employer. It was at Moor Park that Swift made another memorable acquaintance—that of William III, who had known Temple in Holland, and visited him several times in England to ask his advice in a variety of State matters. The young

amanuensis or secretary, who had just received (1692) his degree of M. A., *ad eundem*, from the University of Oxford, at the instance of Sir William Temple, had several conversations with His Majesty; especially on the subject of a Triennial Parliament Bill, then under discussion. These were great distinctions, and Swift could never forget that the king had half promised him an English church prebend at one time, and a captaincy of horse at another. The promises came to nothing; but they certainly nourished that bold and ambitious cast of mind which distinguished his subsequent career. Swift received holy orders in 1696. Temple died in January, 1699, leaving a legacy and the care of his posthumous papers to his secretary; who published the latter with a dedication to the king, finding or making in this way "a royal road" to his first literary distinction.

Swift's next advancement was in connection with Lord Berkeley, one of the Lord Justices of Ireland, who invited him to that country as chaplain and private secretary. On his arrival in Dublin, Swift found that the secretaryship had been given to Mr. Bushe. He was then promised the next church living that should be in his lordship's gift. This was the deanery of Derry, and Swift expected it. But there was a difficulty. The new Dean should first pay to Mr. Bushe a thousand pounds. "May Heaven confound you both, for a pair of scoundrels!" was the retort of the would-be Dean, who instantly quitted Dublin Castle in a rage. But the Berkeleys—a very amiable family with a good many ladies—soon mollified and brought back their chaplain, who then (1700) obtained his degree of D. D. from Dublin University, and wrote several of his most facetious papers both in verse and prose. Among these last was the *Petition of Mrs. Harris*; and a memorable prose performance was the *Meditation on a Broomstick*, in the manner of the Hon. Robert Boyle, whose pious and very prosy "meditations" the chaplain was often called on to read after dinner. The solemn ridicule was complete, and the ladies gave him no more tasks of that sort. They procured him something he liked much better—though in a grumbling way—the Vicarage of Laracor, the Rectory of Agher and the living of Rath-



beggan, in the County of Meath, all bringing him in about £200 a year.

Having been "made easy" in this way, Dr. Swift left his little parish and about a dozen parishioners, and accompanied the Berkeleys back to London—always the "haunt and main region" of his ambitious purposes—and there let his thoughts out boldly along the broad and troubled field of English politics. William III was childless. After his death, his sister-in-law, Anne Stuart, would be Queen of England; and the schemes and strategies of the Whig and Tory parties kept the country in a condition of agitation and suspense. Pamphleteers were active on both sides, and Swift launched into the *mêlée* an essay on *The Contests and Dissentions of Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome*. He then went to Farnham in Surrey, where he found his two friends of Moor Park, Mrs. Dingley and Hester Johnson, living together—the latter now eighteen years old and not wishing to reside with her mother who had married a Mr. Mose. Sir William Temple had left to Hester—a great many had the idea that she was his own child—a leasehold farm in the County of Wicklow; and she and her friend (also unmarried) were easily persuaded to live in that country, "where they would have ten per cent. for their money, and where the necessaries of life could be had at half the English rates." They came to Ireland in 1700, where they had lodgings in Dublin near Swift's residence; removing from these to Trim, in the vicinity of Laracor, whenever the vicar chose to reside in the country.

At this time Swift made many visits to London. He had an interview with the old king about the Temple publication; and his pamphlet brought him to the acquaintance of Lords Somers, Godolphin, Halifax, Sunderland and other leading Whigs of the time, who respected him for his qualities as a fighting or writing politician. But he was not one of their champions. The accession of Queen Anne (1701) brought several Tories into office, and a Tory ascendancy was not improbable. Swift accordingly wrote as the adviser of both parties, and—as in his *Project for the Advancement of*

*Religion*—contended that all dishonest and vicious men should be excluded from the government of the people of England. This was hardly the way to recommend himself to the Whigs, who, as rulers, and indeed like all rulers of men, acted in a strong spirit of rapacity. They had saved the country and were always looking for the "salvage." They always distrusted the independent spirit of the Irish Vicar; and distrusted it more than ever after he had published (1704) the *Tale of a Tub*, one of the rarest and most wonderful satires in the English language, in which the writer showed such an amount of irreverence for the history, traditions and general spirit of the Christian religion.\* Swift let it go into print anonymously, and never acknowledged the authorship at any period of his life. But in the literary and political world, where it was read by everybody, there were few doubts concerning it. The choice of a title for the book was very characteristic of a man who always showed a curious partiality for the archaic vulgarisms of the English language: since the word *Tub* (or *danb*) is the Keltic name for "story-teller," and was formerly applied in contempt to any ridiculous narration.

And so passed the life of Dr. Swift;—divided between the troubled arena of British politics in London, and the rude Irish quiet of Laracor with its cheerful and obedient womankind—till 1710. In that year, the Tory party came into power under Harley and St. John (subsequently the Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke), and the Vicar, taking advantage of the crisis, went over to London as the envoy of the Irish clergy, to ask for a transfer back to the church of the tenths and first fruits, which the crown had appropriated for a long time and which the Whigs had refused to remit—at the same time refusing to treat him with proper consideration.

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\* Swift never had much reverence for the mere forms and phraseologies of religion. To serve the purpose of his satirical wit, he was always ready to parody the language of the Hebrew writings or the English Ritual. After the accession of George II, he wrote a scoffing *Credo* for his opponents:—"I believe in George, the greatest captain and the wisest monarch between heaven and earth, and in Robert Walpole his only minister, our lord who was, &c." The placid Sir Robert, on reading that, must have felt happy to think the Irish Sea rolled between the parodist and the king's ministry.

This consideration he received at once at the hands of the Tories, who granted the Irish request and gave the Dean work to do. They put the entire control of the *Examiner* journal into his hands as a weapon of war, and gave way to the dictatorship he soon exercised in matters of public policy; receiving him at the same time into their houses on the footing of intimate friendship. Macaulay ventures on the rash assertion that Swift was only a ministerial "hack" and not at all trusted by either Harley or the Secretary, St. John. But here again, as usual, Macaulay is unsustained by the facts. Those ministers trusted him as much as they trusted one another—perhaps more than Harley trusted St. John. Swift's way with them was, from the first, that of a man who knew his own mental power and whose purpose was to advise and control. At one time, seeing the young secretary rather reserved and out of humor, Swift begged him "not to appear cold to him at any time, for he would not be treated like a schoolboy. He would not take it from a crowned head, and no subject's favor was worth it." At another time, Mr. Harley, thinking the Doctor might be in want of money, offered him a £50 note—and this at a time when £5,000 would not repay the political services of Swift. The poor-spirited minister soon found out his mistake. The Doctor refused the money and refused also to dine with him. "I will not see him again," he says in a letter to Hester Johnson, "till he makes me amends. If we let these ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy if I will go and see him. But I won't; and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off." Again he says, subsequently: "Those ministers are good hearty fellows. I use them like dogs, because I fear they will use me so." He was ready to treat the Tories as he formerly treated the Whigs, of whom he had spoken in such words as, "Rot them, for ungrateful dogs! I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place!" Harley and St. John stood in some awe of Swift; and the Lord Keeper Harcourt said, "Dr. Swift is not only our favorite, but our governor also." On one occasion Swift got Harley and St. John in a room together and lectured them on their disagreements. The idea

of Macaulay and others, that Swift was a "hack," is a feeble one. The Vicar of Laracor always looked for something more than a bishopric. He wished for power as a statesman, and longed to have the place of a Richelieu in England with power to push all incapable men aside. He would have exhibited the grand energy of the first William Pitt. And he might also have had the fate of that statesman. It was only the Walpoles who could enjoy a long lease of power in that century.

Swift's three years' life in London at that period is to be found in his *Journal*, sent regularly to Miss Johnson at Laracor—the most remarkable tract of autobiography in English literature. With the minute fidelity of a photograph, it has the strong effects of some great historic picture by Rubens or Maclise, full of moving figures and vivid colors. It is as great a stroke of ambitious genius as the *Tale of a Tub*, or *Gulliver's Travels*, and it does for the life-history of Swift what the garrulity of Boswell has done for that of Dr. Johnson; presenting that high-hearted ecclesiastic in a variety of positions and moods, from the familiarity and fun of the "little language" which he loved to write for Hester's amusement, to the ferocity of a towering passion having for its object "that rascal Patrick," his servant; from the dignity of the Queen's court at Windsor, or the closets and drawing-rooms of great State-ministers and lords, to the homely quiet of his own poor lodgings, and the stupidity of the aforesaid "rascal," who is always putting too much coals in the grate and obliging the "governor" of the Queen's Tory ministry to take a great number of them off again with the tongs. And then the fellow went and brought in a little starving linnet one day, and fed it, intending to carry it over as a present to Mrs. Dingley. The bird is really a great annoyance, flying about the closet; but Patrick is not to be reasoned with; and it will escape some day, and such a foolish fellow he never saw. No doubt, it was from such passages as these that Thackeray got his favorite notion that Swift was a saturnine and savage-minded man. But the man, so perversely misinterpreted, had the kindest and most social nature, eager

to benefit his friends and always willing to interfere for the purpose—and with a high hand if necessary. One evening, on his way from Harley's house, he fell in with a sailor and a parson engaged in a scuffle and surrounded by a crowd, the reverend wearing his uniform of gown and shovel hat, the clerical fashion of the time. Swift instantly pulled the combatants asunder and ordered his erring brother, who was drunk—another clerical fashion of the time—to get away to to his lodging as fast as possible. The sailor turned upon the rescuer and would have misused him, but for the presence of "Patrick." As he walked to Chelsea that night, it might have struck him, that his poor brother, fighting the sailor, had, after all, a certain resemblance to himself, who had neglected his church business to fight among the rabble of Whig and Tory politicians. And then he might have added—as he does in his journal—"But, what care I, sirrahs!" And yet the darkest parts of his character are those that strike most at this distance; for all biographers love to produce their effects with strong lines and deep shades. But the best and most distinguished men of his age loved Swift:—Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Prior, Congreve, Bolingbroke, Steele, and especially the prince of English essayists and moralists, the Doctor's political opponent at a period of bitter political partisanship—Joseph Addison.

As regards Swift's desertion of the Whig chiefs for the Tories,\* Mr. Forster, like other biographers, takes some trouble to justify him. But the question is not worth arguing. Swift, born of a Tory family and belonging to a profession that

\* The famous watchwords of Whig and Tory, so notable in English history did not grow on English ground. One of them came from Scotland, the other from Ireland. *Whig* was a shortening of *Whiggamor*, and used about the time of Charles II to designate the "Covenanters" of Western Scotland. One meaning of this Gallic term was "Hill-folk" or "Valley-tribes;" another was "Psalm-singing people;" and the two meanings were so much to the purpose, that *Whiggamor* was doubly fixed in the popular nomenclature. This explanation has the disadvantage of having never been offered by any of the Scottish or English writers.

*Tory* is Irish. It means an "outlaw." It also means "a banished man." In 1690 the Irish fighting for James II were called "outlaws;" and when they followed him to France, they were called "exiles"—the word *Tory* fitting both cases. So that when the English Jacobites scoffed at the Whigs as representing the canting Scotch Covenanters, the Whigs retorted terribly with the Irish "runagates."

always leant to Toryism, was neither a Whig nor a Tory, but a *man*, with a great genius for government, who would never respect the dirty work of the politicians. He "fought honestly for his own hand," like Hal-o-the-Wynd in the *Fair Maid of Perth*; and, for the rest, had a greater regard for the welfare of the mass of the people than for any sort of ministerial theory. The Whig theory meant a cluster of great families, holding a perpetual ascendancy in England; and between this and the old Tory story, Swift could never see any difference. Those Whigs had been minded to affront him; and he affronted them, with a vengeance.

But Swift's Tory championship was doomed to defeat. In 1713, Harley and St. John, having brought about the memorable peace of Utrecht, which put an end to the expensive uproar of arms in Europe, rewarded themselves with the titles of "Oxford," and "Bolingbroke," and their energetically expected his bishopric—that of Hereford, or any other. But Archbishop Sharp and the other bishops would not fraternize with the man who had written the *Tale of a Tub*; and the Queen, especially moved by the Duchess of Somerset, whom Swift had scoffed at—and not undeservedly—in one of his papers, refused to hear of the appointment; and so the ministers could do nothing. They were, no doubt, half-hearted in the business; being evidently afraid that, if he got what he so greatly desired, an English bishopric, their ally would give over the championship and leave them. Swift was perpetually blaming Oxford and Bolingbroke for their quarrels, declaring these would end in some signal overthrow. He had written a powerful pamphlet on the *Condition of Public Affairs*, in which he had manfully declared that plotting and intriguing belonged to the lowest and worst style of statesmanship, and that plain common-sense and honesty were the highest and truest. Ministers could see that this man of genius was their superior; and probably they feared he might turn upon them, as he had turned upon the Whigs, in some of his domineering moods. It was an angry crisis all around; and in the midst of it, the Vicar of Laracor, growling terribly against the politicians, found himself huddled into a deanery,

and—to add to his discomfiture—an *Irish* one. He offered to exchange it for a prebend of Windsor, but to no purpose. He went therefore over to his vicarage, refusing to live in the deanery. In 1714, the quarrels of Oxford and Bolingbroke brought him again to London, where he tried to reconcile them, plunging into the war of pamphlets with renewed spirit, till the overthrow came, unexpectedly, like thunder from a clear sky. The Queen died in that year and George I came in; the Tory ministry was broken; Harley was impeached for his leaning to the Stuarts; Bolingbroke fled to France; and the Hanoverian Whigs took their place in the government of England for the next fifty years.

Swift was, after all, glad to take refuge in that deanery of St. Patrick's. His enemies swore he ought to be impeached, like the Earl of Oxford, or driven out of the country like Bolingbroke, the traitor and Jacobite. The Whigs of Dublin rejoiced over his defeat, and hissed him in public, and one of them, Lord Blaney, in his carriage, tried to run down the Dean who was quietly riding along in another.\* In this way began the long, last, thirty years' residence of Swift in Ireland, a country he did not wish to live in. He always said he was an Englishman and had been "dropped" somewhere in Dublin. He carried an angry mind into the deanery, and there it grew angrier than ever. Ireland was a trying place of residence for a man born with the fatal genius of correcting the wrongs and misgovernments of human society. He witnessed a number of abuses and talked about them in the resolute style of one who had advised a king and controlled a ministry, nourishing that *sæva indignatio* which lacerated his heart for the rest of his life. "Do not the rascalities and corruptions of men eat into your heart and exhaust your spirits?" he demanded one day of his quiet fellow-cleric, Dr. Delany. The English ministry insisted on making him an Irishman with a deanery;

\* In return for this, the Dean rescued Lord Blaney from oblivion in a "Complaint" laid before the Irish Parliament of which his lordship was a member. The document must have disturbed the gravity of the high tribunal to which it was addressed; and it certainly added to "the gaiety of nations"—the Irish especially. Blaney had unexpectedly lived to some purpose.

and he would let them see what he could do in that capacity. He gathered up the Irish grievances, turned them into weapons of attack, and made the nation ring with them. The English, he declared, were destroying the woollen manufacture of Ireland. Let the Irish, then, use their own manufactures and refuse the English. This advice he gave in a pamphlet which was "presented" by a Dublin Grand Jury. A trial of the publisher followed in which the jury, who always brought in a verdict of *Not Guilty*, were "sent out" nine times by Judge Whitshed. The Lord Lieutenant, at last, in a fit of shame ordered a *Nol pros.*, which laid the storm.

In 1722 came the greater storm raised against Wood, the English "coppersmith" who had got, by influence of the Duchess of Kendall, the king's mistress, a patent empowering him to send a great quantity of pence and half-pence into Ireland as a help to industry. It was a paltry job, and Swift opened his (masked) battery of a *Drapier's Letters* against it, denouncing it as shabby and fraudulent, and, in the course of his argument, propounding the terrible assertion that, by the laws of God, of nature and of nations, the Irish ought to be as free a people as the English. A reward of £300 was offered for the discovery of such a firebrand, and the printer was arrested: whereupon the Dean walked into the drawing-room of Dublin Castle, and in a voice heard all over the audience-room, asked Lord Carteret, the Viceroy, the meaning of those severities directed against a poor publisher. The tempest continued to rage, till the unlucky patent was withdrawn. The people of Dublin, always partial to that witty and fighting style of politics, applauded the Dean to the skies, and laughed for a week without intermission over "The Last Speech and Dying Words" of the aforesaid monetary caittiff who had been carried by the people to the gallows and there hanged (in effigy) by the public executioner.

At a later period, the Dean denounced the gross injustice of making the Irish peasantry pay tithes of their cultivated grounds, while the broad pasture lands of the Irish gentry were exempt; and as the members of the Irish House of Commons refused to consider the question, he called them



"three hundred brutes;" an assurance which O'Connell paraphrased at a later period when he alluded to his own English parliament as "six hundred scoundrels." \* Swift turned vehemently on Boulter, the Primate, who wanted to reduce the value of gold coin for the purpose of raising the silver currency, and not alone wrote against the plan, but harangued upon it at the Tholsel of Dublin; and even hung out a black flag on the cathedral steeple. The Primate publicly charged him with inflaming the people. "I deny it," was the retort; "if I had but lifted my finger, they would have torn you to pieces." His genius was, beyond doubt, the genius of courage and combat, as William III might have suspected when, conversing with him once at Moor Park, he promised to give him a "captaincy of horse;" and if the young man had got such promotion he would probably have become one of the most forward and fiery cavalry leaders in the army of the Duke of Marlborough. As it was, he proved as formidable to his opponents as William Pitt was subsequently in opposition to Walpole, who usually alluded to the latter as "that terrible cornet of horse."

The abject condition of Ireland was Swift's great *cheval de bataille*. He was always declaring it was a country of slaves. In his *Short View of the State of Ireland*, he says: "Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of in ancient or modern history, in which the people were denied the liberty of exporting their natural commodities and manufactures wherever they pleased. The conveniency of ports and harbors which nature has bestowed on this kingdom is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon." Swift was a "Home-ruler" a hundred years before Mr. Butt and the men of the present day. But his masterpiece in the way of irony and sarcasm is a *Modest Proposal*, that the infant children of the Irish peasantry should be fattened for

\* Swift's language in the vituperation of "Booby Bettsworth," a member of the House, was so excoriating, that the latter swore, in the Irish style of those days, that he would provide himself with a dirk and cut the Dean's throat whenever he could find him. He said Swift's lampoons had put £1,200 a year out of his pocket—always the most sensitive part of a law-sergeant.

market and sold to the butchers for food, as a means of relieving the general distress. He sets forth the excellent qualities of such a tender and juicy aliment. "I grant," he says, "that this food would be found rather dear; but it would be very suitable for landlords who, having devoured most of the poor parents already, seem to have the best right to the children." He says there are people who will of course offer objections against the proposal, and argue that it would lessen the Irish population. This lessening was, in fact, one of the reasons for offering it; and he adds that the remedy was calculated for Ireland, and for no other country that ever was, or will be on this earth! He has a fancy that every pauper in Ireland; man, woman and child, should wear a badge; and he calculates that one person in five would go about the kingdom in that condition. He tells Pope, the poet, that after his death, his friends are to carry him across to Holyhead; he will not be buried in a country of slaves and slave-masters.

In the midst of those Irish arguments and the enmities they excited, Swift, living very much alone in a corner of his large deanery-house, had a compensation in the frequent company of his Moor Park friends, Mrs. Dingley and Hester Johnson, who had their lodgings at Ormond Quay, on the opposite side of the Liffey. Their presence and conversation gave him the only idea of "home" he ever experienced since his early boyhood. The world has long been led to believe that he married Miss Johnson about the year 1716, or subsequently. But no trustworthy evidence of the fact has ever been offered. Sir Walter Scott could see nothing to prove it; nor does Mr. Forster. On the death of that amiable lady, she left a will, signing her proper name, *Hester Johnson*. She was never known to complain of the treatment she had received from Dean Swift.

There was something more—and yet but little more—in the story of Esther Vanhomrigh, a lady with whom he had, perhaps, been too easy and familiar, exciting in her hopes he never meant to fulfil. But her story is a great exaggeration of the truth. The lady was daughter of a rich government contractor of Celbridge, in Ireland, with whose family Swift

became acquainted during his residence in London ; and, like most other ladies, was charmed with his very animated manner and playful ideas in conversation. Being of an ardent nature she became attached to him, while he doubtless imagined their free and friendly intercourse would leave her feelings as untouched as his own. In 1716, when her parents and two brothers were dead—they were of a consumptive family—she and her ailing sister went back to their old mansion house of Marley Abbey, near Celbridge. The story goes on to say that some years later, when she was about thirty-five years old and a great invalid, she wrote to Miss Johnson asking her if she were the Dean's wife. Her letter falls into the hands of Swift who rides over to Marley Abbey, salutes the lady with a dark face of dreadful displeasure, throws the aforesaid letter on the table and departs without a word. This is the lady's death-blow. In about a year she is in her grave. All this is certainly calculated to make a great impression on most readers. But there is no credible evidence on the subject of the letter and the visit. The lady was always feeble in health and of lonely, fanciful ways and ideas. There is no doubt that she loved Swift ; and there need be as little doubt that the playful tenderness of his manner towards her gave him good reason for repentance in the end. This manner was part of his nature ; and in one of his earliest letters—that to Mr. Kendall, February, 1691—on the subject of Miss Waryng, he tries to explain it by saying he could remember twenty women to whom he had talked in the same way, with no other purpose than that of amusing himself and others with what he thought to be a sort of "harmless impertinence," such as gentlemen are apt to indulge in. But his impertinence came back to him afterwards in the shape of remorse, not unmingled with what Percy Shelley was in the habit of calling self-contempt. Miss Esther Vanhomrigh died of decline in 1722 ; her younger sister having died before her. \*

\* The Rev. Mr. Milman, who has written a brief life of Swift, quotes an old authority for an anecdote to the effect that, on the first evening Dr. Swift (the friend of Harley and St. John) was introduced to Miss Vanhomrigh at the house of her parents, the young lady saw fit for some reason to slap his face. This spicy statement is so like others in the usual biographies of Swift that most readers accept it very readily. And yet it might not be "a true thing."

In 1726, while Swift was in England, Mr. Benjamin Mott, the London publisher, received—he could not tell how—the manuscript of *Gulliver's Travels*. It came out that year and was at once widely read. Like the rest of Swift's publications, it was anonymous. He never acknowledged any of his writings—except, perhaps, the *Project for the Advancement of Religion*, published in 1709. This proceeded from a sort of politic haughtiness rather than an indifference to the opinion of the world, since he knew the “pageant” would be the more noticed for the absence of the “bust.” In this he offered a suggestion which his biographer, Scott, afterwards adopted in the matter of the anonymous Waverley Novels.

With regard to *Gulliver's Travels* little can be said that has not been said already. And yet a trifling novelty may be mentioned here. It has respect to the title; and this was chosen with a comic felicity which is very characteristic. *Gulliver* is an Irish and Cornish word (*glafaire* and *cuillabar*) which signifies, “a man that tells lies!” This word Swift must have heard in his youth, either at Dublin or in Wales, and he remembered it with a hundred other vulgarities of speech, till he had an opportunity of making it memorable. But it is something to wonder at, that such a curious word-monger should never condescend to explain it, even by a hint. It might be, however, that the meaning of the term was better understood in his time than in our own.

During Swift's stay in England in that same year (1726), his freakish partiality for the vulgarisms of language was shown in another way. He suggested to Dr. Arbuthnot, John Gay and others, a new sort of musical entertainment in the Italian manner, and bid them call it the *Beggar's Opera*—a combination of terms which no other man in England but himself would have hit upon. In one of his letters to Gay, he bids him visit Newgate now and then, in order to brighten his inspiration. The *Beggar's Opera*, in its inception and grotesque title, belongs to Swift nearly as much as the *Tale of a Tub*. With regard to *Gulliver*, there is one other curiosity of literature which may be mentioned. Alexander Pope in a letter to Swift, March, 1728, mentions, on the authority of

a recent Boston journal, that a Mr. *Jonathan Gulliver* was one of the members of the Massachusetts Legislature; a fact that, no doubt, amused the Dean, and may also interest the members of some Historical Societies who care for such things.

About three years after the decease of Miss Vanhomrigh, came another death-stroke to darken still more the current of Swift's life. While he was in England in 1726, he heard the heavy news of Hester Johnson's dangerous illness and knew that in delicacy of health she somewhat resembled the poor lady of Celbridge. He wrote to Dr. Sheridan and Mr. Worrall in the greatest distress of mind. He declared he was afraid to go back; he could not endure the shock of finding her dead or dying; and while he is writing, he fears "the fairest soul in this world has left its body." He is now weary of a world in which he had never found happiness; and he begs that his incoherent letter may be burnt. If any proof were needed that the lady was not his wife, it may be found here. Men are never apt to write of their wives after many years of wedlock in this way. Their feelings are more under control. Another fact with the same significancy may be noted; this was his usual custom to send her on her birth-day a little complimentary ode, or copy of playful verses. Perhaps this last is the stronger proof of the two. It was said by an old writer of romances that the troubadour, Hugo de St. Cyr, ceased to write songs, because he was not greatly in love with anybody; for he was married, and nobody ever makes songs about his wife:—"Non fez gaires de las cansos, quar no fort enamoratz de negana; pois qu'el ac moiller non fetz cansos." This quaint logic has not been noticed by any of the biographers. But it is forcible evidence, nevertheless.

Swift's life in the deanery—or as he would himself call it, his exile—or the rat-hole, in which he was fated to die, "like a poisoned rat,"—was a long irregular warfare with the Parliament men, or Primate Boulter, or the Corporation of Dublin, varied by travels on horseback and short sojourning in the country to keep off the giddiness of his head and other complaints for which he found exercise to be the best remedy.

At the same time he kept up a correspondence with the crowd of his old acquaintances in England and Ireland, nearly half of whom were ladies, from the rank of duchess down to that of simple misses, and all of whom showed their gratification in obtaining the honor of his notice. In the deanery, he would receive and entertain such friends as Dr. Sheridan, Dr. Delany and others with whom he was happy to be on terms of the most familiar and imperious friendship. In a letter to Pope (June, 1715), he says: "I live in a corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman and one old maid; we are all on board-wages; and when I do not dine abroad or make an entertainment—which last is very rare—I eat a mutton-pie and drink half a pint of wine; and my amusements are, defending my small dominion against the archbishop, and trying to reduce my rebellious choir."

One of his favorite resorts was Quilea, the residence of Dr. Sheridan, near Kells. Here he spent many cheerful days and weeks with the owner, and often in Sheridan's absence, looking after the farm and the laborers, and also ordering the house-servants and writing satirical verses on that slattern, their mistress—a lady who had no objection to "pay him back in his own coin." Swift also spent a great deal of time with the family of Sir Arthur Acheson at Gosford, in the North of Ireland, where he wrote his amusing burlesque poem on the subject of *Hamilton's Bawn* barracks. He also spent some time with Colonel Leslie at Marley Hill, in that neighborhood, where he met an old Scottish Captain Creighton who had served against the Covenanters in the time of Charles II and James II. The Dean was greatly taken with the conversation of the old campaigner, and ordered him to write out his story. This he took, amended it, dressed it up in his own way and had it neatly printed, after which he exerted himself to get a sale for it in Dublin and elsewhere, and thus helped to put a handsome sum of money in the veteran's empty pocket. And there was another result somewhat germane to the matter of Swift's genius: Creighton had presented in his narrative the story and character of a royal

soldier who had served with himself against the "Westland Whigs," and this sketch struck the fancy of Walter Scott so much that he produced it in the more perfect shape of Sergeant Bothwell in *Old Mortality*. Indeed it seems evident that the man who suggested and named the *Beggar's Opera* was the one who furnished the first idea of that charming novel. In summing up the peculiar qualities of Swift's genius, Scott very justly puts at the head of them his powers of originality.

In the midst of his Irish distinctions Swift had some hope of being called to take some part in the government of Walpole, and maintained a correspondence with Lady Masham, Mrs. Howard and others near the Court. Writing to the latter, he began one of his letters with, "I wish I were a young lord and you unmarried, I should make you the best husband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were." His manner of addressing ladies was wonderfully frank; like that of Robert Burns, which the Duchess of Gordon used to say "took her completely off her feet"—a lady-like phrase somewhat in keeping with the poet's own style of speech. One of Swift's originalities was his way of addressing women bluntly and familiarly, as if they were men, recognizing their right to an equal treatment, and ignoring some of the social conventions; a mode which, however it may suit the progressive ideas of our age, led him into a great deal of trouble, as we have already noted. But his letters to the Mashams, Howards and others had no result in the way of bringing him out of his retirement. Walpole wanted no such colleague or adviser, and persisted in making history after his own fashion; abolishing shrewdly and gradually the mischievous distinctions of Jacobites and Hanover Whigs by the simple policy of bribery and corruption all round. In this way he softened down a swarm of antipathies and irritations. He spent quietly in England the money which other ministers might have scattered in great foreign wars. Walpole's work for twenty years had its own merit, however the moralists may denounce it; and England probably might have better spared a better prime-minister, in a crisis of such uncertainty and peril.

In 1737, Swift, in his seventieth year, began to grow some-

what tired of life and its affairs. He suffered greatly from deafness and giddiness which had more or less affected him for many years; and his cousin, Mrs. Whitway, was brought to the deanery to take care of him. His deafness made talking disagreeable and he lived like a hermit. With respect to the last seven years of his life, his biographers have drawn upon their imaginations for their statements—as in other parts of his life-history. They represent him as savagely morose and even violent. But he was simply suffering, and mostly silent, his mind only losing its old force by degrees. On one occasion, being carried out in a carriage, and seeing a new building, he asked what it was. Hearing it was a magazine, he smiled and wrote in pencil—

Now here 's a proof of Irish sense,  
Here Irish wit is 'seen,  
When nothing 's left that 's worth defence  
We build a magazine.

Later, a servant was trying to break a piece of coal for the grate. The Dean after looking on for some time, said, "that 's a stone, you fool." He would take his meals alone, while he walked up and down the room, after his old habit. Once the lid of his left eye was swollen with inflammation; the anguish of this made it necessary to keep his hands from meddling with it, and care-takers were employed to watch in his room. This was the violent insanity mentioned by the biographers, particularly by the coarse and malignant Lord Orrery. After this came a change. He grew quieter, slept a great deal and would walk no longer. After a long silence of months, in the last year of his life, he asked what noise was that in the street. Being told it was his birthday and that the people would have the usual ringing of bells and bonfires, he muttered; "Better let it alone—it is all folly!"

Swift's mind, like his body, was slow in surrendering. In his last days his intellect was in the condition of Scott's and Southey's at the close of their lives—overtasked and darkened. But his span was seventeen years longer than that of Sir Walter. He died in October, 1745, at the age of seventy-eight, and was buried in a vault of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.



Before Swift's burial, the Dublin surgeons opened his head and found in it an effusion of water and blood—the probable cause of his suffering. The bone taken from the skull was replaced and a plaster cast of the face taken. From this cast was made a bust, still preserved in the Museum of Trinity College, in Dublin. Those who have no opportunity of seeing it there, may find an engraving of it in the thirty-third volume of the *Dublin University Magazine*.

Ninety years passed away, and again the head of Swift was brought into the light. When in 1740 he made his will, he requested that they should lay his coffin in some dry part of the cathedral, knowing that the little river Poddle on its way to the Liffey often overflowed its banks and found a way into the vaults. It continued to do so, till at last it was found necessary to remove Swift's coffin and some others—that of Hester Johnson, among them. The removal took place in 1835; and on that occasion Surgeons Houston, Hamilton, Wylde and others examined the Dean's skull. Some of them thought it could not be his. Surgeon Hamilton in his Report says:

"In its great length, in the antero-posterior diameter, its low anterior development, prominent frontal sinuses, comparative lowness at the vertex, projecting nasal bones and large posterior projection, the skull resembles, in a most extraordinary manner, the skulls of the so-called Keltic aborigines of Northern Europe, which are found in the early tumuli of this people throughout Ireland."

It seems to us, however, that the Dean's character was quite in keeping with such a shaped skull.

It is very probable, indeed, that an examination of the skulls of Scott, Byron, Shelley and even Shakespeare himself, would disappoint the expectations of people and lead them to exclaim—as in the case of Swift—that there must be some mistake in the matter. The head of Shakespeare was very like the conical head of Walter Scott, and some features of their faces had a strong resemblance to each other.

It may also be noted in this connection that the head of Miss Hester Johnson was examined in 1835 by those who examined that of her great friend and protector; but no cast of it was taken. Portraits of this lady are however in existence.

Sir Walter Scott mentions one in the possession of Mr. Berwick; though Surgeon Wylde objects that her hair is represented as brown, while Swift and others say it was very dark. Wylde, in his book, gives a portrait, preserved in the house of Mr. Preston of Ballintra, which presents her as a fine-looking woman with dark hair and eyes and regular features. Though it is not a clever work of art, he says, "there is a pale cast of thought and an indescribable expression in the picture. She is attired in a plain white dress, with a blue scarf, and around her bust a blue ribbon holding a locket; and she wears a white and red rose."

Dead as well as living, Swift had the fate of being misunderstood and misinterpreted. He was by nature of the most sensitive and sociable of human beings, finding his greatest enjoyments in the company or business of his friends, and one of the most practical philanthropists of his age or, perhaps, of any age. His most illustrious acquaintances, as has been already observed, became strongly attached to him; some of them, like Pope and Dr. Arbuthnot, with a tenderness which is very notable. His was a great nature, of a commanding and vehement order; a great hater of cant and human cruelty, and scoffed and struck at both while he had power to think his own thoughts. His restless and meteoric life throws a light like that of electricity over the age he lived in, and over the history, the state-politics, the literature and social life of his country for fifty years. In some respects, he may rank below a few of his contemporaries—as in poetry and scholastic or philosophic subtlety; but, taken altogether in the many-sided character of his intellect, he stands alone and without an equal: and of him it may be truly said—in the words of Ariosto which Byron misapplied to Brinsley Sheridan, a far inferior man—that nature stamped him after her own fashion and then broke the mould. He was especially formed for the government of men, and, in a large democracy, or in another country and time, would have been as distinguished a statesman as Pericles, or Ximenes. As a censor he was far beyond Cato; and very probably it is as a censor or satirist of social wrongs and

fallacies that he will be longest and best remembered. He began his literary career with the *Tripes*, which threw Trinity College into an angry commotion at the "Commencement" of 1688, and closed it, at the age of sixty-one, with *Gulliver's Travels*, which turned into ridicule the absurdities or failings of a wider circle of society; and therefore posterity, in glancing along the records of Swift's achievements, will give its verdict in accordance with the great strength of evidence and pronounce him, at last, as well as at first and always, the *Terræ-filius* of British literature.

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## ART. III.—TEMPERANCE AS A NATIONAL QUESTION.

1. *Official Report upon the Liquor Traffic in European Russia*, 1878.
2. *The Influence of Education in Counteracting Intemperance*. By M. RIEKOW.
3. *Alcohol and the State*. By ROBERT C. PITMAN.

BAD habits, like cast-off clothes, have a tendency to descend in the social scale, and the vices of the Court in one age to become those of the cottage in the next. The fashionable atheism of the *salons* of Louis XV reached the cobblers and vine-dressers two generations later, when his successor rose at day-light Summer and Winter, to hear the prayers of the day in the chapel of Versailles. The low morality of the Court of George II was polluting villas and country hamlets long after the Court circles themselves had been purified by the sturdy English honesty of simple old George III. So, too, with intoxication. Fifty years ago, the rough common-sense of the English people summarized its whole character in the too just taunt of "drunk as a lord." That a gentleman should be qualified to empty his six bottles without falling under the table, was as necessary to his reputation as a name for courage, or a decorous bearing in society; and the character of an age when such men as William Pitt, Charles Fox, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan could publicly display their intoxication without exciting any comment whatever, needs no words to describe it. But all this is happily changed now. If excess is not yet wholly banished from the educated classes, it is at least branded as a disgrace instead of being vaunted as an excellence; and the plowman or the mechanic can no longer

defend himself with the assertion which was fatally true within the memory of living men: "I be no worse nor my betters, anyhow."

But, like a beleaguered garrison, the great evil has been beaten from one line of defence only to intrench itself more strongly within another. While gradually withdrawing itself from clubs or country-seats, it has taken hold in proportion, or rather out of proportion, upon the work-rooms and the tenement-houses. The reports of countless physicians, the statements of countless travellers, the uncompromising testimony of arithmetic itself, all tell the same dismal story. Among the working classes of every civilized country intemperance is increasing with the formidable rapidity of an epidemic.

These, it will be said, are mere assertions; but let us question the facts themselves. In 1872, a report was presented to the Russian government on this subject, which was revised and amplified in 1875-6. According to this document, the average expenditure upon intoxicating liquors, in European Russia alone, has rather more than doubled itself since the accession of the present Czar in February, 1855; and, during the same period, the increase in the number of taverns, not merely in Moscow and St. Petersburg, but in the great manufacturing towns of the Volga likewise, has been fully 120 per cent. The official returns of Eastern Germany give very nearly the same proportion, with the significant addition that 75 per cent. of the crimes committed there are directly traceable to the influence of strong drink. In France, again, during the thirty-eight years which have elapsed since 1840, intoxication has not only doubled but tripled itself, receiving a formidable stimulus from the now almost universal use of absinthe. In a word, almost the only exception in this gloomy bead-roll is the little kingdom of Sweden, which, thanks to its now famous "Permissive Prohibitory Act," has only 450 taverns in a population of three millions and a half—a proportion of less than one to seven thousand.

But it is among the Anglo-Saxon populations (to their shame be it spoken) that this monstrous vice is most rampant. Years ago, when the "Corn-law" agitation was at its height,

an eminent English statesman pointedly observed, at the close of one of his most famous speeches, that "no government would dare to tax the working class half as heavily as the working class taxes itself;" and he proceeded to explain this seeming paradox by stating, what was then the literal truth, that the amount annually expended upon drink in Britain alone was fifty millions sterling, or nearly thrice the sum contained in the Bank of England! But this assertion, which staggered the belief of his contemporaries, would appear quite tame and insignificant now. The £50,000,000 have multiplied themselves into £149,772,610. Against 50,442 taverns existing in 1825, there were in 1875, 135,720; and during the same period the increase in the consumption of wine has been 150 per cent., that of foreign spirits 152 per cent., and that of British spirits 237 per cent.! The United States, again, consume annually, in the same way, \$735,720,048, of which New York State alone claims \$105,000,000, or fully one-seventh of the sum total; and, in the emphatic words of a great American statistician, "every ten years burdens the Republic with a drink-bill equal to the entire cost of the Civil War!"

But this great moral epidemic has not been suffered to rage unchecked, either on the eastern or western side of the Atlantic. The first temperance society established in the United States—that of Milton and Northumberland, founded in Saratoga County by Dr. Clarke, in 1808—was speedily followed by numerous and powerful successors. In 1813, came the Massachusetts Temperance Society; in 1826, the American Temperance Union. Meanwhile, a similar movement was beginning to make itself felt in England. The first public temperance meeting was held at Manchester in 1831;\* and within the next three years, the temperance movement in Britain took rank as a national question. Numerous societies were formed, many of which still exist; and the press, the pulpit, and the House of Parliament itself, vied with each other in striving to encourage and utilize the impulse thus originated.

\*It is worthy of note, that this meeting (a very large one) was almost entirely composed of workingmen.

Meanwhile, the great campaign was being vigorously pushed in other quarters. Father Mathew, in Ireland, was commencing the noble and self-devoted crusade against intemperance, which ended only with his death in 1856; while, in the United States, the rise of the "Washingtonian" brotherhood in 1841 gave an impetus to the movement which for a time carried all before it. In 1851, the promulgation of the Maine Liquor Law set an example which the other New England States were not slow to imitate, and which has since been followed, though in a somewhat modified form, by more than one European country. Sweden, as stated above, has all but crushed the liquor traffic within her borders, by the voluntary act of her own people. Denmark and Germany are now tending unmistakably in the same direction; and even the phlegmatic Russians, so long regarded as one of the most incurably drunken races existing,\* are beginning to lay the question seriously to heart, as the following extract from a recent official report sufficiently proves:

"Such an evil admits of no half measures. It is not the interests of an individual that are at stake, but those of society itself. Only by rigorous and decisive enactments can we hope to free ourselves from this curse; for all merely palliative measures (such as diminishing the number of taverns, etc.) can produce nothing more than a partial and temporary alleviation. Nor must it be forgotten that we are dealing with a vice which unsettles every law of morality and every relation of social life. There only can social ties be firm and enduring, where they are strengthened by a powerful sense of duty, and a deep feeling of the sacredness of mutual obligation, neither of which can ever co-exist with the blighting influences of habitual intemperance. Every confirmed drunkard is likewise a sluggard, or, to speak more correctly, he is just industrious enough to supply himself with the means of intoxication. He is a thief, or rather he is only honest until some opportune theft, be it ever so paltry, can pave the way for fresh excesses. He is a creature without morality, without conscience, without self-respect, without any sense of either public or private duty."

Against the evil so emphatically denounced, modern society has devised and practised various remedies, all of a more or

\* It must be remembered, in extenuation of this fact, that the Russian *vodka* (corn-whiskey) is only 5 kopecks, or about 3 cents, per bottle!

less coercive nature. Russia, till within a few years of the present time, sent all offenders of this class into the army, \* a measure the uselessness of which has long been patent, and to which must undoubtedly be attributed many of the atrocities which stained the battle-fields of the Crimea. Germany has tried the punishment of "disqualification," *i. e.*, loss of State rights; but this, although far less heavy a penalty than the compulsory enlistment above-mentioned, has been objected to by many theorists as too severe. The English-speaking races have dealt with the evil by fine and imprisonment, a method which has proved eminently unsatisfactory, since, apart from its failure to repress the obnoxious practice, it makes the innocent household suffer for the misdeeds of its head. Some attempts have been made, on a small scale, to treat intemperance, like insanity, by seclusion and confinement under careful supervision; but it is justly objected by those who wish to make this the universal remedy, that, intoxication being markedly on the increase, one-half of society would soon be employed in mounting guard over the other. One noted American writer has warmly advocated the revival of our Puritan ancestors' favorite institution of the whipping-post! A more comprehensive scheme of reform has lately been propounded by M. Riekow, an able German theorist, who, at the close of his treatise on the subject, thus summarizes the main points of his system:

"Let me now recapitulate briefly the leading points of my scheme. 1. That a knowledge of reading and writing be made obligatory upon the entire population, male and female; and that this obligation shall be made binding upon all who, at the time of the enactment, shall be under the age of seven years. 2. That every peasant have his children educated by such means as shall be most easily within his reach, being however bound to present each child from time to time, during its training, to the Provincial Commissioners, who can thus satisfy themselves as to its progress. On their being fully satisfied of the child's ability to read and write correctly, such child to receive a prize of two dollars, the said prize being subject to an increase of one dollar for proficiency in arithmetic, and of two for a rudimentary knowledge

\* That the punishment itself was no slight one, however, may be judged from the fact that, apart from the barbarous flogging then customary, the term of service was at that time twenty-five years!



of divinity. 3. All persons unable to read and write, if belonging to that class upon which the obligation falls, to be considered as minors, and disqualified accordingly. 4. All drunkards to be likewise treated as minors. 5. The inhabitants of the different villages to give security for the observance of the above regulations, and any dereliction to be punishable by fine. Farther, if it shall appear that in consequence of the opposition of his family, or any similar cause, a violent and wasteful drunkard has been left without special control, a fine of one dollar to be imposed upon every householder in the village."

Here, then, we have in a compendious form the specific which many honest and well-meaning persons regard as a certain remedy for the most virulent evil upon earth. The working classes, say they, are ignorant, therefore they drink; let them be educated, and their intemperance will cease with their ignorance. In support of this theory, they quote triumphantly the habitual intemperance of the unlettered peasants of Russia and Eastern Germany. But the same test which sustains the theory in one case, overthrows it in another. There is comparatively little drunkenness among the *lazzaroni* of Naples and the peasants of Northern Spain, probably the most ignorant and superstitious men in Europe; while in no part of the civilized world is it more rampant than among the intelligent and well-taught Lowlanders of Scotland.

The fact is, that all errors of this kind proceed from a mistaken estimate of the material to be dealt with. "One vice, one remedy," is the motto of modern theorists. But each single vice (as the common-sense of the ancients indicated by their parable of the many-headed hydra) is merely the aggregate of countless individual errors; and he who attempts to repress it must legislate not for one sin, but for a thousand sinners. The heads of the hydra could not be all struck off at one blow, nor can the world be reformed in the same sweeping fashion; the work must be done little by little, with care and patience.

More especially is this the case with intoxication, the predisposing causes of which are innumerable. One man drinks from habit, another from a mistaken instinct of good fellowship, a third from hereditary predisposition,—from disease,—which

modern physicians, having so long denied its existence, are now forced to recognize in their own despite. Some, whose natural weakness of brain makes them succumb to a few glasses of liquor, are branded as drunkards, while others of coarser and harder fibre, draining bottle after bottle without any visible effect, pass for sober men. The mechanic, who comes forth from an imprisonment of many hours in a stifling atmosphere, thick with dust and particles of cotton, flies to his tankard of beer as naturally as the gentleman-cricketer to his claret-cup or ice-lemonade after a two-hours' inning. The man whom ruin stares in the face, verifies Solomon's axiom by forgetting his sorrows in the brief oblivion of drink; while, contrariwise, he upon whom some unexpected shower of good fortune has descended, joyfully invites his crony to "have a glass on the strength of it." To many of the poorer class, the tavern is their only asylum from the wretchedness of the damp and noisome dens which are all the home they have ever known; while the yet more miserable beings who have no home whatever can purchase there, with what may be their last coin, a few moments of relief from cold and wet and hunger. All these things must be taken into account by those who would legislate against intoxication; and it must be owned that such a task is anything but an easy one.

But these finer distinctions are wholly overlooked by the sweeping verdict of society, which, in its honest eagerness to show no mercy to the drink, is somewhat too apt to show as little to the drinker. The light speech of Romeo has a deep and tragic inner meaning:

He jests at scars, who never felt a wound.

The easy, well-to-do man who sits down comfortably every day to a good dinner in a well-furnished room—what can *he* know of the desperation which drives men whose whole life is one long battle with adverse circumstances, to a solace which, however unworthy, is the only enjoyment that many of them ever know? Critics of this class regard only the bare fact that a certain man is in the habit of drinking to excess; *why* he does so, or whether he has ever had a chance of doing other-

wise, they do not trouble themselves to inquire. Hence comes the excuse with which so many are wont to justify their indifference to the sufferings of their fellow-men, that it is useless to do anything for "a set of drunken good-for-nothings." It is always easier to condemn a man at sight than to take the trouble of inquiring into his case; and when the wounded wayfarer is seen lying bleeding in the dust, the Good Samaritan shrugs his shoulders and passes on, remarking carelessly, "Well, if he can't take better care of himself than that, it's no business of mine!"

To such a mode of reasoning volumes of argument could hardly supply a more effectual answer than the few words of sturdy common-sense which we lately heard from a stalwart ship-carpenter in one of the Liverpool dock-yards: "There was a gentleman comed to see me t'other day, and he says to me, says he, 'My man, why don't you stay at home and save your money, instead of going to the tavern and making a beast of yourself?' And I says to him, says I, 'Well, Gaffer, if so be *thee* was to come home some cold Winter night, tired out wi' a hard day's work, and find the wife washin' up, and the house a' in a mess, and the childer' cryin', and the fire out, and no supper nor nowt (nothing), mayhap thee'd be glad to git a sight o' the tap-room fire, and a drop o' some'at hot, jist like me!'"

But, happily, this deplorable apathy is no longer possible. The temperance question has compelled the recognition which it demanded; and the difficulty now is not to find some one to offer a solution of it, but rather to select the most promising from among the countless solutions already offered. It is probable, however, that, for the reasons already stated, no single remedy will be found adequate to the countless requirements of this great popular evil. So multiform a pest must be dealt with by specifics as varied as itself; and it may be worth while, before concluding, to glance at a few of the most prominent of these, and the results which are being produced by them.

A few years ago a wealthy English manufacturer, better known for his riches than for any good that he had ever done

with them, was expatiating at his own table upon the habitual drunkenness of his workmen, and indignantly asking what any man could ever hope to do for such creatures. "*You* might do something for them if you liked, Mr. T——," remarked a listener. "Indeed? and what is that, pray?" asked the millionaire, with a look of surprise. "You might give them houses to live in, instead of pig-sties," was the reply.

Whether this well-merited rebuke produced any lasting result, is not recorded; but it would be difficult to sum up more pointedly or more emphatically one of the most formidable agents in the spread of intoxication. What the homes of many workingmen really are any one who has seen them can judge for himself. In the midst of these squalid hovels some enterprising speculator runs up a brand-new "saloon," gay with paint and decoration, well-warmed and well-furnished, blazing with gas, and lavishly displaying every attraction which can appeal to the uncultivated taste of an ordinary man of the working class. To expect the latter to remain sober under such circumstances, is to expect that he should prefer cold and darkness to light and warmth, discomfort to luxury, loneliness, or, worse still, constant bickering to jovial companionship, and dull despondency to pleasurable excitement—an absurdity too flagrant to need any demonstration.

Here, then, is one remedy—a remedy which lies on the surface, since it requires no very profound sagacity to divine that a man whose home is comfortable will be all the less likely to leave it. A marked improvement is already being made in this respect both in Europe and America, and it may be hoped that a few years more will see the good work well advanced. But although this is undoubtedly much to have gained, it is by no means all. There are thousands of men whose daily task lies amid steam-worked machinery, in a constant current of hot air, impregnated with noxious odors of every kind. The frequent quenching of the thirst thus excited is an absolute necessity with men so employed; and no one is quicker to appreciate this fact than the liquor-dealers, who may be found by scores in the neighborhood of every factory and workshop, dexterously imitating the mediæval

gaolers who made their prisoners pay even for the privilege of slaking their thirst at the court-yard cistern.

Some years ago, the attempt was made to meet this difficulty by the erection of public drinking-fountains which were, and still are, an undeniable boon to the community; but they can hardly be said to have supplied the want which they were intended to meet. In the colder months of the year, few men would be likely to prefer cold water to hot grog; and moreover, the sheer exhaustion of animal vitality, necessarily produced by a long and hard day's work in a vitiated atmosphere, makes the workman long for some form of stimulant which shall be not merely refreshing, but nourishing as well.

It was this fact which formed the basis of one of the most important institutions of our day—that of “Workingmen’s Coffee-houses.” Since the latter took rank as a public fact, nearly a generation ago, they have multiplied and prospered to an extent which may be best measured by the violent opposition which they are beginning to excite in the ranks of the tavern-keepers, who were at first inclined to despise them altogether. Their general plan, in its latest and most improved form, may be gathered from the description of the one which we lately visited in England, at Birkenhead, on the Mersey.

The location of the “Cocoa Room,” as it is called, has been admirably chosen, being in equal proximity to a large cab-stand, the principal ferry to Liverpool, and one of the largest ship-yards in the town. The building, which is long and tolerably high, is of wood, roofed with metal, and consists of one large public room, and a smaller one for such as wish to be a little more private. Both are furnished with long tables and benches, neatly varnished, and the panelled walls are hung with neat engravings of a very different class from those of the genuine “dram-shop.” The whole place is well lighted with gas and thoroughly warmed during the cold season; and an ample choice of fare is afforded to the *habitués* by a wide counter along one side of the public room, behind which three or four smart-looking lads in white aprons may be seen at all hours of the day, serving out pint mugs of hot cof-

fee, tea or cocoa, buns, cakes, buttered rolls, and small plates of beef, ham, and tongue—each and all for the certainly not exorbitant charge of one penny apiece. The customers have full liberty to entertain themselves by getting up occasional concerts or “evening readings,” which are largely attended and extremely well conducted. In a word, the whole aim of the establishment appears to be to offer its frequenters all the comforts of their favorite tavern-room without any of the latter’s temptations.

Nor are the men themselves by any means unmindful of these efforts for their benefit. Any stranger who should enter the Cocoa Room when it is at the fullest—between seven and nine o’clock in the evening—would be instantly struck with the quiet and orderly behavior of the company, contrasting very markedly with the ostentatious and unmeaning boisterousness which the same men would think themselves bound to exhibit in a *bona fide* tavern. “This place is safe to get on, sir,” said an intelligent-looking workman to the writer, who was sitting at the same table with him, “for it’s what we’ve been a-wanting this long time. We working chaps ain’t such fools as some folks makes us out, and we know a good thing when we see it. When we had no place but the beer-shop to go to, we went there; but now here’s this place made nice o’ purpose for us, and good coffee ’stead o’ bad beer, and lots o’ good things to eat with it, and everything quiet and decent ’stead o’ fighting and noise—and you just see if it don’t git more of our custom nor any beer-shop in the town.”

But this admirable system, which thus overmatches intemperance with its own weapon, is, unhappily, not always so easily carried out. It finds ample scope in rising towns like Birkenhead, where no fewer than five coffee-rooms on the model of that above described have made their appearance during the last three years; but in the great centres of English commerce, where the liquor traffic has flourished unchecked for centuries before temperance societies were ever dreamed of, the struggle is sorely unequal. In the city of Bristol, for example—a haunt of much unsuspected misery, despite all its wealth and importance—a charitable and public-

spirited man, with whom we have the pleasure of being intimately acquainted, had formed the idea of establishing in one of the most crowded quarters of the town, tenanted almost exclusively by working-men and their families, a coffee-house similar to that already mentioned. But the publicans, with the keen instinct of their class, had long since foreseen the coming of this dreaded competitor, and provided against it by securing for the purpose of their own traffic every available location in the quarter. What was to be done? To plant a coffee-house near at hand was palpably impossible; to plant one at a distance would be useless, since no one could expect men wearied with a hard day's work to walk a mile or more to supper. The case appeared hopeless; but this resolute philanthropist was not to be easily balked. The very next morning, he hired a wagon and horse, engaged a driver well acquainted with the locality, freighted the vehicle with three or four huge "heaters" brim-full of steaming coffee and cocoa, and gave instruction to his agent to make the circuit of the whole quarter every morning when the men were going to their work, and to repeat the same round in the evening, at the time when they usually "knocked off."

It was a keen frosty morning in January when the experiment was first tried; and the hospitable wagon had barely had time to display its inviting legend, "Hot Coffee and Cocoa, One Penny the Mug," when dozens of sturdy fellows were gathered around it, calling lustily for a supply. At the evening circuit, the number of customers had already tripled itself; and the story getting wind, several other benevolent residents started "coffee-carts" of their own, which are still plying their trade as industriously as ever, to the no small chagrin of the out-generalled liquor-dealers.

Humble as such means may appear, they are not to be slighted as weapons against the common enemy; for there is common-sense as well as charity in the pithy axiom of good old Fray Antonio, "To cure the soul, my son, we must begin with the body." But neither is the power of mental culture to be despised, although it is not what many of its admirers love to represent it, the one efficient panacea for popular

intemperance. Like other specifics, it has its proper value and its proper place. What cocoa-rooms do for the body, the reading-room does for the mind; and it is undoubtedly for the good of every hard-working man that he should have his attention diverted as much as possible from his own troubles, and his memory enriched with that knowledge which is the proverbial source of power. What influence such agencies may exercise has been told us by one who, with all his unquestioned genius, began life as an ordinary workingman, and gloried in the fact of his having done so. There are few more striking passages, even in the writings of Hugh Miller, than that which describes his bitter humiliation at finding himself incapacitated by the effects of a drinking-bout from understanding the book which he was studying, and tells of his instantaneous resolution (which he rigidly kept) that his first debauch should also be his last. It is, of course, an error to consider education by itself as a kind of talisman against every form of excess. The educated man may lapse into intemperance as well as the illiterate; but it is none the less certain that the former will always be the more fully conscious of the depth of his fall, and therefore all the more likely to avoid a repetition of it.

We conclude this brief summary of our subject by quoting a Persian allegory, which aptly illustrates the impossibility of getting rid of any complicated evil by having recourse to but one single measure:

"A certain king, whose realm was troubled with many disorders, sent for a wise man who dwelt in one of the caverns of Demavend, and besought his counsel. The sage handed him an earthen jar, bidding him fill it with water; but he had hardly begun to do so, when he found the liquid escaping through a leak. This he stopped, but only to discover a second leak in the opposite side, and then another and yet another. At length, finding all his efforts in vain, he set himself to smear the whole outside of the vessel with a thick layer of pitch, by which means he at length stopped the effusion. 'Let this teach thee, my son,' quoth the sage, 'that the king's eye and hand must be everywhere, and that he who should think to cure the troubles of a kingdom with one word, is but as he who stoppeth one leak while leaving many open.'"



## ART. IV.—THE POETRY OF ATHEISM.

1. *Shelley*. 12° pp. 189. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. New York: 1879.
2. *Poetical Works of P. B. SHELLEY. With Notes and a Memoir*. 2 vols. 12°. By W. M. ROSSETTI. London: 1870.
3. *Memorials of PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY*. 16°. Edited by LADY SHELLEY. *To which is added an essay on Christianity*. Boston: 1859.

WE are told from lecture platforms and by essayists, that "poetry has no creed;" that "to live well is one thing, to disprove the assumptions of anti-theistic science is quite another;" that, indeed, "life and literature are both creedless;" that, "least of all men, did Shelley have a creed"; that he wrote on solid Mont Blanc, "P. B. Shelley, Atheist." Nevertheless, this same Shelley is one of the most illustrative as well as the most problematical of the figures in English literature, and we take him therefore, as the first illustration of our subject. There is an inexpressible gust of pathos in Robert Browning's comparing a sight of him to the finding of an eagle's feather. It is also suggestive of the mystery which his name brings with it. And the volume which led to these pages is most attractive as reviving the inexplicable charm which attaches still to the "Imaginative boy," who seemed to live "apart in a world of ideal perfection." We refer to his life by Mr. Symonds.

The discovery of the rationale of Shelley's career must be sought in the spirit which gave it outline. To him who listens to

the inexpressible throbbings of that heart, to him who will enter that soul by the door through which Alastor and Prometheus walked out, to those who will behold the unseemly sight of a soul without equilibrium, and are able to feel a sad sympathy with one who, to use a suggestion of David, walked in his own light and saw things through his own shadow, the while hearing the heavy discord of that nature, the study of the life and poetry of Shelley will do much to remove the perplexity of the problem which his life presents. And this, it may be said, is the lens through which we can get at what is most needed. If not the best way of coming at the philosophy of any soul, it will be admitted to be at least one means of acquaintance with the deepest feeling of Shelley's heart.

Every man has a creed. The protest to the contrary is generally the best illustration of the fact. Somehow he does know this from that, let his lips say what they will. He has constant reference to a more real "polarity of ideas" than any metaphysic has thought. As Shakespeare is so nearly the receptacle of all things, he is quotable upon nearly everything. To him as to all men, things have as many sides as there are conditions for them. To him who writes clearly, the truth of things is one. All sides have a statement in the mind. His literature is the statement of one side at a time. Out of the clearness in which he sees the whole do strong statements of the parts come. His creed is of him. It is part of his capital. Its consistency is not only its strength but also his strength. Shakespeare is the prince of the literature of what is called the world. But the Church's world is primarily the same. And Shakespeare is its prime theologian. He dogmatizes for both. Because both are true, he has to do with but one truth. His creed admits of this; and because he has so much of a creed, some assert he has none. It is like saying there is no sky because it enspheres the world.

Cast into the rush of life as one is, no true soul has been so far the dupe of the present, the servant of circumstances and the ally of evil, that he has not chased thought at least within sight of home and found that every thread of the web and woof of being was spun. About the child there is

a circle of hills, with the sunlight pouring in at the few windows between, and there is no music in the valley which can keep a deep spirit from a sight through those windows into the cradle of their light. Such a soul as Shelley, even in his most broken wail, hints, when he sings, these mixed metaphors in every tone.

Poetry and Religion have many points in common. To any one who accepts the religion of Jesus Christ, it will appear as the real atmosphere of the universe, the all accompanying force, or organic synthesis of force, in which and by which the world as represented in men finds itself justified. To any one who accepts a satisfactory philosophy of life, poetry will be transfigured into one of the main forces. Perhaps that energy, as from the concussion of two bold ideas, expresses itself in some flash of sentiment, like the threnody of Alfred Tennyson when Arthur Henry Hallam lay dead.

In at least one respect, when we look at Shelley, is the fact worthy of notice. If wonder is the soil of religion, it is also the soil of poetry; and neither the heaven of poetry nor that of religion is open to the soul which has no eye to quicken at the swimming of a new world before its ken, and no ear to project its ardent power into the spaces to be astonished by new sounds. Truly Jesus spoke a broad truth when he said, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Shelley was a child with the emotion of wonder always at its flood. He seems never to have forsaken the sphere of genius. His most lamentable failure was that of a high-bred soul. He is not so much

"The rapt one with the god-like forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature,"

as he is

"One of that small transfigured band  
Which the world cannot tame."

He stands with Byron, near to Burns "always at white heat,"—not a long distance from John Keats, with a strong Haydn-like look,—alternating in his song between the sweet tones of the lyrist in William Shakespeare and the faint,

shrill verse of Oliver Goldsmith. Yet, while Wordsworth with Schiller, Keble, Tennyson and Coleridge are on another plane, and Goethe is often with them, the muse of Shelley is no stranger there; while in the purity of her lyrical notes she exceeds them all.

He came into the world a poet: not one of those who "use words in such a manner as to produce an illusion upon the imagination, who do by means of words what the painter does by means of colors;" certainly not one of those who, as he said, "give a record of the best and happiest thoughts of the happiest and best minds;" nor one who "gives the blossom and fragrance of human thought;" nor one who "illustrates truth by calling imagination to the help of reason;" nor even like one who only

\* \* \* "hath the child's sight in his breast  
And sees all *new*."

But while these are in some sense definitive of various sides of the poetic soul and work, Percy Shelley, in the glory of his restored manhood, transcends them all, illustrating the noble outline of Shakespeare:

"As imagination bodies forth the forms  
Of things unknown, the poets pen  
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name;"

and the wisdom of the saying, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." The child-soul of Shelley is ever found interpreting things in the atmosphere of the imagination:

"I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl!  
The Volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,  
When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape  
Over a torrent sea  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof;  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march,  
With hurricane, fire and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
Is the millioned-coloured bow;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
While the moist earth was laughing below."

Shelley was a poet of rare quality. He who denies the greatest and most fundamental fact of the universe has set the logic of things in chaotic disorder. The existence of God, "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, exceeding wonders," is the basis upon which all schemes of thought which take in the universe are built. It is more; it is the animating and coördinating in idea this scheme, as the thing itself is the animating and coördinating fact in the universe. God thrills the whole with the luxury of life. He arranges the existences which come under His infinite sway. He who removes it has put order against him and the reason of things is gone. This Shelley did, and as he did it, he could not and did not write poetry in its best sense. In truer moments he was the muse of lofty ideas, beautiful images, deep sensuousness and the most tender rythm. We need only to look into Shelley's life and poetry to see that he was a poet of rare power, even while we behold the prostitution of his noble faculties. One cannot but believe that his life was that of a rare soul. His poetry and those sudden flashings of light all through his career have given to him an existence in the minds of men, like his own *Isle*, with its

"Winged storms, chanting their thunder-psalm  
To other lands ;"

while,

"From the sea there rise, and from the sky  
There fall bright exhalations, soft and bright,  
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight :  
Which sun or moon or zephyr draws aside,  
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride,  
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,  
Blushes and trembles at its own excess."

There is no more convincing proof of the fact of Shelley's moral impotence than such hap-hazard and excessive exhibition of what often seem to be the highest potencies of religion. Like the current of electricity in its contact with the element of death in the air ; when the gases of destruction are in the greatest quantity, its flash is the most brilliant.

With powers of the richest possibility, the inspiration with which they were clothed urged him to the confines of things.

He would not only know that behind the blooming universe an artist had been, but questioned if he were there yet, and more, if he were this or that. It is unspeakably sad to see him climbing to such a height and feeling that the circle of hills which surround every soul lay before him, gazing out into fields where the

"Broad lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry river-buds glimmered by;  
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance  
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance;"

or into the shady Isle,

"Where nor sun, nor shower, nor breeze  
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,  
Each a gem engraven;  
Girt by many an azure wave  
With which the clouds and mountains pave  
A lake's blue chasm."

and finally descending to the level of such objective observers as Locke and Hume. To such a soul, buoyant, romantic, clear-eyed, full of native liberty, the lens through which he tried to look was the greatest barrier to his vision.

One cannot imagine Shelley without love any more than without thought. The author of *Epipsychidion*, with depth of affection, could

\* \* \* "talk until thoughts' melody  
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die  
In words, to live again in looks, which dart  
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,  
Harmonizing silence without a sound;"

and also be the author of *The Cenci*, with its passionate hate:

"Drag him away to torments: Let them be  
Subtle and long drawn out, to tear the folds  
Of the heart's inmost cell."

Such was the compass of Shelley's feeling. With such tendencies of thought and sentiment, Percy Bysshe Shelley, through that atmosphere which has so richly fecundated materialistic opinion,—"*nihil in intellectu sed quod prius in sensu*"—and with the translucent "Essays" before him, saw—no! saw *not* God in whom is all the poetry and music

which came from the harmonious exercise of infinite perfections, but saw, if anything, His shadow in caricature,—a god ensnackled by his own thought; a petty slave of his own law, an arch-tyrant,—“mute and grim and terrible.” Shelley, with his fountains of tenderness and love, felt his soul outraged. He was deranged by the picture which his lens made for him. He was a storm of woes and swollen with hate. The necessity of atheism appeared and the universe was set against him.

The sentiment of worship must express itself. As people who speak loudly against Anthropomorphism make an apotheosis of things, so Shelley strives heroically to satisfy his nature with the “Spirit of Nature,” or “Intellectual Beauty.” Once in a while he tires of these gods and weeps repentance in poetry. But while he worships at their shrines he makes himself one of the most pathetic objects in history. Is there not something piteous in the sight of one to whom, as Macaulay says, the words “inspiration” and “bard” had special application, whose frame shivered like a leaf in the wind, so full was he, when controlled by an idea or sentiment, of the emotion which it generated, trying so painfully to read that cosmic poetry through his own shadow?

We do not make the effort to separate the Poet-Atheist from the Man-Atheist, since the life and thought of one so simple-eyed as Shelley are only two sides of the same thing. “The eternity at whose breasts the child Time nurses,” is the same over life and poetry, and, to a suggestive extent, are its clouds and suns and forces mutually interpretative. He who lives out of one lives out of both. And thus, as we look at Shelley’s life and poetry through his creed, we find much reason for their unreality, their cold though brilliant lustre, their poverty of moral flora, and withal, their bright flashings of color and flame.

Human life, if it be anything, is real. The dying Grotius said: Be serious! Poetry is not the arranging of phantoms. The divinest poetry is sincere. This sincerity and this seriousness come of the loyal perception of a close relationship between the finite and the infinite, the relative and the

absolute. Ethics and poetics are impossible except to Theism. Pantheism seals personalty and makes the inevitable an end in itself. Atheism is a negation. It is impossible for one to be satisfied at seeing a soul like that of Shelley singing itself into a calm by a "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." To behold this man with his natural grace and lightness wandering across all facts in loving pursuit of an abstraction—"the Spirit of Nature;"—to see with this a sad life of barren and uninviting grandeur,—is enough to open the flood-gates of affectionate pity. If Shelley's philosophy of life lacked anything, it was what life needs most,—an acceptance of the relation of time to eternity as revealed by man's relation to the personal God. He divorced the two. His scheme would cut off the warm, fructifying sunshine by the simple fact of distance.

There remain in our time those who are quite incensed at his receiving such treatment as this. They say he did believe in the future. He sung of "Illimitable Progress." The essayists have admitted his "Pessimism," and granted that it is warrantable. And, of course, we are led to inquire if Pessimism is legitimate and warrantable here. With the prospect of the same "tyrannical dominion" through the future, can the idea of the future add a gleam of joy to the "misery, oppression and crime of the present?" Is there material either for life or poetry in such an outlook? Does it not give life and thought additional pangs of terror? "Illimitable Progress" means illimitable progress in "the folds of tyranny and evil." The whole of this life is clouded with the prospects of the next; and the harmony of things must be a fact of existence only when the last ember has died out into darkness and the last note of the death-song has been drowned in the pean of the greatest of oppressors. So also it is with that expression of Shelley to which these critics so earnestly call attention, viz.: Universal Brotherhood. It logically means everything that would inspire noble activity or noble song; and more especially because it postulates what Shelley did not accept—*Universal Fatherhood*. It must be granted that any reference to it, from this point of view, is absurd.



Those petty jealousies, "fond with rancour and disease," were the result of the best side of the atheistic philosophy as applied to life. That spurning of those forms which hold the woof and web of society, of marriage and the dependence of one human being upon all, was the outgrowth of a philosophy whose frightful fruitage from the soil of Shelley's active spirit is to be reckoned against the system which conditioned it. The biography of atheism is for the most part the biography of egotism. Many of the essays in behalf of mankind, which so easily bewilder an uncultivated audience, are, under whatever analysis, but triumphant soliloquies—the excited avowals of an overpowering self-conceit. One who walks in his own light sees his own shadow as the relative position of himself to the truth may magnify it. Shelley was not so strong as to be able to escape from the influence of this law if he would. His self-confidence was in his own way. The richer possibilities of the social fabric had no hope of development in his philosophy. It made of Shelley the real aristocrat Shelley the phantom-aristocrat. Nothing but a vicious philosophy could give ingratitude such a hideous form as it had in him. And nothing answers to the existence of so many exhibitions of a basely bewildered nature but that of which, in such times, we have his own avowal—the most noxious atheism.

His life and poetry are not separable. He lives for "Intellectual Beauty" and he hymns its praise. His life is the disposition of his environment in the real. His poetry is the disposition of his environment in the ideal. One is thought, sentiment, passion and imagination in the atmosphere without; the other is sentiment, passion and thought in the atmosphere of the imagination within.

The imagination is an invigorating, fecundating atmosphere to thought. In fact, the pollen which flies on its waves is the most fructifying as well as the most plenteous. Only less active than these forces are the forces of pure thought. With its omnivorous appetite, its whole energy inspiring, and in turn inspired by, the sentiments, it swells in this richly laden air; and in the opening of its largest possibility, the

pollen of the imagination falls; the fertilization begins, and the result is poetry.

Atheism is a barren gaol of thought; infinitely less inviting than "Intellectual Beauty" or "the Spirit of Nature." These are respectively the effort of the soul to appease its longings, and the bewildering abstraction which it finds in pantheism. They are the testimony which Shelley gives that any divinity comes nearer furnishing the starting-point of life and thought than none at all. They are the two inevitables which, under different names, must creep into all the systems of thought that, on the one hand, deny the personal God, and, on the other, desire to live or to think. But atheism is the attraction of no impulse. It makes no energy of the soul. It arouses no sentiment. It offers no realm for the existence of thought, of imagination or of emotion. It is the intellectual bottomless pit.

Poetry, blooming on the soil of a negation is inconceivable. Poetry is the truth of things. The ideal plays upon them; and when there is no thinkable ideal and nothing but a negative of the real, truth cannot be, and poetry is a fiction. There is no striking of one fact against another, and that consequent warm gleam of light, in a realm of denial and protestations against the positive. Poetry itself is positive, having a positive lineage; and no number of negatives can aggregate into a positive.

One of the most serene souls tells us that the poet's mind should be free from tumult. What Shelley's admiring critics call its "polarity," should be fixed:

"Vex not thou the poet's mind;  
For thou can'st not fathom it.  
Clear and bright it should be ever,  
Flowing like a crystal river;  
Bright as light, and clear as wind."

Sweetness and light must be woven into spiritual life:

"Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world  
Like one great garden show'd  
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd,  
Rare sunrise flow'd,  
And Freedom reared in that august sunrise  
Her beautiful bold brow,  
When rites and forms before her burning eyes  
Melted like snow."

Great, indeed, is the mind of the poet. Strength of thought, vision and feeling—the energies of the artist-faculty, the enthusiasm of fancy, and the clear intuition are all requisite in the poet.

But to be more specific: If we grant that all poets possess in a great degree the elements of Shelley's mind, poetry would be neither thought, nor feeling, but thought animated with emotion and fancy. Shelley's imagination is never Hector-like, attempting to hurl a ponderous weight. It is always in harmony with his thought. Shelley never thinks like Shakespeare, nor does he work like Wordsworth in the quarries of the universe; but if even the products of his labor are less weighty, let thought supply the imagination and a white column will be piled to the clouds. He is a wonderer; he builds, wondering at what he builds. With poetry as the record of the "best and happiest thoughts of the best and happiest minds," he assumed to be intellectually content: thus was even his wonder foiled. Few, indeed, feel the bracing atmosphere of the unknown as did this man. It was on fairy-land he stood and gazed into the mysteries. And yet, to whatever height his imagination might fly, he curbed its possibilities. And if his pages are often filled with the record of its defeats it is because his imagination was allowed to balance its pinions in the cage of atheism.

But with reference to Shelley's quality: Granting the quality of Plato and Goethe, Wordsworth, Shakespeare and Mrs. Browning, it may be asserted that if they have to do with larger blocks of marble, the imagination of Shelley works with them side by side; and in the delicate meandering of its chisel-force this "vision and faculty divine" suggests Haydn again, the one making pictures in poetry, the other in song:

"No portrait this with academic air  
This is the poet and his poetry."

While Wordsworth wrote:

\* \* \* "Rightly is it said  
That man descends into the Vale of years;  
Yet have I thought that we might also speak,  
And not presumptuously, I trust, of age,

As of a final Eminence, though bare  
 In aspect and forbidding, yet a point  
 On which 'tis not impossible to sit  
 In awful sovereignty—a place of power—  
 A throne, that may be likened unto his  
 Who, in some placid day of summer, looks  
 Down from a mountain top,—say one of those  
 High peaks that bound the vale where now we are.  
 Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,  
 Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,  
 With all the shapes upon their surface spread ;  
 But, while the gross and visible frame of things  
 Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,  
 Yea, almost on the mind herself, and seems  
 All unsubstantialized,—how loud the voice  
 Of waters, with invigorated peal  
 From the full river in the vale below,  
 Ascending !—For on that superior height  
 Who sits, is disencumbered from the press  
 Of near obstructions, and is privileged  
 To breathe in solitude above the host  
 Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air  
 That suits not them. The murmur of the leaves  
 Many and idle, visits not his ear ;  
 This he is freed from, and from thousand notes  
 Not less unceasing, not less vain than these,—  
 By which the finer passages of sense  
 Are occupied ; and the soul, that would incline  
 To listen, is prevented or deterred,"—

Shelley gave such pictures as this :

" But see, where through the azure chasm  
 Of yon forked and snowy hill,  
 Trampling the slant winds on high  
 With golden-sandalled feet, that glow  
 Under plumes of purple dye,  
 Like rose-ensanguined ivory,  
 A shape comes now,  
 Stretching on high from his right hand  
 A serpent-cinctured wand.

PANTHEA.—'Tis Jove's world-wandering herald, Mercury.

Whether to call Wordsworth a subjective poet is in good taste or not, this is sufficient to illustrate how Wordsworth often looked at things as the mirror of his thought, while to Shelley they had the glow of a self-light. Wordsworth is often in the ecstasies of imagination, while always toiling as a

thinker. Shelley is the poet of the fact nearest to him by seeking its significance in the atmosphere of the imagination. The imagination of Wordsworth was strong-winged; that of Shelley had a clear-eye. Wordsworth's imagination was often wearied by its own weight; Shelley's was like his own Mercury, and loved to commune with the sun at mid-day. All that Wordsworth wrote suggests the deep rich soil of thought on which it grew, the mighty art which transformed wild native elements into tender tunefulness and song. In all that Shelley wrote when at his best he appears to us as the delicate painter of a single beam of light, or as a bird sweeping through a small aperture, which opens beyond the stars, where others less daring or more massive could not go.

To ask the history of imagination is only to suggest a most pleasing study. The idea of God is the sky of this faculty. It has no reference to any sort of gravitation but that toward the Personal One. It bursts the bars of circumstance, and cracks the husk of its environment. Science has asked its warm-eyed companionship; nothing but theistic science has gained it. It has only declared its nature, when it flies into the bosom of the Infinite. The imagination of Shelley, running wildly about with fallen wings and sad visage, sounds its suffering in sullen gloom; while that of David, pinioned on trembling sunshine, flies into the Infinite Presence and, eagle-like, rests its feet upon the hills of frankincense and regales its strength among the mountains of myrrh.

If, looking out of a vicious philosophy, Shelley could see in a mere abstraction what is grand, though cold:

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats though unseen among us; visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower.  
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,  
It visits with inconstant glance  
Each human heart and countenance;  
Like hues and harmonies of evening,  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,  
Like memory of music fled,  
Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery;"

what might his eye have beheld, looking out of the ideal-realism of the New Testament, in the conception of God, whose mystery is that of light beginning in the sun and never changing? In this apotheosis of Shelley there is no life, and imagination must get from some source what it must give, viz.: Life, both productive and fructifying.

Much of Shelley's thought never blossoms, and for the reason that there is no fecundating power in "Intellectual Beauty." When he had a creed, he held it with all his faculties. As he moved toward theism he wrote finer poetry. Says Edward Dowden: "when Shelley wrote *Adonais* he had outgrown the creed of *Queen Mab*, the direction in which he moved having been from materialism to a Berkeleyan idealism, and from an atheistic to a pantheistic doctrine." And this is in harmony with his poetry, as well as with his philosophy. Idealism is the spirit of which pantheism is the body. Realism has like relations to atheism. He who writes poetry must use the philosophy to which the universe gives sign and seal—ideal-realism, whose ontological side is Christian theism.

With Shelley's muse as a realist, we get the impression that nature is a piece of poetry with pearls and amethysts here and there. The face of death is her sweetest smile, if we must translate things in the light of "Intellectual Beauty." When she is an idealist, things take on a glowing aspect; the deity seeks self-consciousness in man and becomes a fiction; aspiration is foolishness; *Paradise Lost* is a soliloquy, and the whole of life a mirage. But when once she is an ideal-realist, all is changed; the spirit of nature becomes the living God.

Robert Browning thinks if Shelley had lived longer he would have come to Christianity. It is idle to attempt to imagine the effect that so radical a change of religious conviction would have had on his verse. Not unlikely literature would have been the loser by it. Be that as it may, we should not have had in that case lines more brilliant, or a more

striking exhibition of the power of thought and expression than may be found in the following :

" Look on yonder earth :  
The golden harvests spring : the unfailing sun  
Sheds light and life ; the fruits, the flowers, the trees,  
Arise in due succession ; all things speak  
Peace, harmony, and love. The Universe,  
In nature's silent eloquence, declares  
That all fulfil the works of love and joy,—  
All but the outcast, Man. He fabricates  
The sword which stabs his peace ; he cherisheth  
The snakes that gnaw his heart ; he raiseth up  
The tyrant, whose delight is in his woe,  
Whose sport is in his agony. Yon sun,  
Lights it the great alone ? Yon silver beams,  
Sleep they less sweetly on the cottage thatch  
Than on the dome of kings ? Is mother Earth  
A step-dame to her numerous sons, who earn  
Her unshared gifts with unremitting toil ;  
A mother only to those puling babes  
Who, nursed in ease and luxury, make men  
The playthings of their babyhood, and mar,  
In self-important childishness, that peace  
Which men alone appreciate ?"

It was not Christian philosophy but the doctrine of abstract ideas that made *Peter Bell the Third* a system of dialectics, and gave to *Count Cenci* such a forbidding outline in the history of thought. Added to this was the general infusion of the ideal which gave objectivity to an existence so Ariel-like that,—

" An antelope  
In the suspended impulse of its lightness,  
Were less ethereally light : the brightness  
Of her divinest presence trembles through  
Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew  
Embodied in the windless Heaven of June,  
Amid the splendour-winged stars, the Moon  
Burns, inextinguishably beautiful :  
And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full  
Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,  
Killing the sense with passion ; sweet as stops  
Of planetary music heard in trance,  
In her mild lights the starry spirits dance,  
The sunbeams of those wells which ever leap  
Under the lightnings of the soul—too deep  
For the brief fathom-line of thought or sense."

There is an emotive power displayed in these lines that might have issued in streams of poetry second only to that of Shakespeare. To see that emotion,—those streams of living power—flow upon the surface of a cold abstraction leaves a picture, the sadness of which is not to be atoned for by any degree of crystal clearness or beauty of reflection. When Shelley lavishes his fine sentiments, clothed in the splendid livery of his inimitable style, upon "Intellectual Beauty," one feels that it is a degradation of his fine powers. Its iciness freezes into death the flowers with which his brow is crowned. There is no poetry in a stifled emotion. Poetry is freedom; and that which here as elsewhere is inimical to freedom is atheism.

After all, if, as one who seeks to defend the atheism of Shelley has said, "love is the most poetic of the passions," its highest reach of power is *love*. Against the sentiment which lies dead in "Intellectual Beauty," there comes, in the poetry of all ages, the unfolding fact that human nature touches its loftiest tone of poetry in God, since God is love. What is true in theory is true in fact. The aspiration of ethics and poetries is the same. The song of both is:

"Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee  
Nearer to thee."

With power to surpass the greatest in lyric poetry, Shelley looked out into the universe and saw no mountain rills and tender flowers to adorn his verse. He could not see the thought in life. He would not see the Thinker behind it. Since to write dramatic poetry is to rethink God's thoughts, in some sense, Shelley did not excel here. His dramatic poetry has the same relation to life that "Intellectual Beauty" has to the God of love.

But say what we may of his verse and of his sad, strange, eccentric career, Shelley was a true poet, incomparably above his contemporaries. John Keats—a name suggested by such large comparison—had no such subtlety of movement, felt no such loving alliance of thought and fancy; and though of



classic mould, no such red blood warmed his utterances into life; no such springs of life gushed at intervals from his soul. Nor had William Wordsworth anything of that delicacy of touch, or, as we have said, that flowing of spirit into those chisel-courses which are worked as great highways of the inner life; that exquisite fineness of sentiment, and above all, that wealth of satisfying thought and fancy, with a form through which its refined subtleties might speak,—all of which is displayed in the *Revolt of Islam* and the *Witch of Atlas*. The fact is, and it is gratefully said, that Shelley was often superior to his creed, and now and then the atheist is cast out, and while the latter is writhing beneath his feet a song trembles from the poets lips. The following is a specimen of the poet controlled by the spirit of atheism:

"They have three words:—well tyrants know their use,  
Well pay them for the loan, with usury  
Torn from a bleeding world!—God, Hell, and Heaven.  
A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,  
Whose mercy is a nickname for the rage  
Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.  
Hell, a red gulf of everlasting fire,  
Where poisonous and undying worms prolong  
Eternal misery to those hapless slaves  
Whose life has been a penance for its crimes.  
And Heaven, a meed for those who dare belie  
Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe  
Before the mockeries of earthly power.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The self-sufficing, the omnipotent,  
The merciful, and the avenging God!  
Who, prototype of human misrule, sits  
High in heaven's realm, upon a golden throne,  
Even like an earthly king; and whose dread work,  
Hell, gapes forever for the unhappy slaves  
Of fate, whom he created, in his sport,  
To triumph in their torments when they fell!  
Earth heard the name; earth trembled, as the smoke  
Of his revenge ascended up to heaven,  
Blotting the constellations; and the cries  
Of millions butchered in sweet confidence  
And unsuspecting peace, even when the bonds  
Of safety were confirmed by wordy oaths  
Sworn in his dreadful name, rung through the land:  
Whilst innocent babes writhed on thy stubborn spear,  
And thou didst laugh to hear the mother's shriek  
Of maniac gladness, as the sacred steel  
Felt cold in her torn entrails!"

The lines below exhibit the poet with the atheistic spirit cast out :

" God prosper, speed, and save,  
 God raise from England's grave,  
     Her murdered Queen !  
 Pave with swift victory  
 The steps of Liberty,  
 Whom Britons own to be  
     Immortal Queen !  
     \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

" Be her eternal throne  
 Built in our hearts alone—  
     God save the Queen !  
 Let the oppressor hold  
 Canopied seats of gold ;  
 She sits enthroned of old  
     O'er our hearts' Queen."

The first is the groan of voluntary blindness, because there is no light. The second is a vision of the Eternal. The first are coarse and sepulchral ; the second is the truth of things in the atmosphere of the imagination. When Shelley is truly poetic he is never atheistic. With the atheist under his feet he is eye to our eye and heart to our heart, and at one with truth and righteousness.

The relation of Shelley's pantheism to atheism, on the one side, has been noticed. That upon the other, may be understood from one of his poems :

" Spirit of Nature ! no.  
 The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs  
 Alike in every human heart."

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" Soul of that smallest being  
 The dwelling of whose life  
 In one faint April sun-gleam ;—  
 Man, like these passive things,  
 Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth :  
 Like theirs, his age of endless peace,  
 Which time is fast maturing,  
 Will swiftly, surely come :  
 And the unbounded frame, which thou pervadest,  
 Will be without a flaw  
 Marring its perfect symmetry."

In the light of any true analysis of pantheism, there will be no astonishment that further down the stream, this other bubble, made at the same conflux of currents, should appear:—

*Spirit.* "I was an infant when my mother went  
To see an atheist burned. She took me there ;  
The darked-robed priests were met around the pile ;  
The multitude was gazing silently ;  
And as the culprit passed with dauntless mien,  
Tempered disdain in his unaltering eye,  
Mixed with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth :  
The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs ;  
His resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon ;  
His death-pang rent my heart ! the insensate mob  
Uttered a cry of triumph, and I wept.  
'Weep not, child !' cried my mother, 'for that man  
Has said 'There is no God.'

*Fairy.* "There *is* no God !  
Nature confirms the faith his death-groan sealed :  
Let heaven and earth, let man's revolving race,  
His ceaseless generations, tell their tale ;  
Let every part depending on the chain  
That links it to the whole, point to the hand  
That grasps its term ! let every seed that falls  
In silent eloquence unfold its store  
Of argument : infinity within,  
Infinity without, belie creation ;  
The exterminable spirit it contains  
Is nature's only God ; but human pride  
Is skilful to invent most serious names  
To hide its ignorance.

"The name of God  
Has fenced about all crime with holiness,  
Himself the creature of his worshippers ;  
Whose names, and attributes, and passions change,  
Seeva, Buddh, Foh, Jehovah, God, or Lord,  
Even with the human dupes who build his shrines,  
Still serving o'er the war-polluted world  
For desolation's watch-word : whether hosts  
Stain his death-blushing chariot-wheels, as on  
Triumphantly they roll, whilst Brahmins raise  
A sacred hymn to mingle with the groans ;  
Or countless partners of his powers divide  
His tyranny to weakness ; or the smoke  
Of burning towns, the cries of female helplessness,  
Unarmed old age, and youth, and infancy,  
Horribly massacred, ascend to heaven

In honour of his name ; or, last and worst,  
 Earth groans beneath religion's iron age,  
 And priests dare babble of a God of peace,  
 Even whilst their hands are red with guiltless blood,  
 Murdering the while, uprooting every germ  
 Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all,  
 Making the earth a slaughter-house !"

It is evident that what is related in the philosophy of life stands thus related in the philosophy of poetry.

To conclude this discussion, we remark that as Shelley could not wholly satisfy his poetic nature with atheism, so neither his religious nature could be baffled in its deepest life by theology. The following eloquent passage, from his unfinished *Essay on Christianity*, shows how untrammelled was his mind by contemporaneous thought either scholastic or rational :

"We live and move and think ; but we are not the creators of our own origin and existence. We are not the arbiters of every motion of our own complicated nature ; we are not the masters of our own imaginations and mode of mental being. There is a Power by which we are surrounded, like the atmosphere in which some motionless lyre is suspended, which visits with its breath our silent chords at will. Our most imperial and stupendous qualities—those on which the majesty and the power of humanity is erected—are, relatively to the inferior portion of its mechanism, active and imperial ; but they are the passive slaves of some higher and more omnipotent Power. This Power is God ; and those who have seen God have, in the period of their purer and more perfect nature, been harmonized by their own will to so exquisite a consentaneity of power as to give forth divinest melody, when the breath of universal being sweeps over their frame."

Often did Shelley follow Jesus like Peter, "afar off." With all his faults he was humane, noble, daring, generous. But these elements of character can no more be explained upon the principle of atheism than can his best poetry. Despite the author of *Literature and Dogma*, poetry has a creed, definite, suggestive, necessary. Its God is not the "eternal not ourselves" any more than fiction is the God of life itself. Life and poetry, consciously or unconsciously, in so far as they come to one at all, come as did the *Hallelujah Chorus* to Handel. Bursting into tears, he said : "I saw all heaven before me, and the great God Himself."

## ART. V.—FRANCE: HER NINETY YEARS OF PROBATION.

1. *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.* Par A. THIERS. 18 vols. 8°. Paris: 1845-60.
2. *Trois Générations, 1789—1814—1848.* Par F. GUIZOT. 12°. Paris: 1863.
3. *Histoire de la Révolution Française.* Par L. BLANC. 12 vols. 8°. Paris: 1842-62.
4. *L'Espagne et la Liberté.* Par le COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. Paris.
5. *L'Annuaire des Deux-Mondes.* Paris.
6. *State Papers, Secret Correspondence, Political Essays and Addresses, the Daily Record of Contemporary events, etc.* Paris: 1848-1879.

THE great and prolonged struggle is at last over and republican institutions in France are now placed beyond the reach of reactionary parties. A period of exactly ninety years was required to bring about that important result. The beginning dates from 1789, and the last act of the drama was played in 1879.

Twice before France had adopted the republican form of government. In 1789 the nation was not as yet prepared for it, the general association of ideas being anti-republican, save perhaps in two or three large cities, and the excesses of '93 soon discredited the new system; and in '48 the unpractical turn of mind of some of the most prominent French republicans led them to indulge in Utopian projects which soon made the republic unpopular.

The great overthrow of '89, the most magnificent spectacle that the world had seen, was carried out at first without any violence and by the mere power of discussion. Intolerable abuses which were the work of centuries of unheeded despotism

were destroyed, in many cases, with the consent of those who had profited by them, and the rights of the nation as well as those of private individuals proclaimed. The reign of law was substituted for that of *le bon plaisir*.

But at the same time, the great mass of the nation, on account of the universal ignorance it was laboring under, was a perfect stranger to the practice of republican institutions. Men used fine words, but, as a rule, became faulty in application. In fact the nation had been laboring for centuries under monarchical despotism and traditions, and, politically speaking, it had nothing but the *education of despotism*. A clear understanding of what a republic should be was wanting.

Catholicism still had, besides, deep roots among the great mass of the people, which increased the difficulties tenfold. Ever since the ridiculous condemnation of the *Magna Charta* of England by Innocent III, the Court of Rome had always repressed and cursed all attempts on the part of the people to get an extension of their liberties—if what was left to them by clerical and lay despotism deserved that name—and under monarchical institutions, to a great extent inspired or controlled by the priest, the great mass of the nation had been kept in superstition and ignorance. This was poor preparation for republican principles and practice, and the whole history of the first republic clearly demonstrates the perfect truth of Mirabeau's great words in the National Assembly: "If you want to republicanize a nation you have to decatholicize it first." But of course it must be decatholicized through education and fair discussion, and not by the foolish introduction of such things as the *culte de la raison*, personified by almost naked women.

The follies of the time cannot be attributed to republican ideas, but merely to the want of them. And it is on account of that very absence of republican principles in the nation that it was made to accept, without the show of a protest, the glorious iron rule of the Empire.

It is useless to deny that those nations only, in which education is general, are fit for republican institutions; and this fact was conclusively proved during the last elections of February

'76 and October '77, in France. Those departments where the majority of the people could read and write elected republicans; and those where ignorance prevailed elected monarchists. What can you expect but submission from those who cannot form ideas for themselves? Republican ideas made but little headway under the Empire. The French people, intoxicated almost to mania by what is falsely called glory,—the great but stupid art of killing men by hundreds of thousands—allowed their admiration of the great genius who had conquered Europe to get the better of their judgment. Even the final invasion and humiliation of the country could not weaken among the people the love of military glory, nor the powerful *souvenirs* of the great Napoleonic legend.

Liberal ideas made more progress under the *Restauration*. Parliamentary debates, together with the very small degree of liberty of the press which had been granted, went far to enlighten the people. In spite of the ridiculously small number of electors—*eighty thousand* in a nation of 30,000,000, at the time—there was a powerful opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, particularly under Charles X, a poor old man, without any kind of ability whatever, and who was a perfect slave to his *confesseur*, Father Janson. Cardinal Latil and Cardinal Lambruschini, the Pope's Nuncio, were among his most intimate advisers, and they succeeded in persuading him that the salvation of his soul was to a great extent dependent upon his signing the July ordinances. The old profligate, who had spent the greatest part of his life in licentiousness, and who was living in perfect terror of eternal torments, affixed his name to the ordinances, fully believing that he was securing his own salvation by it. He had, however, felt some scruple about the oath which he had pronounced with imposing solemnity at his coronation; but the same men persuaded him that he was committing no perjury in acting at variance with that oath, because the Constitution was an *unlawful limitation of his divine right*, which was above all constitutions. On these assurances the perjury was consummated, and in less than three days the old king had to leave St. Cloud on his way to exile.

But here again the French nation, as a whole, was so little prepared for republican institutions that no earnest efforts were made to have them accepted and established. The best men in France thought only of constitutional institutions as being the surest means both to guarantee good government inside, and to prevent interference from outside. And when Louis-Philippe, who well knew the power of a clever word on Frenchmen, said from the balcony of the Palais-Royal that they would find in constitutional monarchy "*la meilleure des républiques*," the applause was tremendous—and the republic left to its fate.

Louis-Philippe was far superior to his predecessors, both as to his intellectual attainments and his ability as a business man; but he never felt much disposed to accept M. Thiers' definition of the position of a constitutional monarch: *Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas*. Louis-Philippe was determined, from the beginning, to reign and to govern. He did not, however, evince much of that disposition during the first two or three years of his reign; but, after having well studied the characters and individual propensities of the eminently able men who surrounded him, he fixed his eyes upon M. Guizot as the man who, on account of his high-school Tory principles, would less object to the king having a direct part in the government of the nation. Nothing else but this mistake finally led to the catastrophe of February, 1848. Where ministers would have given way, the king would not.

The opposition was not long in finding out that personal power had again appeared and was setting aside constitutional practices; but the institutions had been framed in such a way that the country could hardly make its voice heard. The nation had then increased to 34,000,000, but the whole number of electors hardly reached *two hundred thousand*. The action of a powerfully centralized administration was, of course, strongly felt upon so small a body of electors, among whom a large number of public officers were to be found; and, by clever management on the part of the government, the liberal opposition was making slower headway than it had under the *Restauration*, where the subjection of the govern-



ment to the clergy soon made the people highly hostile to the old *régime*. Louis-Philippe had dealt differently with that powerful body, and had willingly consented to give cardinals or bishops no more seats in the House of Peers,—which satisfied public opinion, but made the clergy deadly hostile to the usurper, as they called him.

An attempt, however, having been made to increase the number of electors, it was defeated by large majorities, which fact brought the more enlightened portion of the people to perceive that, under personal power, "*la meilleure des républiques*" had degenerated into a kind of bastard constitutional government, whose least care was to grant the reasonable demands of the nation; most reasonable, indeed, since the opposition would have been satisfied at the time with an increase of about forty thousand electors. Moderate as it was, the king and M. Guizot determined upon fighting it to the last, and went so far as to forbid a public dinner which had been intended as a manifestation of public opinion in favor of the reform. This inevitable blunder was the end of "*la meilleure des républiques*." An armed resistance was organized in Paris, and three days after the stubborn king had also to leave the Tuileries on his way to exile. No excesses dishonored the Revolution of '48, and the population of Paris showed that its magnanimity was equal to its bravery. A Provisional government was organized without much difficulty and the republic regularly proclaimed. But the members of that Provisional government, although most thoroughly sincere and upright in their views and political line of action, were for the most part novices as administrators of a government, and many of them firmly believed that what was logical in theory was sure to be easily realized in practice. Here was their greatest mistake. With the very best intentions they proclaimed the right to work—*le droit au travail*—but actually applied the theory in direct defiance of those fundamental principles of political economy which must rule among nations as well as among individuals. The establishment of the *ateliers nationaux* was the consequence of this attempt at opening new ways without a sufficient amount of experience,

and it proved a miserable failure. The terrible *Journées de Juin* were in great part the consequence of that mistake; and again this appeal to violence made the republic unpopular throughout France. The large majority obtained by Prince Louis-Napoleon at the presidential election was not only due to the Napoleonic legend being still powerful among the peasants, but probably in a larger measure to a reaction against the republic; the clergy being, of course, the great leaders of it throughout the country.

From that moment a general reaction against republican tendencies manifested itself both in the legislature and a large part of the nation; the expedition of Rome was decided upon, and the soldiers of a republic went out to destroy another republic; the *liberté d'enseignement* was granted in order to deliver over to the clergy the general control of popular education, and allow them to organize schools of their own—a mistake of the gravest kind, and admitted to be such by M. de Montalembert himself, in his admirable posthumous work: *L'Espagne et la liberté*. The administration of the government was more strongly centralized than ever, and everything was cunningly prepared for the *coup-d'état* which Prince Louis-Napoleon had settled his mind upon the moment he had passed the threshold of the Elysée. The republic still existed in name, but in fact personal power was more powerful than ever.

Only two years later, finding that the National Assembly was not yet enough of a tool in his hands, the President committed one of the most barefaced perjuries of modern times, viz.: he had the Deputies arrested at night in their beds; ordered the hall of the Chamber of Deputies to be invaded by force of arms; and perpetrated the terrible massacre of the boulevards under the direction of St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Espinasse, Rochebouët and others. France found herself again under the heel of a despot. The Empire was soon proclaimed; thousands of citizens who had merely defended the constitution and the laws were shot, or sent to Cayenne and Lambessa, by those infamous *commissions mixtes*, before whom parties were not even personally examined or heard, nor allowed to give a single word of explanation; and the chief perpetrator of those great

crimes entered the Tuileries as Emperor of the French. This proved to be the death of liberty for eighteen years.

The whole destiny of France was thus thrown into the hands of a man whose abilities were of a low order, but who had not the shadow of a scruple. The interests of the dynasty became the paramount object of the government; those of the nation were a secondary consideration. The army was taught to despise the citizens, and was *de facto* organized into a sort of pretorian institution, whose principal duty was to keep the nation in submission to the reigning knave. And although a certain amount of prosperity—which was due far more to the industrial and economical habits of the people than to the clever management of the public business—was reached, it has become a settled fact that the worst result of those eighteen years of Napoleonic rule was the general disorganization of almost all the public departments, and even of the army itself.\*

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\* It is now perfectly certain that the whole administration was most frightfully corrupt, which is easily explained by the fact that there was an utter absence of real control save on the part of people whose interest was to close their eyes on the deficiencies of others, in order that their own misdeeds might be lightly passed over. If it is pretended that this picture of things is overcharged, let us ask how it was that after four hundred millions of francs had been voted in 1868, in order to bring the armament of the country to the very best footing, it was found, when the German war broke out, to be hardly better than it was before? Is it not self-evident that an immense portion of that large sum had disappeared in many unknown channels? Instead of ninety thousand horses which should have been available, only thirty-five thousand could be mustered into the service; instead of sixteen hundred well equipped field-pieces which were mentioned in the departmental reports, less than six hundred could be disposed of. Instead of four hundred and fifty thousand men which were affirmed to be in the ranks, less than three hundred thousand could be brought on the field. And lastly, instead of not one single *bouton de guêtre* being missing, the number of muskets was quite inadequate to the wants; there were no shoes for the army, no provisions in the citadels, and in many cases almost no ammunitions of war. Where then had the money gone to? To paying a portion of the expenses of the Mexican expedition? so it was said, but *never shown in black and white*. The Mexican expedition was made a scape-goat for the clever manipulating of millions by dishonest hands. But previous to this wholesale plunder, it was a well-known fact that most scandalous exchange speculations were indulged in by the rulers of the country; immense fortunes were realized in a few years by some of the *favorites* who had taken a prominent part in the assassination of the republic and the slaying of women and children by the hundred; great monopolies were created in order to enrich the friends of the dynasty, and the judiciary was debased to such an extent, that the very president of the highest tribunal in the country felt no shame in making of himself a kind of mediator

One single truly great idea was conceived during the whole reign and partially carried out, viz.: the Austrian war, which wrested Lombardy from Austrian despotism and was the beginning of the consolidation of Italian unity. It was undoubtedly a piece of enlightened policy with the French government to create a *point d'appui* for France in southern Europe against the formidable increase of influence—or better still, preponderance as to numbers—of the great Germanic race. But, here again, the national interest had to give way before dynastical selfishness, and the great work of the unification of Italy was only commenced,—its realization being left to Garibaldi. Here Napoleon missed the greatest opportunity of his life.\*

between the head of the State and some women of the *demi-monde* who had been admitted into his intimacy.

This will easily explain how the French judges could be manipulated so as to become mere tools in the hands of the government, instead of remaining, amid the general corruption of principles and things, the true and impartial dispensers of the law of the land.

Public morals were also considerably debased through the scandalous examples given in the immediate surroundings of the despot and of that *devout* Empress, who had brought to the throne of France those notions and habits of thought which look upon religious practices as a convenient mantle to looseness of morals. The renewal of the *petits soupers de la régence* was more than once a corollary to these opinions of pretty doubtful christianity.

\*The little kingdom of the Pope was a real blot upon the civilization of the nineteenth century. Its inept administration, which had deservedly become the laughing stock of all Europe; the cruel but hypocritical rule which prevailed inside its bounds—priests, according to inquisitorial habits, always calling the greatest barbarities by fine names; the total absence of civil liberty and the absolute subjection of the citizens to a perfectly irresponsible police; the defalcation of public officers being almost the rule, through the complete absence of any kind of control in the financial system; the constant interference of the government in private life,—the pontifical *shirri* having full power to go and look in the very saucepans on the fire to prevent any meat being cooked on a Friday; the well-known venality of judges; the total absence of security on public highways and at the very gates of the cities; the systematic backwardness in everything that related to public improvements, and to industry and commerce; the invincible hostility to any kind of reforms; the hypocrisy with which it was pretended that they had been granted and applied, while names only had changed, but *things, never*; all united to show that priestly rule was, by the very nature of things, an absolute bar to prosperity and progress. The whole people held the government in execration, and the moment the French troops entered Italy, the Romagnas revolted and joined the Piedmontese kingdom after a unanimous vote in favor of the change had been given.

Napoleon had offered the Pope to guarantee him his possessions if he would make reforms, but Pio Nono sternly refused any, it being of course impossible that perfection did not exist under ecclesiastical rule. This

From that time, that is, after Mentana, Napoleon fell more and more under clerical influence, and had almost no will of his own. The Empress, and a small *coterie* of nobles and prelates, shaped the policy of the Empire. This naturally became more and more distasteful to the nation, whose opposition to personal rule, inspired from such sources, was growing stronger every day. Napoleon saw the danger, and had it pompously announced in the newspapers, in '69, that the time had come to make the Empire liberal. This was of course nothing but sheer hypocrisy, and no one was deceived by it save M. Emile Ollivier, who turned his back on his old friends, and whose vanity and ambition caused him to give the lie to the professions of his whole life.

The Empire had come to its wit's end, and did not know what to do to pacify an enlightened public opinion which was no longer controllable. A plebiscite was resorted to because it was expected that the more ignorant part of the population, which was easily coerced by prefects, sub-prefects and *gendarmes*, would be again allured into an approbation of the system, which calculation proved to have been correct. But in spite of the six millions of votes given in favor of the Emperor, it was still felt that the system must be reformed, or come to grief. Napoleon saw that there was something in this world as *la force des choses*; and what frightened

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obstinacy to resist all attempts at promoting progress should have determined a man who had established the principle of consulting the people through universal suffrage, and who was well aware that the Pope's subjects were almost unanimously hostile to his rule, to abandon him to his fate after he had refused point blank to reform his government. But the French clergy was the strongest pillar which supported the whole imperial fabric; the bishops had rung out their great bells and sung *Te Deums* by the score, the very next day after the massacre of the boulevards, and long before the streams and pools of blood which smeared the streets and sidewalks had been washed away; and their prejudices, however unreasonable, must be given the precedence to the undoubted rights of the Romans. So, merely to please his clergy, Napoleon insisted that the Pope be maintained as a temporal king; and more than that, it was under the pressure of the clergy and after Garibaldi had defeated the relic-covered soldiers of the Pope at Monte Rotundo, that a French expedition was dispatched in all haste to check him, which took place at Mentana. The natural consequence of imperial subserviency to ecclesiastical power was the hostility to France of the whole Italian people, who saw their national rights sacrificed to a selfish and short-sighted policy. Fortunately, owing to imperial blunders at home, the clerical triumph was of short duration.

him most was the twenty-six thousand nays which had been found in the urns exclusively reserved to the army. There was the proof that republican ideas had made considerable headway precisely where they were least suspected, and the conclusion as to the rest of the nation was too apparent not to impose itself on his mind. Unfortunately for themselves,—but most fortunately for the general progress of the world—despots never know when the time has come for them to give way. Napoleon tasked his brains to find some kind of palliative for the situation. As usual, the idea he was in want of came from his *entourage*, and the suggestion of a great war was made as the best, if not the only means, to turn the tide of public opinion in another direction. The Jesuits and the bishops, who had their own views of the matter, strongly supported the idea with the Empress, whose narrow-minded piety made her a perfect tool in their hands. Nothing, therefore, but a decent opportunity was now looked for. Precisely at that time the Prussian government countenanced the idea of having a German prince proposed for the throne of Spain, and this was the pretext chosen by the French war-party to carry their designs into execution.

But here again the habits of insincerity and deceit, which had been from the beginning the characteristic feature of the whole system, were brought into action. When war was declared *there was actually not even a shadow of a pretext to declare it*, the Prussian government having just renounced the project of supporting a Prussian prince as a candidate to the throne of Spain. That pretext having vanished, what was now to be done? The Empress, still more than the Emperor, wanted war; and the Minister for Foreign Affairs had to invent a new pretext, and a most criminal one this time, as was proved in a debate in the Chamber of Deputies last year. A plea was set up that the French Ambassador at Berlin had been slighted, and even insulted, by the king of Prussia, and a telegraph dispatch asserting the falsehood was actually read to the Chamber of Deputies. This was the way that many of them, who were opposed to the war, but, of course, could hardly suspect that such a dispatch had been

concocted and written in a *Parisian bureau*, were silenced, and influenced in favor of war. For the moment the falsehood was completely successful.

On the evening of that day a meeting of the Cabinet was convoked at St. Cloud, over which the Empress presided—the Emperor had remained at the Tuileries and was then more inclined to peace—and the war was decided upon, having this time no other basis than a premeditated falsehood. It was after that meeting that the Empress said to her attendants: *C'est ma guerre!* a foolish utterance which was soon to be dearly paid for.

People who have not closely followed these great events may be tempted to ask: What could have been the real object of the war-party in bringing such a terrible calamity as unnecessary war upon two great nations? That object was two-fold. First, the necessity, which we have alluded to, of giving new lustre and consequently an increase of stability to Imperialism by great victories. The second object, still less avowable, and which was of course most studiously kept in the background, may be called the clerical object, and formed the other portion of the scheme.

It was taken for granted, of course, that Prussia would get the worst in the conflict. Continental Protestantism being weakened and humiliated by its defeat, France, the great Catholic power of Europe, would then become the real arbiter of the Continent. It would then find itself in a position to dictate its will to Italy and restore the authority of the Pope in his former States. And after the Pontiff had recovered his former grandeur and prestige, a general crusade would be organized in the name of the *Syllabus* against liberalism all over the Continent. Such a crusade, headed by victorious and all-powerful France, would soon dispose of liberalism throughout Italy, Austria, Spain, Belgium and France itself; the *Syllabus* would become the superior law among Catholic nations; the crowned heads of Europe would then sleep in peace for a long time to come; and the Pope, who had only been saved in 1815 by the holy alliance of kings, would this time be replaced on the pinnacle of the world through the holy alliance of Catholic nations.

Such was the gigantic scheme which the Roman Curia had slowly matured, having for its starting point the *Syllabus*, a far more political than dogmatical document. Its dogmatic part is only there to hide from the masses its political tendencies and object. Had it been possible, the Curia would most gladly have set the whole world on fire in order to recover its little temporality; and the great project was cunningly suggested to the Empress, and laid out with all its enormous consequences to Catholicism by the Jesuits and bishops, who were usually admitted into her confidence. They brought her to believe that it was in her power to become the regenerator of religion in Europe, and she devoted herself to the glorious task.

That magnificent scheme was frustrated by the inability of France, on account of the total disorganization of its war department and army, to cope with Germany; and that war, which was commenced with the expectation of strengthening the Empire, to humiliate Protestantism, reestablish the Pope, and crush out liberalism on the Continent, ended,

1st. In the most frightful military disasters a nation had ever been subjected to.

2d. In the destruction of the last vestiges of that temporal power which had become a reproach to the Church.

3d. And lastly, in the final overthrow of that dynasty, whose unworthy chief was brought to dishonor on the bloody field of Sedan,\* as well as to universal contempt, when, in surrendering

\* The march on Sedan was one of the most stupendous military blunders the world had ever seen, and partly dynastical interests had made it a necessity, the Emperor not daring, after so many defeats, to show his face again in Paris. There again the country was most shamefully sacrificed to purely personal considerations. A few days later the Parisian population heard the terrible news of an army of 140,000 men having to surrender with the Emperor himself at its head. The general despair and anger knew of course no bounds, and on the 4th of September the whole population of Paris rose to a man against the imbecile government whose blunders had brought such a calamity on the nation. The Empress, the Montaubans, the Rouhers, the Grammots, disappeared from the scene without even a show of resistance, and the republic was for the third time proclaimed. But that of course could not stop a victorious enemy; and in a short time the great city was besieged, but only surrendered when there was no possibility to feed its enormous population. Previous to this great misfortune another appalling calamity had fallen upon poor France. The fine army of Metz, numbering 170,000 men, an army which could have saved Paris and France had it been under the command of a skilful general and a patriot, had also been surrendered by its commander and made



to the king of Prussia, he had the audacity, in the face of that false dispatch of whose existence he could not be unaware, to throw the responsibility of the war upon the French nation!

And what more fully shows how clericalism has proved ever fatal to France, papers published last year in Paris by Prince Napoleon conclusively establish that, had Napoleon consented to withdraw his troops from Rome before war was declared, Austria and Italy would have supported France in her great struggle with Germany. There is not to be found, in the whole history of mankind, a more striking exemplification than this of the ancient saying: *Quos vult Deus perdere, prius dementat*. The refusal, at such a moment, to withdraw the French troops from Rome, and to renounce outside help, was so stupendous a blunder that nothing can satisfactorily explain it, save the semi-imbecillity of the Emperor and the insanity which seemed to have taken possession of those who surrounded him.

It was, of course, fortunate, so far as the progress of the world was concerned, that the Empire had blundered to that extent, because the general interests of Europe, as well as public morality itself, equally demanded that France should be beaten. But it is a fact most deeply to be deplored that a generous

prisoner of war. Treason was evidently there, the proof of which has been acquired since. The reason given—that such a body of men could not have broken the line which surrounded them, is too absurd to be discussed. What would the first Napoleon have said of a general, at the head of such an army, making no serious attempt against an enemy scattered all around the town and not much superior in numbers on that spot? Suppose the great warrior himself to have been in the same position; would he have surrendered almost without a fight? This of course settles the question. But we have here a perfect exemplification of the demoralizing effect of despotism and personal rule upon public affairs. The idea of his duty to France being above his duty to the Emperor seemed monstrous to Bazaine. He considered that he owed everything to the Emperor and nothing to his country, because a republican government had been formed in Paris. This is the way characters are debased and patriotism destroyed by despotism.

The surrender of the army of Metz was of course the decisive blow of the war. The taking of Paris then became only a question of weeks, and in spite of the almost miraculous energy and exertions of Gambetta in the west, Paris had to surrender, and peace had to be made at a sacrifice of two fine provinces and the paying of one thousand millions of dollars as an indemnity of war. The second Empire had been five times more disastrous than the first, and it was with perfect justice and propriety that the National Assembly at Bordeaux almost unanimously voted the *déchéance* (forfeiture), of the Bonaparte family.

nation like the French could be brought to the very verge of ruin through the mad egotism and incapacity of its head.

The task which befell the executive government after the signing of the treaty, was truly gigantic. The outbreak of the Commune of Paris had taken place almost immediately after the signing of the peace; riots had been fomented in several other large cities; the whole administration of the country had to be reorganized; the collection of the public revenue secured; enormous sums had to be found to pay the instalments of the war indemnity; the army had to be reformed again and the siege of Paris made a second time, but by French troops. Never before had a government to face all at once such enormous difficulties, made still more so by the absolute necessity of their immediate settlement.

A national loan was proposed and the nation responded with alacrity, save one single discordant voice—that of the Bonapartist faction, whose newspapers received the proposition with sneers and mockery! “A loan demanded by such men! who would ever entertain the idea of trusting one *centime* to such a republican set, a government the work of a riot, and which had no more influence outside than it had respectability at home!”

Public contempt soon disposed of these unpatriotic and dishonorable attacks against the eminent men who had accepted the immense responsibilities of an almost desperate situation; and Europe saw with perfect amazement a nation just emerging from so ruinous a conflict tendering over eight billions of dollars when the government had only demanded one billion, so that the almost immediate liberation of the territory was secured.

Such remarkable results having been obtained under republican institutions wisely administered, it was expected that no dissenting voice would be heard when the time came to make those institutions the definitive form of government; but unfortunately for the nation, a great mistake had been committed. The liberation of the territory being the paramount consideration when the National Assembly of 1871 was elected, not much attention was paid to the political

bias of the members chosen. Men who enjoyed local consideration were elected without any steps being taken to ascertain their personal opinions as to what the form of government should be. So it came to pass that a nation, the majority of which had evidently become republican, was represented by a reactionary majority of Deputies in the Assembly; and when the people wanted a republic, its representatives were furious partisans of a monarchy. With admirable clearness, M. Thiers had soon perceived that, with one single throne to be had and three monarchial parties in the nation, each of them having its own *prétendant*, and being deadly hostile to the other two, republican government became the only possible solution of the situation. He strived, in one of his greatest oratorical efforts, to have this view adopted by the Assembly. But he soon found that he was speaking to men whose minds were closed to reason and logic. That Assembly which, on the 17th February, 1871, had appointed M. Thiers head of the Executive Government, as the only man then having sufficient ability and personal weight outside to face the situation; which, on the 31st of August following, had elected him President of the republic—had at the same time determined to undermine the republic and destroy it if it could. A real conspiracy had been entered into by the majority to reëstablish monarchy. And—as showing how the reactionary parties in France, as elsewhere, are entirely wanting in patriotism, in common-sense and even in common honesty—they had agreed to do away with the republic, but had not at all agreed (as the only possible step to it) upon the *prétendant* who should be chosen. So the three parties were united to destroy each other the moment the choice of king or emperor was to be made! In March, 1873, the indemnity of war being nearly paid, the unpatriotic war against M. Thiers was inaugurated by the passing of a law whose sole object was entirely to annul his authority as head of the government; and two months later, on the 24th May, the conspirators, having completed their machinations, gave a vote hostile to M. Thiers, who immediately resigned. On the same evening the Presidency was offered to Marshal

MacMahon, who had been appointed head of the army by M. Thiers, in spite of his disastrous march on Sedan, and the old man, deaf to all considerations of gratitude towards the one who had taken him by the hand when laboring under great misfortune, immediately accepted and was proclaimed President. There was a perfect understanding between the conspirators and their tool, the new President, that if monarchy could be established he would not stand in the way.

From that moment the conspiracy went on unchecked, and Europe was given the strange spectacle of a republic administered by the very men who were leaving no stone unturned to destroy it. From the head of the government down to the most inferior officer, all were at work to make the republic unpopular with the nation, but a source of honor and profit to themselves. What was the least tolerated and most severely punished, under a republican form of government, was the shout: *Vive la République!* On the evening of that hostile vote which had brought on M. Thiers' resignation, a large party of Parisians who were returning from Versailles, having shouted *Vive la République!* on entering the Boulevard des Italiens, were most furiously charged by the policemen and *gendarmes*, and fifteen or twenty of them severely wounded!

The moment a man in the public service was merely suspected of having republican tendencies, all chances of promotion were lost to him. Many deserving men were actually dismissed because they had been seen reading a republican newspaper! Inept acts of petty tyranny like these were of course producing intense dissatisfaction among the population, and many riots would have taken place had it not been for the republican leaders who, not belonging to those parties which learn and forget nothing, had on the contrary come to the conclusion that the only way to defeat public enemies who had possession of power was to keep most strictly within the bounds of the law themselves, and not to furnish the men who were only waiting for it, an opportunity to take advantage of a riot to perform another *coup-d'état*.

The moment the Marshal had been installed at the Elysée,

the conspirators felt that they had *carte blanche* to carry out their designs; and the nation witnessed with dismay the scandalous spectacle of deputations of members of the National Assembly going to Froshdorff and offering the Crown of France to the Count de Chambord. No repression was at hand for such treasonable acts. Everything was allowed, save and except being faithful to the republic. And these things were tolerated under the presidency of a man who had said that, were Count de Chambord to make the slightest show of reëntering France as king, the *chassepôts* would fire of their own accord! (*Les chassepôts partiraient tout seuls.*) \*

But see how impossible it was to arrive at any other result than the republic. Here we have an Assembly whose attributes were limited neither by a constitution nor by any rules, save those of common-sense. That Assembly was under the control of a clear reactionary majority, clerical, legitimist, orleanist, bonapartist, &c., &c., whose avowed object was to reëstablish the monarchy. Seeing that M. Thiers would prove an insuperable obstacle to their factious designs, these men put him out of power. Then they put in his place a man who consents to become their tool and govern the country with an exclusive view to their caste ambition and personal interests. This gave them, of course, the absolute control of the situation. And what did we see? Every intrigue of theirs only brought them to shame; and, step by step, in spite of themselves, and merely through their inability to agree on the person of a

\*The Count de Chambord showed more sense than his followers, and saw very well that he could not be brought back to the throne of his ancestors without a civil war breaking out at once; so he set up an honest pretext for refusing. He had been asked to accept the tri-color flag as the national one, but he refused point-blank, and said that he could not do away with the ancient flag of the monarchy. Great efforts were made to prevail upon him, but entirely failed, the Count obstinately adhering to the traditions of his family. This closed the scandalous negotiations; but the conspirators did not yet give way, and planned another scheme in order to gain time. On the 20th November, '73, the Assembly voted the law organizing the Septennate in favor of Marshal MacMahon; and during these seven years no one but himself had the power to propose a revision of the constitution. All these factious intrigues were defeated by the mere force of things, but the nation was kept in a constant state of excitement and uncertainty about the future; industry and commerce deeply suffered by it, but public suffering was the very last concern of men who most clearly saw that the final consolidation of the republic would put them in the background forever.

*prétendant*, they finally came to vote the present Constitution, which, however imperfect, has given strength enough to the republican party to impose upon them, through its perseverance and forbearance under most shameful provocations, that very republic, so detestable to them, and which they had done their utmost to nip in the bud!

It is now perfectly evident that this great result was exclusively due to the wisdom of the republican leaders, whom no amount of flagrant illegalities, of impudent violations of all propriety and decency in the use of power, and even of wilful personal persecution, could bring out from their determination to stand by legality and allow the political immorality of their opponents to exhaust itself.

The German troops were withdrawn from France in '74. The National Assembly should then have dissolved itself and ordered new elections to take place. It was bound to do so, because its mandate did really cease with the end of the occupation of the national territory. But men who pretend to be the governing class by natural right, and to be in consequence favored with suggestions from above in the administration of public affairs,\* never feel disposed to abandon the care of the government to less favored parties. Their purpose is to remain as long as possible where Divine Providence has placed them. They were also bound to have laws enacted which should create such difficulties in the way that the republic would have to be abandoned. So they remained, awaiting an opportunity.

One of their last acts was to allow the clergy not only to create rival universities to the great University of France, but to give to the bishops a real control over the whole educational system of the country. By such a measure the rising generation was sure to be brought up in perfect hatred of all liberal ideas and institutions. They had also organized the Senate in such a way that the obtaining of a republican majority

\* In 1878, one of the most influential clerical papers of Belgium explained at length how men enjoying a certain position in society were favored by Divine Providence with great and numerous graces, particularly when in power, which were refused to other men. This is the extension of divine right to aristocracy.

in it seemed to be an absolute impossibility for a long time to come.

At last, after having remained in power eighteen months longer than had been intended, and prepared their plans to suit the future of their interests and wishes, the majority thought the time had come to close their labors. The National Assembly was accordingly declared dissolved. The government had to convoke the electors in the beginning of '76. It was fully expected that, were they to vote as they pleased, a large republican majority would be elected. So these men of order, the sole protectors of society, the only true conservative portion of the nation, and the *honnêtes gens par excellence*, took every measure to prevent a fair vote being given. Government pressure was frightful everywhere, particularly in the country; the old official candidature of the Empire was resuscitated; every possible means were resorted to in order to prevent a republican majority being returned; but the whole of this guilty interference with the right of the nation resolved itself in a majority of over one hundred and fifty republican Deputies! The cleverly devised schemes had all failed. But, unfortunately, they had been partially realized in the election of the Senators, and a majority of the Senate was soon found to be in complete antagonism to the majority of the Deputies. The Buffet Ministry had, however, placed its resignation in the hands of the President, who called upon M. Dufaure to form a Cabinet. This gentleman surrounded himself with none but men well-known for their conservative opinions, which did not prevent the honest reactionary press from representing them all as radicals and demagogues. Of course, being *out* themselves, nothing respectable could be *in*.

But it was soon perceived that the hands of the Ministers were tied. The head of the Cabinet was not free to follow a certain course of administration. Belonging to M. Thiers' school and having, like him, become a convert to the republic because it had become the only possible form of government for France, he was far from being a favorite with the President, whose opinions were strongly anti-republican. The old gentleman could never be brought to make a distinction between the

position of a President and that of a general commanding an army. His opinions must prevail; and when he had to give way, either before the law or the decisions of his Cabinet, he often fell into fits of anger and swearing. He looked upon a republican House as a mere embarrassment in the government of the country, and as to the nation itself, he considered that it had fallen into the saddest possible mistake in selecting a republican majority; and his duty was to correct that mistake if he could. So the first truly republican Ministry France ever had, were forced to govern the country with a hostile President and with the great mass of public servants not only deadly hostile to the republic, but also in constant conspiracy against the Ministers, who could never rely upon the officers of their respective departments.

The Chamber of Deputies could hardly be expected indefinitely to close its eyes to such a preposterous position of affairs, and a hostile vote was given to M. Dufaure, who resigned. Then M. Jules Simon was called to form a Cabinet. He belonged to a more advanced school of politics than M. Dufaure; but he fell into the same mistake as his predecessor, and accepted office without having made sufficiently stringent conditions as to his perfect liberty of action. The Marshal was constantly boasting of his honesty of purpose, and the people did not keep enough on their guard. M. Simon accordingly met with the same undue interference with his administration as M. Dufaure had suffered. In fact, the President would not leave some details of the administration to his Ministers because he would not allow even the open and avowed enemies of the republic to be removed from public offices.

Even in cases of direct disobedience to orders, or of systematic inertia in the fulfilment of duty, it was always with the the greatest difficulty that the President who, only two months later, was to sign by the thousand the dismissals of republican functionaries, could be prevailed upon to sign a decree of dismissal. And, however well justified these measures might be, the outcry of the whole monarchist press was always tremendous, and the republicans were accused of an insatiable thirst for places. But it was of course quite right in a public



officer to disobey orders coming from those *républicains aux mains sales*.\*

There is now no doubt that the only advisers the Marshal was listening to were his *familiers* at the Elysée, among whom the Archbishop of Rheims, the Bishop of Orleans, the Duc de Broglie and the secretary, Viscount Harcourt, were the most influential. M. Simon was particularly distasteful to the clergy on account of his philosophical writings, and also for his bold stand, while in M. Thiers' government, in defence of the rights of the University of France against the arrogant encroachments of the clergy.

The conspiracy against the republic had been in fact transferred from the old Assembly to the Elysée; and it soon culminated in the arbitrary dismissal, signified in the rudest possible manner, of the Simon Ministry, although it had suffered no defeat in the House, and had even obtained, quite recently, a majority in both houses.

But the conspirators had succeeded in persuading the Marshal that, were France again consulted, a royalist majority would this time be returned, provided *proper means* were adopted; and the old man, who cared so little for his promise to France that he would keep in accord with the majority, most scrupulously stood by his secret engagements with those who had elected him.

There were two prominent reasons at the time why the clerical party should obtain possession of power. The elections to the General Councils (of departments), and the Municipal Councils, were near at hand. Were they made under a republican Ministry, which would leave the electors to themselves, it was quite possible that those bodies from whom the electoral Senators were to be chosen would become republican, which would cause the clerical party to lose its majority in the Senate. It became, therefore, of the utmost importance to have a royalist Cabinet in the place of the one headed by M. Jules Simon, so that those elections could be manipulated in the interests of the *honnêtes gens*. On the other hand, the clergy

\* *Les républicains ne se lavent pas même les mains*; so said M. Paul de Cassagnac in his paper, *Le Pays*.

could not bear the idea of a definitive republic in France. What would become of the *filles aînées de l'Eglise*? Mgr. Meglia, the Pope's Nuncio, had received a pretty severe rebuke from Rome because he did not interfere actively enough to have a *coup-d'état* of some kind determined upon. Proceedings had already been commenced in the House to put a stop to the intrigues of the bishops under the guise of pilgrimages, processions, and even impertinent letters written to or against the government. M. Simon having had the audacity to represent, in respectful language, that it was not at all the case that the Pope was in prison, a most terrible outcry was raised against him, that it was giving the lie to Pio Nono to deny his imprisonment. The Pope had just repeated that he was a prisoner, and this *farce*—so qualified by Father Theiner,\* in his most important posthumous letters, which were published in Cologne in 1876—must be upheld before the Catholic world, because the Pope was its author.

Another consideration was also kept in view—the danger, if the republic should be consolidated, that the law giving absurd privileges to the clerical universities would be altered. It was about this very point that the *Défense*, Bishop Dupanloup's own paper, said: "*If M. Simon wavers*, we know what means have to be taken to force him to adopt that policy of protection to religion and society which he seems to have so little cared about before. The government will most certainly have to come to it, in spite of M. Jules Simon, if required. *This is all we can say to-day.*" The second day following that ecclesiastical warning, the Marshal demanded M. Simon's portfolio. Then the Pope's Nuncio informed the Secretary of State at the Vatican that the Marshal had made up his mind to have a moderate Chamber elected by all means. The Cardinal Secretary of State then sent instructions to the Nuncio that he must see that the Marshal does not waver in his important

\* Father Theiner was one of the most learned priests at the Vatican. He had been for many years keeper of the archives, where none can enter without the permission of the Pope, under pain of excommunication. He died in the Vatican, much respected by all, and with an unstained character as a priest. His letters are terrible against the Jesuits. They were written to his intimate friend Dr. Friedrichs, and were not intended for publication.

resolution; and instead of going to Rome where he had been recently called upon to go, he must remain at his post and closely watch what should transpire. These, be it observed, were the acts of people who pretend never to meddle with the politics of other countries.

The Marshal called upon the Duke de Broglie to form a new Cabinet. As all things had been well matured beforehand, the Cabinet was constituted at once, and the House prorogued with a view to its dissolution. The majority in the Senate had been consulted and assurances given that there would be a majority in favor of that dissolution, for which not a shadow of a reason was given, except that the Marshal could not agree with the majority of the House. The Orleanist Senators, as usual, made fine declarations, saying that they would only be guided by the best interests of the country. But it was all hypocrisy, everything having been fully considered and agreed to beforehand. The Duke de Broglie would never have accepted office had he not felt sure of the Senate voting the dissolution. And so it was voted one month after the prorogation.

The royalists were well aware that they were playing their last card and that, did they fail in getting a majority, it was all over with their party. Being in close alliance with the clergy—undoubtedly, this time, the most pressing instigators of the dismissal of the Jules Simon Cabinet—they really expected that with the whole power of the government on their side, and the exertions of eighty-six bishops and forty thousand French priests, who would use their influence both in the pulpit and the confessional, they could not fail to vanquish the republicans.

The first act of the conspirators, of the Marshal as well as Ministers, was to dismiss *in globo* all the prefects, sub-prefects, justices of the peace—who are very important functionaries in France, because they have civil as well as criminal jurisdiction—mayors, and even school-masters and *gardes-champêtres*, who had the smallest tinge of republicanism. Many thousand dismissals and nominations were published in less than two weeks in the *Journal Officiel*. Then the selling of

republican newspapers was prohibited on the street. The licenses were withdrawn from many thousand newsdealers, but given back to them on condition of a promise not to sell dangerous sheets, which of course meant republican papers. Many hundreds of *cafés* were closed by superior order, because people talked politics in them. See, the terrible crime! citizens of a republic talking politics in a *café*! And note, that not one solitary instance of trouble, nor even of high words, has ever been cited. Suits were commenced in every department against republican newspapers. The whole number of these suits amounted to three thousand four hundred, in round numbers, in five months. School-masters were not allowed to talk with republicans in the street.—Do not laugh at this, dear reader; many of them were dismissed because they were habitually seen with dangerous men.—We must not omit to mention that a very large number of *cerceles*—friendly societies—and fourteen philharmonic societies were dissolved by superior order, because reports had been made that their members talked politics together. These facts were well proved before electoral commissions. The whole nation was submitted to the same rules as college boys.

Never, under the *Restauration* or the constitutional monarchy, had a longer delay than thirty-five days been taken to carry on the elections after a dissolution of the House had been made. In this case, five full months were taken. The proper means which had been promised to be adopted must of course be organized, and the dukes and bishops had to bring back the nation into submission. The Marshal was manipulated by these men to the extent, as he gave it quite plainly to be understood, that were the elections unfavorable to his policy, he would not submit, but would go to the end; and the whole clerical and monarchist press notified the people at large that, if a republican majority were returned, a new dissolution would take place, and so on indefinitely, until the Marshal should obtain a House he could agree with.

The government, seeing that the remark of M. Gambetta,—that France was laboring under the *gouvernement des curés*,—was doing immense injury to the holy cause of order, insisted

with the bishops that too strongly political sermons should be avoided. This was acceded to, but of course the confessional supplied the deficiency of the pulpit.

The immense majority of the nation was of course intensely dissatisfied with this impudent trampling upon its rights by men who, always speaking of duty and conscience, were showing by every act that they had not even the sense of shame in their hearts. In fact, the nation was kept for five long months in such a state of excitement as often to amount to positive anger; but such was the discipline of the republican party that the most criminal acts of official tyranny, and even brutality, failed in eliciting any kind of outward demonstrations. And Europe beheld the remarkable spectacle of five millions of electors suffering almost hourly from all sorts of interference with their rights, and from every possible kind of provocation—particularly infamous, because systematically made, in order to provoke riots on some point or other—and who were, individually, in a constant state of actual rage, remaining self-composed as a body.\*

\* These acts of petty tyranny were so stupid that they seem hardly credible. Thus, the Marshal, having visited a town in Normandy, was received by the municipality in a body, and the Mayor read an address which terminated with the wish, couched in most respectful language, that the republican institutions should be carefully maintained under his high guardianship. Nothing could be more regular than that. But the poor Mayor was instantly dismissed from office for having insulted the Marshal! With the dukes and bishops, the highest crime a public functionary under the republic could be guilty of, was to be a republican. Let us now see an instance of the way bonapartist judges understood justice and judicial duty. The editor of a republican newspaper was sued one day for having attacked a public officer. The attack was strictly confined to highly reprehensible acts made in his official capacity, and the facts were fully stated. The court condemned him to a heavy fine and to prison. But soon after a M. Turguet, one of the members of the late majority—and now head of the department of fine arts—having been not only attacked, but grossly calumniated by the *Bulletin des Communes*, an official sheet, sued the editor for defamation. What was the result? The court not only discharged the editor, he having only been guilty of an excess of zeal, but actually condemned M. Turguet to pay him a damage of two thousand francs, so unfair was it on his part to disturb people having charge of the public order in the country. Of course that monstrous decision was reversed on appeal. Another little fact, as an exemplification of the conscience of reactionary judges. A gentleman on the cars asked a man standing on the platform to go and buy a newspaper for him at the stand opposite. The man went at once and brought the paper. But the policeman on guard had seen the title of a republican sheet. He immediately put the poor man under arrest, and the next day the court sentenced him to fine and prison for unauthorized peddling of newspapers. These are only three among three thousand facts of the same kind.

In spite of all these unfair means—direct violation of the laws, scandalous intimidation at the polls, tearing up by the policemen themselves, and sometimes the *curés*, of the addresses of the republican candidates, and in many cases of throwing into the urns piles of ballots—a large republican majority was returned. Honorable men, guided only by their conscience, would have submitted to such a verdict so strikingly confirming the one given eighteen months previous; but the *honnêtes gens* have quite another view of what is right and fair from that of the common people. Lamartine once said that nobody knew what the *honnêtes gens* were capable of, and it was fully proved at this time. The De Broglie Ministry not only kept office, not only postponed the calling together of the House for two months more, but actually planned a *coup-d'état* which would most certainly have been carried out had not the immense majority of the officers of the army been composed of republicans. And the whole clerical press, under the guidance of the greatest enemies of revolution, was all the time howling for a *coup-d'état*. "*La France est folle*," wrote M. Veuillot, "and it becomes an imperative duty with the Marshal to protect her against herself." All this was to no purpose, and the De Broglie Cabinet had to give way. But an immense number of official documents disappeared at the same time from the public departments, which is another proof of the honorableness of the *honnêtes gens*.

A last effort was made through a change of Ministry. General Rochebouët, one of the heroes of the great massacre on the Boulevard Montmartre, was called upon to form a Cabinet. He rallied around him some perfectly unknown men, and, only two or three days later, orders were sent from Paris to different army corps to keep ready to march with three days' rations. On receiving orders at Limoges, where he was stationed, which evidently indicated the purpose of a *coup-d'état*, Major Labordère signified to the commanding officer that he would not obey them. This patriotic act of a man of character and energy put an end to the intended *coup-d'état*. Major Labordère was, of course, dismissed for insubordination; but had he resisted a perfectly regular order he would have at once passed

before a court-martial. But the government did not dare to prosecute him. It was then that the Marshal tried to make it appear that he would *never*—"well, hardly ever"—consent to any act of violence. He went so far as to say that he would not bring disgrace upon himself. But unfortunately for these utterances, he only made them when it had become evident that the army could not be prevailed upon to murder the citizens in case it was ordered to do so.

Upon this he dismissed the Rochebouët Ministry and called upon M. Dufaure to form another. This time M. Dufaure took better measures than he had done before, and forced the Marshal to sign a message to the Chambers in which he fully recognized the rights of the majority. M. Dufaure, of course, believed that he was making himself safe against the old man's propensity to interfere with his Ministers; but this time again his precautions were to no purpose, and the same difficulties, the same ill-will towards the republic that he had already suffered, were again found in his way. The Marshal had always been ready to sign anything that was demanded of him by the men of the reaction, who were every day setting the law and even common-sense at defiance; but the moment he had to deal with liberal Ministers he was no longer manageable.

This shows that, owing both to the Marshal's absolute incompetency as head of a liberal government and to his recent engagements with the clerical factions, even the liberal Cabinets were not real parliamentary ministries, because they were not allowed to govern according to the will of the majority of the House.

The majority was wise enough to see that with a constitution allowing dissolution with the consent of the Senate, and with a Senate whose majority was still looking for an opportunity to create mischief, the best plan was to allow the Dufaure Cabinet to go on as best it could, until new senatorial elections would have infused new blood into the Senate. They had to wait fifteen months to obtain that result, the fortunate event taking place on the 5th January, 1879. Seventy-five elected Senators had to seek for reëlection. Of this number twenty-two only were republicans, and fifty-

three, monarchists. But after the election there were found to be sixteen monarchists only and fifty-nine republicans. So the republicans, instead of being in a minority of twelve in the Senate, were now a majority of at least fifty-eight.

The nation had then fully vanquished clericalism and monarchism so far as the election could do it; but the Marshal was still there, and although he could not dissolve the House with a republican Senate, he was not the less a serious cause of uneasiness and embarrassment.

He, as well as his secret advisers—those behind the curtains of the Elysée—had always been confident that in some way or other something would turn up by which the impeachment of the Ministers of the 16th May could be prevented. The senatorial election completely dispelled this expectation. And seeing that the impeachment of his old Ministers practically amounted to his own moral impeachment before the country, the Marshal thought it was at last time for him to leave the Presidency. So he took advantage of a decree of the Cabinet concerning the great military divisions, to start a difficulty which he well knew could lead to nothing else but his own resignation, which was accordingly read in the Chambers on the 2d February (1879). On the very same day both Houses were called together and elected M. Jules Grévy President of the republic. The immense superiority of republican over monarchical institutions in the transmission of power was thus proved to the enemies of all popular sovereignty and liberal institutions. This had already been fully demonstrated to the world when the great Lincoln was murdered by a fanatical lover of slavery; but a European fact has still more effect on European minds; and everybody could not but be strongly impressed with this great and solemn spectacle of the regular transmission of power through the representatives of the people.

The election of M. Grévy is the last blow to the clerical party, the death-knell to all its hopes for the future. The three branches of the legislature will now work in perfect harmony with each other. So long as the clerical party had succeeded in preventing the only true principle in social



organization—the absolute sovereignty of the nation—from being carried into practice: so long as it, an imperceptible minority in the country, had succeeded in keeping the majority in check, and, as a rule, exercised all sorts of tyranny over it; revolutions were, of course, the only way left to the nation to make its great voice heard. Now the nation has recovered its rights, is the only sovereign in the land, and of course it will not revolt against itself.

M. Grévy's message to the Chambers inaugurated a new era in the politics of the country by these simple words:

*"I will never resist the national will regularly expressed by its constituted organs."*

The high character of the man is a guarantee that these will not prove empty words, as was the case with almost every declaration made by Marshal MacMahon. Everything will now follow its natural course. Ministers will only have to keep in accord with the majority of the House, and will no more have to fulfil the impossible task of pleasing, at the same time, the nation and the representatives of the enemies of its sovereignty; and the public liberties can be no more put in jeopardy by an ambitious, selfish, unprincipled and irresponsible *clique*.

The monarchical parties are now reduced to impotency; but not so with the clergy, whose income out of the National Budget amounts to 56,000,000 of francs, with a nearly equal sum arising from other sources. The clergy are, besides, entirely at the disposal of the Roman Curia. The great object which the order of the Jesuits has been incessantly pursuing for three hundred and thirty years—from 1540 to 1870—has now been attained. All the national churches have abdicated their ancient independence from the See of Rome, and have become mere instruments in the hands of the Curia. The culminating point of the underground work of the Jesuits was the Vatican Council, when the final annulment of the Catholic Episcopate was effected. By the dogma of Infallibility the Pope becomes the *bishop of Bishops*, which fact and qualification, however, Gregory the Great had called an inspiration of Satan. Now, more than

ever, we see the clergy of each nation receiving their instructions from Rome. The French clergy, nearly to a man, are now maintaining the principle of the subordination of governments to the Pope.

These are the considerations which led M. Gambetta to say with perfect truth and propriety: *Le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*.\*

As to the pretensions of the French clergy to rule the State, it may be interesting to our readers to relate the following fact: Five or six years ago, one of the French bishops reminded the members of the National Assembly that they had no right to entertain, on the question of temporal power, an opinion different from that declared sound and right by the Pope; and that they were bound, as Catholics, to accept the decisions of the ecclesiastical authorities as well on that point as upon all other points directly or indirectly connected with religion. So, as every thing in this world is directly or indirectly connected with religion, it follows that the Pope, and his lieutenants, the bishops, have a full right to control the internal affairs of the State.

When men can give expression to such preposterous ideas and have received such a kind of instruction as prevents them from seeing that it is pure madness to try to impose them on others, what can be done with them? They are entirely out of the general association of ideas and of the intellectual movement of the age. This is what makes them public enemies to

\* For the last twenty years a large number of congregations of all sorts of names and dresses were introduced into France, numbering between them about thirty thousand monks and nuns. The number of congregations authorized by the government is five for the men, having 119 houses and 2,500 monks; and for the nuns, 893 congregations, having 3,100 houses and 113,750 nuns. The unauthorized congregations of men actually possess 834 houses with 7,500 members, and the women 602 houses with 14,000 nuns. So we have here over 1,400 houses and 21,000 monks and nuns introduced into France in defiance of the law. There is a *Concordat* in France. The clergy claims its full application when its dispositions are favorable to its views or intents, and arrogantly ignores it when its pretensions are limited by it. In France, as everywhere else, the clergy claims the exclusive monopoly of public instruction. They alone are entitled to teach people on secular matters; and that pretension of theirs is based on the clever and sincere assumption, that when Christ sent his disciples to teach the world what he had preached to them, he meant at the same time that they were alone entitled to teach grammar and arithmetic. Any man who dares not to accept that view of things is an atheist or an infidel.

be resisted by all those who would have the public liberties placed beyond the reach of men who declare themselves irreconcilable with modern civilization,—of such as are unable to bring themselves to see that modern civilization is the consequence of the general progress of mankind.

Provisions have been made by the government for the gradual creation of a general system of gratuitous and obligatory education. Of course, the system could not be universally applied at once, because some preparatory steps to it had to be adopted; but the corner-stone is now laid by the appropriation of diverse sums amounting to about one hundred millions of francs, which are to be expended in a period of eight or ten years for the building of school-houses, or for giving help to the poorer municipalities to build them. This large appropriation was also made with a view to provide gradually for the extension of lay tuition. The objection to clerical teachers is becoming more and more general on account of acts of immorality which are daily discovered in the clerical schools. The number of judicial condemnations of the brothers on that score is truly appalling. A large number of municipal councils have already substituted lay teachers for ecclesiastical ones, and before many years have elapsed—now that no clerical-ridden government exists to annul those decisions—the education of children will be almost universally placed in the hands of married men or of women teachers. The general feeling is to do away with clerical tuition altogether.

The government has also appropriated the vast sum of three billions of francs for the building of side lines of railways, or the opening of common roads; said sum to be expended within ten years. Full provisions have been made for its reversal into the public chest. All the seaports of the country will also be improved, and the entrances deepened when required. Two hundred millions will be devoted to this purpose. Never did the Empire in its best days dream of devoting such immense sums to public improvements. In fact, it could not be thought of, because year after year the deficits were regularly increasing, either through the incompetency or the dishonesty of public servants. But the interest

of over half that large sum will be more than covered by the sole amount devoted to the civil list of the Emperor, and donations to his family.

The general prosperity of the country is, besides, far greater now than it ever was under the Empire. Proof of this is to be found in the fact that the total exports and imports of the country, in spite of nearly two millions of inhabitants having been lost to it by the annexation to Germany of Alsace and Lorraine, exceed by one-third what they were under the Empire.

For the last four years the excess of revenue over expenditure has been steadily increasing, and a great diminution of taxation is possible in consequence. The decrease already amounts to seventy-six million francs; and in spite of this large reduction, the surplus of the present year is estimated at over thirty million francs, leading, of course, to further reductions.

It has been remarked that France has not applied to the reduction of its public debt such large sums as the United States have been able to apply for a similar purpose; but it must be kept in mind that the relative position of the two countries is not the same. When the war for the Union was brought to a close, the United States could at once reduce their immense armies to fifty thousand men, and gradually bring it down to twenty-five thousand. Having no such standing army as European nations are compelled to keep, they could, of course, apply vast sums to the reduction of their debt. But France was in quite a different situation. After its enormous expenditure of ten billions of francs (indemnity of war included), France had to reorganize its army and put it on the best possible footing. So long as Europe insists on maintaining large armies, France is bound to do likewise; and she is compelled, accordingly, to keep in time of peace an enormous force of three hundred and fifty thousand men. Had it been possible to reduce it, say, to one hundred thousand men—a number far greater than would be required to preserve order at home now that every Frenchman, like every American, feels bound to cover the national sovereignty with his own honor—a very large sum could be set apart every year for

the rapid reduction of the public debt. As it is, however, about 500,000,000 of francs have been paid on the debt, including 300,000,000 to the Bank of France. But after due consideration of the question, it was believed more advisable, for the present, to reduce taxation than to pay instalments on the debt.

Every American must rejoice at the final consolidation of republican institutions in France. It is an event of great importance to the United States as well as to Europe. This great sister-republic will do more in ten years, so far as the spreading of republican principles on the Continent is concerned, than the example of the United States could do in fifty. The great argument of our isolation from the rest of the world is now done away with. The most powerful centre of reaction and Catholic influence has now become the great power of liberalism on the Continent. From that power republican principles will soon radiate all over Europe. It will soon be perceived that France is not only making more commercial and industrial progress than it ever did under the Empire, but that no other nation on the Continent can cope with her, so far as national wealth is concerned. Even England, at the present moment, is suffering under a commercial depression, from which France seems to be largely free. Such a prosperity of the young republic must soon prove the best kind of republican propaganda which can be conceived.

And when public education, with the never-before witnessed impetus it has just received, will have become general; when so intelligent a people as the French will be universally educated as are the American people already; who can foresee what shall be the outcome of the increase of intelligence in the future?

## ART. VI.—THE ELEMENTS OF NATIONAL FINANCE.\*

1. *The Ways and Means of Payment.* By STEPHEN COLWELL. Philadelphia. 1860.
2. *Annual Reports of the Comptroller of the Currency for the years 1865 and 1878, inclusive.* Washington, D. C.

THERE is no subject about which more is written and less known than that of Finance. If words are principally valuable for concealing ideas, financial writers may be equally sarcastic as they pile volume on volume of contradictory statements and worthless opinions; and, with easy assumption, sit in our colleges as professors of political economy and monetary science. One of the most noted of these professors of political economy could not tell the country what was the matter with American finance, or the cause of her present industrial depression. He joined, however, in the current opinion of statesmen, merchants and manufacturers, railroad kings and bank presidents, that we were suffering from over-production, and that the remedy was to limit production.

There is no wealth of nations except labor product. How, then, can idleness and misery give financial health or wealth to a people? Experience has shown that there is no over-production when exchange is costless and ample. Men will produce what they can sell, and the tool of exchange is money.

[\*WE give place herewith to an exhaustive argument in behalf of paper money, from the pen of one of its ablest and most eloquent advocates. We hope no one will be deterred by its great length from giving the article a thorough reading. Finance unquestionably involves the leading problem of the day, and the "hard money" advocate may read this article feeling assured of finding in it the *summum bonum* of "soft money" argument. The writer has the reputation of treating his opponents with fairness and courtesy, and he is evidently as able as he is earnest.—EDITORS.]

Well does an expert employed by the British government recently say that if, added to our boundless resources, money should ever again become plentiful, we shall be a most dangerous rival in the markets of the world.

Labor working the farm, mill, and mine, produces all real values. It alone can pay debts. The billions of stocks, bonds, and certificates are but worthless paper as additions to human wealth. They can only be liquidated by payment of real value. Notes have been used for money, and as notes are intrinsically valueless without redemption, the delusion has arisen that real money must have intrinsic value. Commodity and payment being alike interchangeable, it is believed the standard of payment must possess intrinsic value; that value alone can measure value. To this idea the early barter of commodity, the use of every valuable metal and especially of the precious metals, have contributed. Yet no mistake is more obvious. People confound money with capital, the absurdity of which is shown by the fact that there is seldom more than two per cent. of a nation's property in money; and that money has no intrinsic value, but is an order and emblem for all intrinsic value. As representing the taxing power of a nation, national paper money would only be issued for labor and service rendered; and it matters not whether that labor be expended in mining a costly material on which to print the nation's sovereignty of standard legal payment—as gold, or whether paper is prepared and stamped so as to defy the counterfeiter, and more perfectly and conveniently act as the standard money of the realm, for all taxes, public and private payments.\*

\*The payment of exchange between nations is supposed to be effected with gold and silver. Nothing is further from the truth, else France, possessing no mines of precious metals, would be unable to liquidate; while England, during 1878, imported nearly one thousand million dollars' worth more than she exported, showing a payment of this vast sum without the export of either gold or commodity, by over-due interest accounts and profits on foreign investments, and perhaps, to some extent, the return of stocks. If payments were made in actual gold and silver, instead of manufactured product and the use of capital, England would be the poorest country of the earth. The United States, the greatest source of the precious metals, produces only about half the value of her hens' eggs in gold and silver; while her cheese and butter are far greater resources in perfecting foreign exchange than gold and silver. It is the cotton and the corn, and about fifteen per cent. of manufactured products, on which our bills of exchange are based.

Patented paper, inks, engraving and powerful presses are a far better protection than any coinage can be against the arts of the counterfeiter; while the scarcity of coin, the uncertainty of mining and the exportable nature of the material render it unsuitable for the safest unfluctuating national money. What should we say, if it were in the power of the Rothschilds, or of any foreign syndicate, to contract the oxygen in the atmosphere we breathe, and leave millions gasping for breath? Money is to business as air to the lungs, as healthful blood to the body politic; and to leave its supply dependent on foreign greed or domestic syndical power is both wrong and dangerous.

Suppose Mr. Vanderbilt should apply the metallic theory to his car-tickets, granting that they were to be used repeatedly. Printed on gold, they would cost one million dollars, involving a loss of sixty millions of dollars annual interest. As a sinking fund compounded at savings-bank interest, the million would have swollen to three hundred and forty millions by our next centennial, and the tickets would not be more useful than costless paper. Precisely as the ticket is used for the transfer of all men, is money used as the transfer of all exchangeable value.

The amount of money \* in the United States is about sixteen dollars per capita, representing a little more than a week's labor of a mechanic. This sum is used to transfer and exchange all the real values. If the mechanic gave a note, because of his employer's failure to pay him, the note would not pass current. The retailer to whom he owes is obliged to give his note to the wholesale dealer, the wholesale dealer to

\* There are three hundred and forty-six millions in National bank-notes, and three hundred and twenty-two millions in greenbacks, of which a reserve of ten per cent. is required to remain in the Treasury. A small amount of specie, of which the principal hoard remains in the Treasury sub-cellar in New York, consists of one hundred and fifty million dollars; for which six million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars interest on four and one-half per cent. bonds issued to the Rothschilds and the syndicate are paid. This, with two or three branch offices added, is the only substitute for specie redemption and specie payment at more than fifty thousand post-offices, custom-houses and land offices in forty-five States and Territories. If this is specie payment and gives confidence, what would it do should Jay Gould or the Rothschilds present one hundred and fifty millions in greenbacks, and hold the commodity or transfer it to Europe?



the factor, the factor to his creditor, and so on. Thus debt and inflation of credit increase one hundred fold where current money is wanting, and are the cause of all panics. The increase of commodity has outrun the needed proportionate tools of transfer. A hundred-dollar note that would have settled a thousand different accounts between a thousand different men in forty States and Territories of our Union, finds those one thousand accounts put on interest because payment is deferred. All exchange is crippled; panic takes the place of confidence, because credit has replaced the means of cash to settle. For, be it remembered, the check, the clearing-house, and every form of supplementary aid has been expanded and used to its utmost, to effect the transfer of more than sixty thousand millions of exchanges, sales and commercial transactions annually. And the moment contraction begins, the resulting depression causes hoarding and loss of confidence—the very ruin that each is seeking to avert.

France, without a panic for fifty years, is the best illustration of this subject. In every emergency, as in 1848, when the treasury was reduced to nine thousand dollars, she expands the paper of the Bank of France; substitutes legal paper money for coin, as during her late German war; continues her expansion in time of peace; making inconvertible paper practically at par with gold by taking it for taxes, and ransoms a ruined and conquered nation by stimulating her industry. No other explanation than the expansion of money tools can be given.\*

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\* "It is true that France has been, to a great extent, exempt from the general business stagnation and distress. But it is also true that during that very period France, by a sharp contraction of the paper currency, made her way back to specie payments, and that specie payments were resumed on January 1, 1878, less than seven years of the close of a disastrous war." —*Honest Money and Labor*, by the Hon. Carl Schurz, p. 37.

Does Mr. Schurz mean it to be understood that the expansion of paper money ceased at the close of the German war, when it is true that paper money was doubled in a time of peace? Will he deny that money expansion has been the law of France during every year of those seven of forced *expansion*, and not contraction, as he would have us infer? They expanded paper until they brought back the gold of their conqueror, and the coin of other nations by exchanging the labor-products of their paper-money-stimulated industry. When they had acquired more coin than any other nation, they laughed to scorn the solicitations of the Rothschilds to resume. And they *never* have contracted their money, but to-day have fifty-seven dollars per capita to the American's sixteen. It is true, the enormous gain and

Her people have far less invention than the Americans. They come here to buy their cotton. They are almost destitute of coal, that great factor of civilization, and have neither gold nor silver mines within their borders. The nation that suffered by the resumption schemes of Law and the *assignâts*, or was, as some affirm, preserved by them, has learned the potent force of rational finance. Her debt is nearly treble our own; her expenditures more than double; her armies more than twenty-fold,—all to be supported by the toil of a people fewer in numbers, earning less wages, and possessed of only one-seventeenth of our territory. But, surrounded by hostile nations, frequently shaken by domestic revolution, the secret of her power is rational finance, and the possession of fifty-seven dollars per capita of money tools. This banishes credit among her people, and substitutes cash payment for individual interest-bearing notes. This promotes thrift and economy, commercial integrity and the highest commercial honor; and destroys the argument that an inflation of money tools is promotive of debt and disaster.

Expansion is life; contraction is death. This is the law of all healthy existence. Capital is but fossilized life, accumulated labor product; and, with its growth, requires equal growth of monetary tools as well as a per capita increase. M. Léon Chotteau says that in 1810 American products were

plethora of specie, the need of using it for currency, and thus relieving the government and banking hoard, caused a substitution of a large *expansion* of the metallic fiat-money in place of paper, to the extent of a little over two hundred million dollars of paper; while increasing four hundred millions coin. The French stand to-day unrivalled in the amount per capita by any nation in the world, and are *expanding daily*, as evinced by their last annual report. Mr. Schurz will not deny that the silver money of France, of which they possess several times the amount of the Bank of England's gold, is intrinsically three per cent. less value than the legal tender silver dollar of the United States, which he has so roundly abused. If ours is dishonest, will he be good enough to tell us why he so admires the specie of France, when he cannot melt five hundred millions without losing about one hundred million dollars by his effort to get intrinsic value in the shape of silver bricks,—no longer money! Had it only been full-value coin, the Rothschilds might melt up and destroy all money and exchanges on his theory, as *an aid to business*. Will Mr. Schurz assert that the French are superior to the Germans in "sturdy well-directed industry and prudent economy"? And will he please explain the awful misery which has befallen Germany in the hour of her greatest wealth and proudest triumphs, on a gold basis more promising and abundant than any heretofore attempted?

twenty-seven dollars and forty-three cents per capita of increase, against one hundred and eleven dollars in 1870. A four-fold production does not indicate the need of a contraction of American currency. All panics are produced by an expansion of credit. The stimulation of labor-product, without a corresponding increase of money tools, has a similar effect; and because the result is not instant, and society is so complicated in its machinery, the cause is obscure. Only by reducing to first principles, and considering that labor and costless exchange must go hand-in-hand, and that labor-product can never build up too much wealth and human happiness—if exchange be free enough to allow automatic selection and exchange,—thus only can we see the truth of the foregoing.

The money-monger, dealing in selected credits, finds the purchasing power of his money greatly increased; and he alone escapes unscathed, usually laying the foundation of colossal fortunes by purchasing amid the general wreck and ruin of values. The man of enterprise, the holder of real-estate, the employer of labor, suffers; but upon the millions of toilers and their helpless wives and children fall the burdens of the policy which permits the panics that have agonized our country every six years prior to 1860,—and Great Britain every ten years.

It is the duty of governments, and it should be the aim of statesmen, to solve a question fraught with so much happiness or misery. Paper is the best substance on which to stamp and imprint the image and superscription of the national sovereignty of legal money. If a cent is the cost of a hundred-dollar bill, who wonders that the bankers desire to usurp the right of issuing paper money, if the profits are a thousand-fold? It is easier to live upon the interest of what they owe than to acquire by honest labor. Hence they insist that for a nation to issue and receive its tax-tokens in the form of lawful paper money; to redeem it in hundreds of millions of taxes, and carefully limit by constitutional enactment the amount per capita, is debt. It is no more debt than the national title-deeds by which most American farms are held in the west and south. Those deeds are a legal order for land; as a specie-

based note is a legal order for a limited, and frequently impossible, commodity—gold. But absolute paper money is a legal order for the exchange and payment of *all* values. If more values are created and require transfer, either more money will be required or a more rapid circulation of it.

Whatever be the name of the unit of value, whether lira, franc, dollar or pound sterling, all will admit that there is a relation between the number of the units known as money, and the total commodity or wealth to be transferred, known as real value. When debts are incurred and bonds for future payment issued, there is no way to liquidate except by labor. Adam Smith says that "labor is the only universal as well as accurate measure of value, or the only standard by which we can compare the values of different commodities at all times and in all places." If, then, the money units are over-increased, the existing values are still further subdivided,—unless, as is commonly the case, the stimulation of industry, by the permission to transfer freely and sell what is produced, shall keep pace with the increase in money. But any greater increase must necessarily give less labor than was contracted in liquidation of the bond.

So jealous were the creditor classes in the United States of the issue of the eighteen millions remaining of the reserve of greenbacks in the Spring of '74, that they did not hesitate to threaten revolution if this thing was to be permitted to go on. They were as earnest as the Commune. It did not matter that the eighteen millions was less than one day's labor of the American people; one would think their issue was the crack of doom. It did not matter that a Frenchman had three dollars to an American's one, without inflation or demoralization; or that a Venetian had, a century ago, six dollars to our one, of purely fiat credit money. It did not matter that the prosperity of our continental nation was threatened, because interest on deferred payments was rendering exchange impossible and continued depression inevitable. It did not matter that the experience of the Bank of England and of every crisis proves that the only way to stay a panic is by expansion; that Vanderbilt and all the New York bankers at the Fifth Avenue

Hotel, a few months previous, had disturbed the Sabbath calm by their vociferous demands on the President to illegally issue this very reserve; that twenty-six millions of it had been issued; and that the New York banks, having failed to pay their depositors, had substituted more than twenty millions of their clearing-house checks, and then voted to issue unlimitedly, if necessary, and thus stayed the panic and disaster. The banks and syndicate, freed from their fright by the relief thus illegally obtained, changed about, and demanded the reserve of that for which they had prayed, and denounced as robbers and dishonest inflationists all who would expand the currency of the nation to the extent of less than one day's earnings of its people, or forty cents per capita.

The fall of gold, in the Spring of 1865, to half its price of the year before, would have ruined all business men, if that had really been the basis, as bullionists assert. This fall contracted the price of many articles, however, and produced disturbance. Had personal debts existed, as they would have us believe, how wide-spread would have been the disaster! But from 1863 to 1866, debts were liquidated as never before in our history, and the failures varied from three to five per cent. of the failures in 1878. In other words, their healthy honest-money system has increased failures thirty-fold. This has been brought about by a two-fold contraction. For the fourteen years from 1865 to 1879, when our wealth was doubled, and the reintegration of the South and the growth of the country doubled the population using money, as large a sum of legal tender paper and currency, some of it interest-bearing, has been contracted as the balance of money circulating. So that the panic found the Americans with one dollar in place of the needed four, doubling the burden of the national debt, and increasing individual and corporate debts some twelve billions of dollars. What, then, shall be thought of the "robber act" of 1875, giving the Secretary of the Treasury more than imperial power to contract the legal tenders of the nation, and to expand the bonded indebtedness in purchase of bonds, to whatever extent he might deem desirable and necessary to accomplish forced-resumption, until the bond requires twice the labor promised for every dollar, and all enterprise is dead?

In the past six years all values measured by labor have fallen nearly fifty per cent.; real estate values in the metropolis of New York fully that sum. Productive labor, to the extent of more than ten thousand millions, has been lost. Two-thirds of the iron furnaces of the nation have remained silent, cold and dark. The lumber, furniture, building, wood and woollen manufacturing industries have been almost equally depressed. The fund-holder's dollar requires twice the amount of pork and one-half more cotton. The loss to the laborer was his all, and his ruin irretrievable.

Labor is the only commodity that perishes at its birth, the only resource against starvation of the penniless toiler. The capitalist, foreclosing on three billions of railway property, can lay his tariff upon everything raised or bought, to reimburse himself hereafter. But the half-million of the miserable poor, living in tenement houses in New York—in cellars, in attics, crowded into dens of disease and death, have no redress. Four-fifths of their children consequently die; sacrificed by a system of financial cruelty and repression. Those who do not believe in the retributive justice of Jehovah, who puts every tear in his bottle, should still be led by their instincts of humanity to a calm and fair investigation of this greatest question of the day—labor and exchange. The bullionist has no solution, the honest money league no remedy, no screen for the infamous dishonesty of this terrible repression which has foreclosed the mortgages of a million homes, and seeks to make a nation healthy by idleness and misery. A solution of this problem is possible, and, we believe, will be found in paper money. Let us advert to the teachings of history.

Man, in his savage state, has little need of money. His first development is followed necessarily by the rudest barter of the simplest forms of merchandise. The South Sea islander prefers a bit of iron, from which to fabricate the spear or fish-hook, knife or chisel; the African, some glittering toy or cloth with which to adorn his person; the Indian, his wampum; the East Indian, his cowry shells. A higher civilization takes the glittering nugget or the golden sands by weight; a still higher, coins it; but it is only with a very high

civilization that emblematic money—the only real money created by law—exists.

Emblematic money is first described by Job when the pyramids of Egypt were building. In the ransom of captives, he indicates leathern money by, "Skin for skin, all that a man hath will he give for his life." Tyre, Carthage and Lombardy, at later periods, used leathern money. The early copper coins of the Romans, with the stamp of a sheep or an ox, were almost as costless as our greenback money; yet they were the sovereign order for those most valuable commodities, sheep and oxen; whence *pecus*, pecuniary, and impecunious are derived.

It is suggestive of grave reflection, that the heroic Roman republic used emblematic money to equip its armies and win its victories, and lay broad the foundations of its power and greatness. That this tax-paying token was kept of standard value, is indicated by the census, which embraced the children and slaves, and on which the issuance of this tool of exchange was doubtless based in per capita ratio. When, with the gold and silver of plundered nations, Rome's tyrants came to exact intrinsic values, and with Roman legions collect inexorably only gold and silver, such despotism, violence, corruption and crime overspread the world as make the historian stand aghast; until the destruction of the Roman empire was achieved, and the unparalleled horrors of a thousand years of darkness were the result of this long dependence on intrinsic value, or metallic money.

From what remained of Italian civilization, the cities of Venice and Genoa were the first to break the bonds of this intolerable oppression. The first gleam of light appears in the national Bank of Venice, founded by a forced loan of two million ducats, in 1171; which continued—and with increasing splendor, multiplying seven-fold—until 1797, when Napoleon overthrew the government and the bank and carried away the records of six hundred and twenty-six years of fiat credit. This credit had proved mightier than the arms of the Turks or the fleets of contending nations, and had furnished credits of fixed value twenty per cent. better than gold, during a period



in which the coins would have worn out many times, or multiplied, by interest compounded, a trillion fold.

Stephen Colwell, in his valuable and celebrated work entitled, *Ways and Means of Payment*, gives the most reliable account of the Venetian system, and is the highest authority.\* He says:

"There is no evidence extant that the Bank of Venice ever caused any derangements to the social economy. The voice of the best authorities is all the other way. The bank was an advantage to Venice never questioned by those familiar with its usages. The agio, (that is, the premium of the bank paper credits over gold) instead of being against the bank, was in its favor. Its funds rose to thirty per cent. premium over the current coins, and continued to fluctuate near this high rate until the Government, by decree, (A. D. 1423) limited the premium to twenty per cent., at which it continued permanently fixed so long as the bank existed. The ground of this agio is not adequately explained by any one, and was probably inexplicable to the encyclopædist, who evidently looked upon the institution with no friendly eye." (p. 305.)

"It was said by some that the agio arose in part from the superiority of Venetian ducats to other current coins. But as it was perfectly understood that no coins passed, neither any right to any, on a transfer in the bank, it is impossible to attribute the agio to any such consideration." (p. 306.)

"To comprehend this extraordinary fact, of a credit on the books of a bank, with no money in its vaults, and not bound to make that credit good in later times (after 1423), even by the payment of the interest, or to redeem it in any way, having been for hundreds of years (400) at a high premium (20 per cent.) over gold and silver, we need only remember that these credits were the funds in which debts were chiefly paid. If credits had been convertible at will into the precious metals, the agio could never have originated, much less attained so high a point, for the moment the holders of credits advanced the price, specie, if a legal-tender, would have become the medium of payment, as the cheaper medium." (pp. 306, 307.)

The later bullion department "was simply a place of [private] deposit \* \* \* in which coins or bullion could be deposited in safety, with the right of withdrawal at pleasure, or of transferring the ownership, if desirable." (p. 298.)

\* He quotes: Daru, *Hist. de Venise: Parfait Négociant*; Postlethwaite's *Dict., Art. Venice*; *Encyc. Méthod. du Commerce*, Vol. I, Art. Banque; *Dict. du Com.*, par Savary, p. 276; Marperger, *Beschreibung der Banquen*, 1717, pp. 180 and 189; *Traité Général du Commerce*, par S. Ricard, 1732, p. 301; Broggia *Trattato delle Monete*, Vol. II, p. 270, (Vol. V, Custodi Collection of *Economisti Italiani*); *Econ. Politique*, par Henri Storch, Vol. IV, p. 95; M'Pherson's *Annals of Com.*, Vol. I, p. 342; Sanuto, *Vite di Duche di Venezia*, App. Muratore Script. V, 22 col., p. 502.



"There was then, probably, ten times more demand for bank credits than for coins, which were only required for export, for the retail trade, and for other special, but limited uses." (p. 307.)

A most careful collation of the unimpeachable authorities quoted by Colwell establishes the following facts:

*First.*—That there was a national Bank of Venice founded on a forced loan of two million ducats spent by the State in 1171, and that the bank existed within the memory of men, a period of 626 years, during which time it was gradually enlarged over seven hundred per cent., saving trillions of taxation and interest.

*Second.*—That A. D. 1423 it was modified by law to prevent fluctuation.

*Third.*—That the four per cent. interest previously paid was abolished in 1423.

*Fourth.*—That all promise of reimbursement, other than transfer of credit receipts, was then withdrawn.

*Fifth.*—That the nation "took the coin of its loan one time for all" in the nation's bank, giving a credit receipt only.

*Sixth.*—That no coin was kept as a specie basis of credit or for strengthening the nation. It was immediately paid out.

*Seventh.*—That no promise to pay any coin was made after 1423, for nearly 400 years of its continuance.

*Eighth.*—That this "fiat" or legal credit was that in which all coins were expressed—the fixed standard of payment—and thus the principal money of account; specie being for retail trade or export commodity, and legal tender at twenty per cent. discount.

*Ninth.*—That the premium fixed by law of twenty per cent. over the Venetian gold ducat, so celebrated for its fineness in export, was a real superiority of legal money of account over the commodity gold, and over gold currency.

*Tenth.*—That it was not dependent on any promise of convertibility or redemption in gold, as no claim for any gold was acknowledged in the national bank.

*Eleventh.*—That the bank continued for nearly four hundred years with all these extraordinary attributes, producing no financial derangements and no opposition; but on the contrary, grew until it exceeded the money per capita of any nation in Europe,

ancient and modern, and was the pride of Venice, and the envy of Europe.

*Twelfth.*—That it only fell when Napoleon conquered Venice, at a period when it had reached an issue exceeding \$16,000,000 of government credit or money for 150,000 people, excluding the dependencies of Venice.

*Thirteenth.*—That Napoleon could not and did not find a ducat in its vaults, as there had never been pretence of any. That he would have taken gold if it was there, is clear, and thus have been strengthened to further enslave Venice.

*Fourteenth.*—That the interest alone saved on each million ducats was, for 400 years, \$6,250,000,000,000 at four per cent. savings-bank interest.

The Bank of Genoa, while making some important additions to civilization, in the first invention of engraved notes and the use of checks, and imitating Venice in the substitution of credit for cash payments, is, on the whole, principally valuable as affording a contrast between government credit, fixed, stable, growing and healthful for more than half a thousand years, on the part of Venice, and syndicate government, selfish and complicated, promoting oppression and internal strife, in a larger State otherwise more highly favored than Venice.

Originating in 1302, amid the contests of nobles, it was a voluntary and selfish aggregation of capital, for the payment of interest upon which, the various revenues of the State were farmed out, like the tax-gathering tyrannies of past history. So complicated, so distrustful, so jarring and discordant were these attempts to govern and apportion the revenues of the State among its hungry and remorseless creditors, that much of the good it might otherwise have achieved was dissipated by the onerous interest exacted; while it was so complicated as to require two hundred and seventy-one different articles in its original charter in the Council of the Ancients, which could thus only be understood in its fulness by the eight different forms of officers who constantly supervised and applied its onerous provisions. After its reorganization and simplification the number of its governing council was four hundred and eighty.

The fifteenth century found it insupportable, and the murmurs of the people resulted in the readjustment of 1407, and the paying off of the whole public debt, and the resumption by the government of all grants and securities. This was effected by issuing shares of one hundred liras each—founding the new Bank of St. George. This bank proved nearly as watchful of its special interest as its predecessor, and continued to enjoy much of the ancient power and privilege, demanding each decade a further concession from the government, or nine additional concessions during the first century; among which were freedom from attachment or confiscation for any public or private claim upon any pretence whatever. This was worse than the present exemption of the United States fund-holders from taxation.

The sixteenth century found its government more complicated than that of the original bank; and, if less oppressive, as it certainly was—owing to the advance Europe was making in civilization—its power created apprehensions which found expression in spite of repressive influence. “Foglietta, a historian of Genoa, says that this bank became a body of the richest citizens—a republic more potent and terrible than its mother. It began to be feared that the bank would swallow the republic, that is, that the republic would reappear as a bank after having been swallowed as a republic.”\* It is no wonder the shares rose to more than three hundred per cent., and were themselves the most efficient money!

Moreover, a special deposit department of bullion, like that of Venice, was created; but coins were not currency. The one standard of payment was the money of accounts fixed by the credit-lira of the Bank of Genoa, which, century after century, measured the fluctuation of coin as it did of all other commodities. All duties, public and private payments, were regulated by the unfluctuating legal paper credit.

While the bank was, undoubtedly, a great advantage to the commercial community, and outlasted every change of government and revolution; yet, on the whole, the lesson it teaches

\* *Economisti Italiani, parte moderna*, Vol. VIII, p. 360. There is danger that the American republic may be swallowed by the syndicate, and never reappear at all!

to nations is this: beware of syndicates, of a money aristocracy, and never delegate the sovereign function of creating the tools of exchange, or regulating their volume, to a privileged class. Genoa, however, greatly aided civilization by the invention of bank-notes (in place of the receipts of Venice), which could be used between all parties, outside the bank and at all times, as a substitute for coin; although, unlike modern bank-notes, endorsement could be required—a barbarism to which the Bank of England still adheres.

The banks of Venice and Genoa gave to monetary transactions a safer basis by substituting ideal money as an unfluctuating standard, instead of the commodity or coin which had so widely prevailed during the preceding thousand years of darkness. They added enormously to the tools of exchange, and thus, again, promoted the civilization which was once more beginning to dawn upon Europe. They formed in their respective cities clearing-houses, and gave the benefits of the system of offset, which, in nearly all ages of the world, had, it is thought, prevailed at the great fairs and feasts of nations.\* Their credits were a better standard of payment,

\* The influence of the wonderful fairs of Lyons and Nijni-Novgorod was very great, in effecting exchanges to the amount of more than a hundred millions of dollars annually. The merchants and manufacturers of south-western Europe met together quarterly at Lyons and effected sales and transfers by the system of *offset*, somewhat like our modern clearing-house, which greatly aided civilization in a time when real money was extremely limited. The syndics represented France, Italy, and Switzerland or Germany, and were usually six in number. The transactions were known as *virements de parties*, and were transfers, or set-offs, recorded as *bilans*. The amount of indebtedness discharged by debit and credit exchanges at the fairs of Lyons, was estimated to vary at from fifty millions to one hundred millions of crowns; and the amount of coin did not exceed a quarter of a million. There were many other fairs held throughout Europe, and also in Asia and Africa.—See Colwell, pp. 275, 387. Duchesne, *Antiquité des Villes*. Also *Encyc. Méth. du Commerce*, Vol. II, p. 140.

The fair at Sinigaglia had exchanges to the amount of sixteen millions of dollars, as late as 1834. The transactions at Nijni-Novgorod are estimated by some as high as one hundred millions during the six weeks of the fair. Actual sales and transfers of goods occurred at the fair of 1849, exceeding forty-five millions of dollars. Much of the commerce between Russia and China is still carried on at Kaichta in Mongolia. Kief on the Dnieper, in the official return of 1804, made payments of seventeen millions of dollars' value in twenty days.

The modern system of banking and the effective use of credits and debits have taken the place, in many cases, of business which would otherwise be transacted by fairs. But we owe much to a system which brought together the merchants and the merchandise of nations, and illustrated the power of exchange by the mutual off-setting of debts and credits. To allay

and circulated with a vastly greater rapidity, safety and economy than any previous device of a monetary nature. To these credits, which required identification during hours of banking, and to the wealth from the deposit of coins, the smaller bank of Genoa added her certificates used as money at a premium of thirty per cent.; and, when deposited, additional bank-notes were issued to the depositors. These fund-holders could even anticipate their revenues by the *paghe*, or certificates of deferred dividends;\* and the credit system was, on the whole, a source of great power and wealth to the free commercial port of Genoa. The bank acquired hundreds of warehouses upon the water-front, and exacted perquisites from the commerce that crowded the Mediterranean. She absorbed the gold and silver coins of Spain as well as of Italy, only to lose the interest upon them for centuries, and gratify her merciless plunderer, Napoleon, who was thus enabled to further enslave his victim and to make manacles of her golden treasures. Little Venice, on the contrary, avoided the taxation of trillions of interest money; and, when she bowed her regal head to the conqueror, gave up not one ducat or penny of prey from the first, the longest-lived, and the most glorious national bank of human history.†

While eastern Europe was waking from the sleep of centuries and bravely contending with Turks and Algerines, the commercial and manufacturing towns of western Europe—taught freedom and geography by the returned crusaders—

misapprehension, it should be said that the banks of discount and deposit would grow by the increase of national paper money. The American banks pay no interest to their depositors, so the universal custom of depositing would still give them profits more than satisfactory to honest men. While the stimulated production from exchanges of commodity and the freedom and costlessness of those exchanges would aid the distribution of blessings resulting from human endeavor equitably throughout society. The American national bank system, though asserted to be the best known to history, should be modified by the substitution of national paper money for bonds.

\* A discounted currency of account was created according to the year, first, second or third.

† As we have before said, these two banks first permanently fixed a uniform, unfluctuating money of account, by which the fluctuation of all coins and commodities could be measured. The bad condition of coins, and the debasement of the coinage, had nothing special to do with the establishment of this ideal money or monies of account, which grew out of the usages of a commercial people.—See Colwell, *Ways and Means of Payment*, p. 332.

determined to break the iron fetters of feudal despotism prohibiting commerce, by the formation of the Hanseatic league. Embracing at one time more than fourscore towns, it gave a special prominence and splendor to five of the opulent cities of our time. Among these, where banks were first established in western Europe, where those of Amsterdam and Hamburg.

The Bank of Amsterdam was established in 1609, under the guarantee of the city and government of its magistrates at a time when coins were at a discount of from eight to ten per cent., and bills of exchange of this great commercial city had previously fluctuated owing to the bad quality of the coin. To obtain some of the advantages already described as secured by Venice and Genoa, all coins of merchants were permitted deposit, and payment was made through the bank by a transfer of credit by written order or check, and was more simple than the system of the Bank of Genoa. "The coins and bullion, thus deposited, were not reclaimable; but, according to the theory of the bank, were locked up forever. Deposits were safe in the hands of all holders from legal seizure and attachment." A special private depositor's department of bullion was also created as a separate department, whence the owner could withdraw the commodity for export. No interest was paid for deposits of any kind, and, in the bullion department, the depositor was obliged to pay a small sum for the service of keeping and returning.

For nearly two centuries this bank continued to amass enormous treasures which it was supposed to retain; and it doubtless possessed a larger sum of treasure than any other bank, preceding the beginning of this century, ever contained.\* It was the source of rare commercial prosperity to Amsterdam, and was one of the main-stays of the commercial supremacy of

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\* Joseph Marshall, 1768, thus writes: "The treasure of the Bank of Amsterdam is an absolute secret to all but those who have the government of it. The value has been computed, or rather guessed, at from twenty to forty millions of pounds sterling; but naming any particular sum must, at best, be but wild work. It is, however, a very astonishing system of accumulation; for it is a well-known fact that money once paid and entered in the bank books can never be demanded, and it is a well-known fact that money is perpetually paid in. Here, therefore seems to be ingress, but no egress; consequently a treasure which seems constantly to increase."—*Travels through Holland*, Vol. I, p. 53.

Holland. If it possessed only ten millions of pounds sterling, and moved its capital one day in three, it would still transfer about five thousand millions of dollars annually. But how great a loss was entailed by the locking up of its treasures, for which national credit might have been substituted with greater safety ! The lost interest, compounded during the period of one hundred and eighty years that the bank existed, would have repaid its capital a thousand fold, saved an immense taxation to the the government—as did the Bank of Venice—and, what is more important, would have added its enormous treasures to the circulation of the nation.

The safety of hoarding is well illustrated in the fraud which ruined the bank in 1790, when it was found that its treasure had been gradually disappearing for fifty years, through commercial and provincial loans. The bank failed because its guardians had been unfaithful to their agreement ; and, before the swindle became known, billions of transfers had been effected annually, the validity and efficiency of which never were questioned. It was the discovery that specie basis was a fraud, that it had always failed, in the history of men. Mr. Colwell says : “ No evil or disadvantage, no check to commerce, was felt until the abstraction was discovered, and the loss fell upon the holders of that moment.” And he well adds : “ It is marvellous that with the experience of the Bank of Venice before them, the Bank of Amsterdam was not reconstructed upon the principle of transferring public debt.” Had the Dutch been as shrewd as the merchants of Venice, they would have thus reconstructed ; and forever after, without pretence of keeping any bullion in the bank, would not only have regained their lost treasures, but have held the supremacy of the world of commerce, arts, and arms.

The Bank of Hamburg, founded in 1619, or before our Pilgrim Fathers settled in New England, continues to this day. The mode of payment at the Bank of Hamburg, essentially the same as that of Amsterdam, was supplemented with greater care in the selection of its silver bricks and bars, and coins. For a long period its money standard, or bank credit money of account, commanded a premium of from twenty to

twenty-five per cent. No broker was allowed to open an account with it; only the merchant and the citizen. A pawn office was established in connection with it, where money was loaned on jewelry as well as on gold and silver, to the amount of three-fourths of their value. The management of the mint was also committed to the care of the officers of the bank, and there is no record that they betrayed their trust. It once fell into trouble from over-extending its loans; and its money, captured by Napoleon's marshal, Davoust, was subsequently returned. Being so largely a bank of deposit, and conducted upon principles so conservative, it continues; although it has never obtained the wealth and influence to which its age and position should have entitled it. And a single one of its hoarded silver bricks, compounded at six per cent. interest, would have now amounted to more money than the bank at present contains. It is this loss of interest, which is equivalent each decade to the capital of banks or the hoards of treasuries and the payments of interest, which largely enslave a world. Not such will be the money of the future; when a creation of law will be found to be far better money, and practically costless.\*

In the eleventh century the money of England consisted of *living* and *dead* money; living money being slaves and cattle, and dead money, coins and barter. It is a curious reflection that at the date of the Bank of Venice the white men and women of England were being exported from the slave-markets of Bristol and other ports, at less than the price of a hunting-hawk. When the Hanseatic league was lifting western Europe to civilization, England was sunk in such bar-

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\* Among the payments made to Germany on account of the French indemnity, appears the recoinage of three millions seven hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds sterling of the Hamburg silver bricks, bars, and coin, which, by the new law of the German Empire, were required to be used in liquidating the *marc-banco*, an imaginary money of account, which had existed over a quarter of a thousand years, or since 1619. The French treasury purchased twenty-one million pounds sterling of bills and drafts in *marcs-banco*, and consequently possessed the right of claiming silver. The Hamburg bank was utterly unable to deliver the quantity of silver for which France held acceptances in *marcs-banco*. On February 15, 1873, the old system of Hamburg ceased to exist and was reconstructed under the new law of Germany, which had caught the yellow fever of gold idolatry, for which it is liable to pay the penalty of revolution, in addition to the miseries since its exaction and loss of the French gold indemnity.



barism as prohibited production, security and public happiness. As late as 1366, the coins were very few; and yet, such was the hatred of foreign coins, that strangers were searched by inn-keepers (in 1335) to prevent the importation of foreign money. In 1344 the pound sterling was reduced to two hundred and sixty-six pennies, or twenty-four shillings; although the pound was originally forty shillings. For the century prior to 1659, the average annual coinage of England was less than two hundred thousand pounds sterling, showing the depressed state of production as compared with the present.

William Patterson, following in the footsteps of Yarrington and others, desired banks like those of Holland, to give financial and commercial greatness to his country. Great was the opposition, although the matter had been discussed for fifty years; and while, as a commercial nation, they knew the power and the wealth that had been conferred on Holland. England, having imported a king and queen from that glorious land of honest Dutchmen, was now (1694) for the first time in her history, to charter a bank,—some five hundred and twenty-five years after Venice had pointed out the way. Such is the stubbornness of Englishmen, that we may well pause to ask if another half a thousand years must elapse before they adopt that Venetian system of pure government credit that, when the date and numbers are considered, made her bank the most beneficent and successful ever known in human history?

The Bank of England charter was smuggled through at the tail of an act entitled, "An act granting to their majesties several duties upon tunnage of ships, beer, ale, &c., for securing certain recompenses to such as should subscribe £1,200,000 on a fund of eight per cent." This money was expended; but the bank, although its charter conferred no special power of issuing bank-notes or other paper, assumed the right as incident to its power. Increasing in boldness, although nearly destitute of specie, it issued notes payable in specie on demand;—the beginning of a fraud and falsehood which has done more to curse the English-speaking race than pestilence or famine.

The charter made no reference or regulation with regard to specie, and therefore, the fraudulent issue of promises to

pay what the bank did not possess was the boldest fraud in human history, verily without a parallel in audacity and chicane. When, in less than two years, the bank suspended, it had issued sealed bills to the amount of £893,000, and in bank-notes, £764,196; making £1,657,196 of promises, with only £35,664, of coin on hand—a specie basis of a little more than one dollar in fifty. What a wonderful solvency that specie must have given! Venice, for six hundred years without a panic, pales before it. The great men of Oxford and Cambridge and Threadneedle Street never cease to dilate upon the wonderful achievements of the principal bank of an empire whose sceptre embraces nearly one-fifth of the human race; and yet the absolute circulation of Great Britain is less per capita than one-fifth of what the Venetians had a century ago. For centuries, the merchants of London, and of other great commercial cities of Europe, kept deposits in and paid tribute to the Bank of Venice, and envied the wealth and grandeur of a people few in numbers and otherwise so insignificant. The money-mongers of Europe—of England more than any other country—have succeeded in engrafting this fraudulent system as a scourge upon the human race; a system which has reduced their own people to helpless, hopeless servitude, and which has resulted in placing a man of imperial pretensions upon the woolsack of imperial power. How any man can follow the selfish history of the Bank of England, the fluctuations of gold and rate of discount, and watch the miseries produced by its suspensions and contractions, which have occurred every ten years of its history\*

\* Mr. Schurz, in his address on "Honest Money and Labor," says (p. 37): "When they tell you this, they attempt to deceive you by direct falsehood. Open any text-book on the subject of finance, and you will find that the Bank of England has not suspended specie payments for a single day since the resumption in 1823. What was suspended now and then, in times of panic and extraordinary pressure, was the bank act, the suspension of which permitted the bank to issue a greater quantity of notes in proportion to its reserves!"

If the suspension of the bank charter of 1844, with its specie basis clause, is not a suspension of legal obligation to pay specie, pray what is it? And if the right continued to issue full legal tender paper money, (outside the bank) without limit, which Mr. Schurz admits is not a discharge from legal obligation to pay specie, pray what does legal tender in payment of debts amount to? Does it not practically give the control of all specie and all commodities and the satisfaction of all debts? To illustrate: in 1821 the Bank of England partially resumed. In 1825, after four years of delusive prosperity and the wildest speculation on the so-called specie basis, suddenly

—with the exception of the suspension of a quarter century, from 1797 to 1822—how any man, we repeat, can witness these facts without being convinced that specie basis is an evil, we cannot possibly understand.

In 1797, the Napoleonic wars caused the suspension of the bank, and traced a history of the power of irredeemable paper money, which the people of England will yet read with increasing wonder. The revenue of the United Kingdom grew from £23,126,000 in 1797, to £72,210,000 in 1815; and was "contracted" back to £54,282,000 by 1820. The specie in the bank in 1797, was £7,564,000, and in 1813, 1814, and 1815 it was £2,000,000. Between 1815 and 1822, the paper circulation was contracted £8,335,000, or about two-thirds. The deposits in the bank, in 1797, were 4,892,000, and rose to over £12,000,000 in 1815; falling again £4,094,000 in the year of resumption, 1820. They did not again recover, until about 1844, the highest amount of deposits prior to the contraction and forced resumption that proved so disastrous. The export of cotton goods was, in 1801, £7,000,000; it multiplied four-fold during that suspension, and amounted to £27,000,000 in 1822. The progress of wealth and power was unexampled in human history, with one exception—the United States increased fourteen thousand millions of dollars in the five years succeeding our war,—being the years of the largest amount of currency in its history.

The conquests of arts and arms, during the eighteen years of expansion of pure fiat credit, were without example in the history of England. She won the sovereignty of the ocean at Trafalgar, and the first military place in human history at Waterloo. She became matchless in wealth and power, and is to-day the governor of the largest and most powerful empire of the world. Yet her people are the helpless bond-slaves of a few aristocratic stock-brokers; a single banking-house of whom have acquired,

collapse of credit occurred; eighty-six banks failed, and the Bank of England was reduced to sixteen thousand pounds sterling to redeem eighty-three million dollars of demand-notes. Less than one cent on a dollar! What confidence this must have given is proved by the fact that when the directors voted to put suspension on the door, the timely discovery in the rubbish room of a box of one-pound notes, and their issuance to the surging throng crowding every adjacent avenue, saved the Bank of England. That was nearly as good specie payment, Mr. Schurz, as the suspension of the bank charter and continued legal tender of "rag money."

by the fraud of specie fluctuation, larger sums within a generation than all the banks of England are worth.

Although some fourteen millions of pounds sterling of English paper consols are the real basis of the Bank of England, the ebb and flow of metallic commodity is permitted to fluctuate the values of the United Kingdom at the will of a few men who meet around a table and weekly decide the destiny of their helpless victims. Unsatisfied with the wide-spread panic and disaster of each decade, they have changed the rate of interest as many as eleven times in a single year.\*

If we compare her colossal wealth to the body of a cow, the productive labor of England forms the stomach; that which contains the milk is the currency; while that by which the milk is drawn would represent their specie basis, clasped by these devoted patriots milking, by compression and expansion, the values of that mighty empire at their own will.

The miseries in England at this time, from 1815 to 1822, have no parallel in modern history; and yet the system is held up by many of their *doctrinaires* as the only honest, humane and beneficent system the world has seen. And the millions who toil in hopeless servitude, as tenants-at-will of the aristocracy, are exhibited for the imitation of American freemen.

The contraction of the currency in England and the expansion of it in France afford a contrast that ought to serve as a lesson to the American people; but a comparison between France and Germany is still more impressive. France, abandoning the specie basis, and expanding, to the extent of six hundred and forty millions of dollars, or three thousand two hundred millions of francs, the costless paper of the Bank of France—kept at par by being received and honored by a prostrate and conquered nation—lifts that Gothic empire to stand as the only prosperous nation of Europe today; while Germany, free of debt, exacting more than five thousand millions of francs indemnity, gold value, adopts the gold standard and is as financially subjugated as was France by the arms of the Prussians. The miseries incident to gold, which the German grasped and lost, are well contrasted with the gathered treasures of a world, which France despised and won.

\* The withdrawal of £9,000,000 depreciated public stocks £114,752,225, or \$550,000,000.—See *Secret Comm. Rep. Eng. Parliament*, 1847.

Is it possible that the United States of America, which contrasts the Scotch banking system of contempt of specie with the English idolatry of gold, will bow the knee to the same god? Seeing the Scotch banks without suspension for a century, or without contraction in a panic, clinging to their one-pound notes in spite of the English parliament, which compelled the destruction of all below five pounds in England \*—shall we,

\* One of the improvements in connection with these admirably managed banks, should be the enormous saving that can be effected by substituting the security of mortgage on the entire wealth of the nation for the security which the experience of Amsterdam proves delusive and unsafe. Registered stocks cannot fail; specie, if relied on, always has failed in a panic. The security of the Scotch banks is the number and strength of the individual notes on which credits are based, and the joint action and liability uniting the remotest village with the largest city by more than a thousand branch banks. Three separate names or corporations are required to guarantee the credits; and those credits are made popular by being extended even in small sums of five and ten pounds sterling. Thus every class is interested in maintaining the bank. The government exchequer bills are equitably divided, also, among all the chief banks of Scotland, and form an important government investment readily convertible and constantly being liquidated. Indeed, two hundred and fifty millions of dollars of English exchequer bills have been a great resource for investment and exchange. Forming a currency, if not redeemed within a brief period, they have proved of inestimable value to the business and revenue of the kingdom, and largely assist the people to pay their taxes. France has learned more widely to extend the system, and not only anticipate the revenue, but sell exchange through the various branches of the government treasury; thus transferring capital to the points needing it for exchange and settlement, giving elasticity and governmental protection which the United States would do well to copy.

Colwell, in discussing the English and Scotch systems, writes:

"We should not say English system; there is no system in England, unless it be that of the Bank of England; all else is unsettled, both in general policy and private opinion. There is a prevalent idea among statesmen and writers upon money, that there should be a broad basis of money or gold coin under and as a support to the paper circulation; and it is this idea which banishes all bank-notes under five pounds. Upon this another opinion has more recently grown up, and become a law in the Act of 1844, that a paper currency, to be perfect, should fluctuate as a gold currency would do, if it were the sole medium of payment. To the mind of a Scotch banker, a greater absurdity could not be presented in as many words. He would say: 'What! when a demand springs up for gold in consequence of some foreign war, must we so regulate the issues of our banks, as to reduce the currency of notes in the same proportion that the currency of gold is carried off! Rather should we increase our issues and supply the place of the currency that is exported.' They know that bank-notes can fully discharge the functions of money, for they see it every day; and not only so, but they are certain that almost no business of Scotland is carried on by means of a currency of gold. The Scottish people can never be made to comprehend why their bank-notes, bank deposits, and cash credits, should fluctuate in amount as gold would fluctuate if exclusively employed. These forms of currency do not come of gold; they are not founded upon it, and they have nothing to do with it. In Scotland they understand, as well as they do in England, the use of gold as a commodity, but being a

in view of the infinite oppression which it is believed specie fluctuation has engendered, continue to destroy our own small bills, contract our currency, and worship so fallacious a system as would inevitably change our institutions?

The constantly recurring scarcity of the precious metals,—since their discovery is a matter of chance,—the exhaustion of mines, the uncertainty of new discoveries, subject the world to constant fluctuations in the value of gold; while the growth of wealth and civilization is continuous, and multiplies with each succeeding generation.

As labor-product is the only wealth of civilization, we hold it to be self-evident that that financial system is best which produces the greatest amount of real wealth and most equitably distributes it to the promotion of morality and social health. Any system which is constantly followed by a reversal of the law of growth and expansion in all these particulars, is an imperfect and evil system; and since, with the advent of emblematic money, more has been accomplished in the direction of wealth and civilization, arts and commerce than in all the previous history of man,—let us not dismiss, as a poet's dream, a kind of money created by law, limited by law, and made of paper only. Not promises to pay, not certificates of debt, but real coined paper; a standard for the reception of all taxes, the exaction of all dues and the payment of all debts, public and private.\* There ought to be no intrinsic value in money.

costly commodity, they do not incline to employ it as a currency, except so far as their bank currency fails of its object; nor do they wish to purchase or hold it as a commodity, except for such special purpose as may promise adequate advantage. Their system of banking enables them to dispense with it almost entirely. In this, they are far from thinking themselves behind their neighbors in intelligence or financial skill."—*The Ways and Means of Payment*, pp. 426-7.

\* "Metallic money, while acting as coin, is identical with paper money in respect of being destitute of intrinsic value; with this single difference, that when it is desired to reproduce that intrinsic value, the sovereign can be instantly turned into bullion." \* \* \* "Still, while circulating, both make no use of intrinsic value; and this is the great point to grasp firmly."—*North British Review*, Nov. 1861.

"Money is, as it were, the substitute for legal demands (for payments) and hence, it has the name νομισμα (that which is established by law) because, it is not so by nature, but by law; and because, it is in our power to change it and render it useless."—*Aristotle*.

It ought to be the creation of law—an invention of civilized man to take the place of barter, a mere convenience to facilitate exchange.

The only question in the minds of many intelligent opponents of paper money is the question of limitation. They insist that if the proportion of monetary tools to products is increased, the value of each unit of money lessens, and the price of the corresponding amount of labor-products is advanced, to the detriment of the creditor. And this is true, to a certain extent; and unjust if that certificate of debt be the creditor's all, and he receive no corresponding benefit. But from 1865 to 1872 the United States doubled its real wealth. Entering the war with but seventeen thousand millions of dollars in 1860, and wasting more than half of it in battle, siege and lost labor, five years after the close of the war we find the country possessed of more than thirty thousand millions of dollars.

The productions of labor, by inventions and improved methods of civilization, were four-fold per capita of the result sixty years previous. Hence the banker, the man of capital and enterprise, shared with labor the advance caused by the increase of the instrument of circulation of civilization—money. Product, in 1873, had surpassed the symbol of exchange and, by doubling the goods to be transferred, effected a proportional contraction of monetary units, which the government had further aggravated by contraction of legal tenders, some of them interest-bearing, to an extent equaling the present circulation.\* Hence

\* "Substituting bank-notes for the still remaining greenbacks means, therefore, the reduction of the public debt by the amount of \$346,000,000; substituting greenbacks for bank-notes, on the contrary, means an increase of the public debt by \$322,000,000—difference to the tax-payer \$668,000,000, or considerably more than the reduction which has been accomplished by twelve years of burdensome taxation."—Geo. W. Walker, in the *International Review* for March, 1879.

How a man can dare such unblushing insult to the intelligence of this day and age, is past understanding. Suppose this three-fourths of a billion is taken from tax-payers and given to bankers. The banker then obtains six per cent. on what he owes the people for. The people *pay* six per cent. for loans, to supply the money taken from them. The result, at the next centennial, is precisely as follows; by adding savings-bank interest at six per cent. the sum of \$668,000,000 compounds three hundred and forty-fold, \$227,120,000,000, robbing the toiler of that amount of savings.



panic and wide-spread commercial disaster were inevitable.\*

\* How shall the issue of money be limited? By the supreme law of the nation, by which every property right is held. It is undeniable that if paper money were issued like the leaves of autumn, it would be of little worth. But its limitation is neither impossible nor difficult; while the metallic basis, to which the opponent flies, would leave man dependent on the chance discovery of mines, and civilization must sooner or later lapse as certainly as if human existence depended on like chance discoveries. The nation, by legal enactment or constitutional amendment, can make it as impossible to unduly expand the monetary units of the nation in proportion to the number of individuals and the increase of commodity, as it would be to expand the title deeds of the national lands; and the fundamental law by which every right, realty and personalty is protected is the last appeal for human existence in savage or in civilized life. It is safer to commit the interests of all to the power of all, to the protection of all, as represented by constitutional mandate, than to leave them to the tender mercies of monetary capitalists, of money-mongers and syndicates, who alone are now consulted by kings, cabinets and congresses. The divine right of kings has been somewhat shaken, but the divine right of the money-mongers has yet to be tested in the final battle for human liberty. It is infinitely more oppressive to control the monetary system in the interests of such men than the acts of any single tyrant can be; since there is no tyranny like that of a misled public opinion, no fury so unreasoning as commercial panic, no currency so unjust as non-political currency; and failure to control the money of a nation by the people and for the people will end free government and give us finally an aristocracy of wealth, greed, power and cruelty unexampled in human history—all in the name of "honest money." Doubtless, the honest money leagues of the Judaean temple furnished the thirty pieces of silver for which Jesus was betrayed, and preferred Barabbas or any other robber to One who believed the widow's mite was more potent with Jehovah than the treasures of that saintly organization—the money-changers of the temple—who were in great distress for hundred-cent dollars, and would have accused Jesus as a tramp.

The men who fear governmental over-issue advocate the issuance of three or four hundred per cent. of *individual* or *corporate* paper currency, on which they can obtain interest by having twenty-five per cent. of coin. But, if it is sound for a bank to issue three hundred per cent. more than its basis, it cannot be unsound for a nation to issue three per cent. of the most useful tool for transferring its exchanges. If it is right for the individual and corporate banker to obtain interest on what he owes people for, by usurping the governmental function of fiat money, is it dishonest for the nation to save its people from the relentless scourge of that wasting exaction of interest?

The right of stamping and issuing money is a national function; the money of the people should be created by the people and for the people; else they delegate their right to those already rich and powerful by usury; else they who toil not, neither spin, can embitter the lives of their interest-burdened slaves with hard bondage; else private greed and corporate power and cunning is made omnipotent.

If the money-monger creates the tool and can lock it up at will, he limits production and leaves the laborer like a farmer deprived of agricultural implements, idle, starving and helpless, while possessing the richest and broadest lands. They who control the purse control the sword and really govern king and peasant.

The governmental imprint makes the silver coinage of the United States and France at par, regardless of its intrinsic value. Gold in use wears from one to three per cent. annually, and the lost interest is more than six per cent. to the people compelled to mine gold.

The postage and revenue stamps are issued to the extent of hundreds



As contraction of monetary tools in Ireland in 1822 compelled starvation amid abounding harvest, as contraction in England, from 1816 to 1821, produced more dire results than war, pestilence, or famine, so in all ages one result has followed contraction—death to enterprise, oppression of labor, and increase of human misery.

The decline and fall of the Roman Empire has been attributed to the contraction of the metallic money in which all dues were exacted, and which decreased from one billion eight hundred millions, at the end of the first century, to less than two hundred millions at the close of the fifteenth. Well does the monetary commission of the United States Senate say:

"During this period a most extraordinary and baleful change took place in the condition of the world. Population dwindled, and commerce, arts, wealth and freedom all disappeared. The people were reduced by poverty and misery to the most degraded conditions of serfdom and slavery. The disintegration of society was almost complete. The conditions of life were so hard, that individual selfishness was the only thing consistent with the instinct of self-preservation. All public spirit, all generous emotions, all the noble aspirations of man shrivelled and disappeared as the volume of money shrunk, and as prices fell.

"History records no such disastrous transition as that from the Roman Empire to the Dark Ages. Various explanations have been given of this entire breaking down of the framework of society, but it was certainly coincident with a shrinkage in the value of money, which was also without historical parallel. The crumbling of institutions kept even step and pace with the shrinkage in the stocks and the falling of prices. All other attendant circumstances than these have occurred in other historical periods unaccompanied and unfollowed by any such mighty disasters. It is a suggestive coincidence that the first glimmer

of millions annually, are costless to the nation and are not interest-bearing. Is there any danger of over-issue? The bonds of the nation are promises to pay, whose compound interest would require a hundred fold each century. Is there not danger of *their* over-issue? If, by the United States census, the government should furnish tools of exchange based on a per capita increase of men and a percentage increase of property and commodity to be transferred, would any more be taken for use, in proportion, than of revenue and postage stamps? Suppose, through the fifty thousand post-offices of the nation, allowance were made of one per cent. interest for idle money, and the issuance by law prohibited automatically on all occasions when the pores of the body politic should appear to be clogged with unused surplus money—would a margin be found, and the exact ratio of units of commodity and units of money maintained? It is the destruction of the equilibrium by over-issue or by sudden contraction which must be prevented. Congestion of money in Wall Street, N. Y., is death by apoplexy.

of light only came with the invention of bills of exchange and paper substitutes, through which the scanty stock of the precious metals was increased in efficiency. But not less than the energizing influence of Potosi and the argosies of treasures from the New World were needed to arouse the Old World from its comatose sleep, to quicken the torpid limbs of industry, and to plume the leaden wings of commerce. It needed the heroic treatment of rising prices to enable society to reunite its shattered limbs, to shake off the shackles of feudalism, to relight and relift the almost extinguished torch of civilization. That the disasters of the Dark Ages were caused by decreasing money and falling prices, and that the recovery therefrom and the comparative prosperity which followed the discovery of America were due to an increasing supply of the precious metals and rising prices, will not seem surprising or unreasonable when the noble functions of money are considered. Money is the great instrument of association, the very fibre of social organism, the vitalizing force of industry, the protoplasm of civilization, and as essential to its existence as oxygen is to animal life. Without money civilization could not have had a beginning; with a diminishing supply it must languish, and, unless relieved, finally perish."\* (See note on page 362.)

The benefits of paper money are illustrated by the experience of England during her last Napoleonic war. During a portion of this time, or from 1805 to 1815, Mr. Patterson says that, there was scarcely a gold sovereign in the bank of England, but the extension and substitution of paper was so complete as to treble the production and the revenues of the empire.† And this was at a time when great fleets had to be created and maintained, armies equipped, and Europe subsidized; when the less than twenty millions of Englishmen were confronted by the hundred and fifty millions under the sceptre of Napoleon and his coadjutors. By twelve years of unredeemable paper, England conquered the world of commerce and finance, expanded four-fold her cotton, iron, and woollen industries, and established her Staffordshire potteries, which surpass those of China.

If we were to close our pocket map upon a fly, it would

\* *Senate Report, 44th Congress, No. 703, p. 50.*

† "For many years during the great war with Napoleon, especially from 1808 to 1815, there was hardly a sovereign left in the country. \* \* \* At such a time—and it may occur again—the supporters of the 'variation' theory would have left nothing to vary. The gold being 0, the paper-currency should also be 0! To hold such a doctrine is to bid defiance to common-sense."—*The Economy of Capital, p. 200.*

blot out England from the map of the world; yet by stimulating her industries and courage with the prosperity of exchanges based only on paper money, she was enabled to stretch her sceptre over as large a population as that of Europe. She acquired the leading fortresses and headlands of the world, burned the American capitol, and actually enslaved American seamen on her ships of war; and while dethroning Napoleon and conquering India, she yet was herself to be conquered by the cunning teachings of Ricardo and kindred bullionists. She demonetized silver in 1816, attempted forced resumption in 1817, and caused the failure of two hundred banks thereby. Inexorably the bullion report of Parliament pressed the helpless millions of England to their doom. The Sir Robert Peel bill followed; and, by 1821, all opposition had been subdued. Six years of human misery, seldom paralleled, had reduced the heroes who conquered at Trafalgar and Waterloo, and had carried her banner round the world, to practical enslavement.

The horrible results from 1815 to 1844, may be thus summed up: it reduced the landholders of England, Ireland and Scotland from one hundred and seventy-five thousand to thirty thousand; ruined hundreds of banks and tens of thousands of enterprising merchants and manufacturers; caused the men of Waterloo to pawn forty-four Waterloo medals to one pawnbroker in a single season, and thousands of Christians to pawn their Bibles for bread to keep their children from absolute starvation. The army, no longer used for glory, was called out to shoot down the starving laborers, who with machinery-riot and incendiary torch lighted the midnight skies. Not one farm laborer rose from the most abject serfdom during twenty succeeding years. Over the humble cottage could have been written: "who enters the ranks of labor in cruel Albion, leaves for himself, his children and his children's children all hope behind." The growth of English aristocracy and the idea of divine right of wealth to rule may be observed here in the course of government on the currency question, and in the spirit of our leading journals, reviews and literature.

Society is rapidly dividing into two classes: one, the bullionists who believe with Lord Macaulay that Thomas

Jefferson and his Declaration of Independence are unsuited to our high civilization, and that a third term president, a military dictator is certain, if not desirable; the other, who believe in universal suffrage and absolute national paper money. These last have tasted, from 1865 to 1872, the blessings of a money system that doubled in that brief period, without the use of a gold coin, the accumulation of two centuries; and believe firmly in ample money tools and expansion, as necessary to national growth and personal prosperity. Since that period, we have had unexampled harvests of cereals and cotton; peace and general health without prosperity. We have increased indebtedness without increasing national wealth. Productions from farm and mill and mine were never so great, and the miseries of the poor never so severe. Fifty thousand merchants have been driven to bankruptcy; an increase of more than thirty fold over the bankruptcies of 1865, was the record of 1878. Nine States in bankruptcy, to say nothing of cities, counties and towns! While the railways, upon which nearly all inter-State commerce depends, and the great mines with their mineral stores laid up for ages, have largely been wrested from the hands of their former owners. The cause of all this misery will, in the coming election, be charged on each of the opposing parties; and it is evidently a fault of the present money and financial system, that has stricken all enterprise dead, in the field of its hitherto glorious triumphs. Why should the shoemaker's children of New England starve for the bread which their cousins are burning in western States to warm their shoeless feet? Why, with over-production of textile fabrics, should nakedness increase? Why, with matchless harvests, should pinching hunger drive millions to death by disease and want, engendered during the last six years of misery? Why, in a growing nation, should a million foreclosures of mortgages take from the cottager his home, from the farmer the estate rescued from the wolf and the wilderness by his toil and courage? Why are the hewers of our mountain oaks and the builders of our splendid ships folding their hands in idleness,—and Donald McKay, the builder of the "Great Republic," retired to farm-

ing! True, a few corporations are advancing with giant tread, and absorbing what remains of wealth and productive effort; and the American and foreign syndicates are the only persons consulted in the administration of the financial affairs of the government. Unless the people require answer for these changes in 1880, it is confidently believed they will never have the opportunity of successful resistance to an aristocracy of wealth. Government of the people, for the people, and by the people, will have indeed perished from the earth, when men can join in insults to Thomas Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence in the "Cradle of Liberty" at Boston, as was lately done by reading Macaulay's letter.

It is useless to underestimate the gigantic power of the moneyed interest. Yet of all these forces, the press and the pulpit are more potent than the personal influence of bankers and capitalists. Through them, Mr. Carroll Wright sends forth statistics showing that an army of half a million are idle, while the machinery of silent mills would increase it to double that number in the loss of productive force. Suppose we compute the loss at a million dollars a day; it is treble the burden of our national debt. But Mr. Wright's statistics, based on Massachusetts alone, are misleading. No State is so abundantly supplied with capital as Massachusetts; none so humane and well-governed; nowhere is idleness so reprobated; while stringent laws permit the removal of the indigent to the workhouse, or the vagrant to the prison. Hence the reluctance of her suffering poor to confess their non-employment to the officers of the law,—the selectmen in the country towns and the police in the cities; who, strange to say, were the ones chosen to collect the information. "In vain is the snare spread in the sight of any bird." When Massachusetts men confess that they are hopeless of employment, the end of all things is near.

But there is one key unlocking what is passing in the experience of the men of Massachusetts. The vital statistics, of the founding of families, from year to year, are the best indication of present employment and hope for the future. *These* tell whether the savings-bank accounts are growing, or,

by their decline may have indicated, in advance of the passage of the law, the suspension of the savings-banks of the Commonwealth, that has so recently occurred. *They* are the barometers. How comes it, that marriages have fallen off twenty-two per cent. since the panic—in the last six years—in a State where young men and maidens are in the habit of keeping their engagements; where adultery is a crime punishable by the state-prison; where the standard of morality and intelligence is higher than in any other portion of the world? Productive enterprise and effective labor-employment, which support the home, must have fallen off in much greater ratio. Nothing can demonstrate more forcibly how utterly delusive are the comforting assurances of Mr. Wright, that everybody is employed, industrious and happy.

Applying the statistics of the past decade to the supposed present population of the United States, the various classes of the employed and productive embrace more than fifteen millions of individuals. A depression of twenty-two per cent. is equivalent to the loss of nearly two thousand millions of days' work annually, or as many dollars, of intrinsic values, of that labor-product which alone forms the wealth of nations and the gold of commerce. We have not taken into account the loss of machinery-production, or the almost limitless power of expansion of coal, iron, cotton, woollen and wooden industries, in which we should surpass all other nations because we have more of these rich endowments than the rest of the world. Sixty-one per cent. of the iron furnaces were idle in March, 1878, which may be taken as a fair average of the past six years. The addition of this gigantic wealth, with the expansion of the real estate they would have supported, with the advent on our shores of millions of productive Europeans, would have nearly doubled the values of the forty billions we possessed in 1872, but for the folly of national suicide which we are examining.

We passed our "robber-act," looking to forced resumption, in 1869. Italy began her expansion about the same time. Let us compare the result, of the paper lira there, and the effort for metallic money here. Seven hundred millions of gold beyond the sum loaned in the five-twenty bonds, was

the first instalment to the syndicate, which bonds, as fast as due, were to have been paid off with paper money—and worth double in gold what they were at the time of their investment—in accordance with the terms in which they were written. Italy, by expansion, rose from the sleep of a thousand years, and has multiplied her commerce four-fold and her railways seven-fold; while all the ship-yards of America have been reduced to silence. Italy has completed her railway system, tunnelling Alp and Apennine with hundreds of miles through the adamantine rock of the mountain; while we, who built railways enough from 1865 to the end of 1873, to twice belt the globe, have ceased to build. Italy has set her millions of beggars to work in productive enterprises; while we, after crowding almshouse and prison to repletion, have covered our land with starving tramps. This contrast we impute to the fact that they expanded, and we contracted, the tools of exchange—paper money. We had more than doubled the accumulations of two centuries, from 1865 to 1875, and probably required twice the volume of currency of '65 to retain the equilibrium of prices, the proportion between the units of money and the units of intrinsic values—labor-product.

Indebtedness, it is believed, has swelled to the colossal proportions, individual, corporate, municipal, State and national, of eighteen thousand millions. This would require the continuous labor of nearly four millions of men to discharge the interest burden at the high rates it bears throughout the States of the Union (*See Senate Report*). To stop production is to invite revolution and national bankruptcy alike; and as production alone is wealth, and none can ever have too much wealth if exchange be free, there is no madness greater than the contraction of the tool, money, which in all the ages, experience has proved, oppresses by its all-pervading force, the king on his throne and the beggar in his hovel.

Great is the outcry of bullionists against suffrage; surprising their discoveries of increasing ignorance in America. We have sixty thousand free pulpits and no established church; two hundred thousand teachers of free-schools and only twenty thousand soldiers; while the only patents of nobility have

been issued to the extent of more than two hundred and ten thousand from the Patent Office to the artisans and farmers of America. To clean and spin the cotton and reap the limitless harvests, to span the continent with palace trains and belt the world with lightning—this has been the work of the American, celebrated at the close of his first centennial. The membership of our Christian churches is today fourteen where it was formerly six, in proportion to our population. The increase of education and invention, of wealth and civilization, is in even greater ratio. Yet, under the promptings of the all-deceiving, all-pervading power of home and foreign syndicates, the very fountains of intelligence, of patriotism, of piety, are being poisoned by false teachings of the nature of money.

How dull are their perceptions of the movement of American thought, which has increased the votes given to Peter Cooper, two years ago, thirteen-fold within twenty-four months, without the incentive of political victory! Until the balance of power in every State in the Union and in the national government is in the hands of men who believe that money is the creation of law and not a commodity of nature; that, if it is safe for a bank to resume with twenty-five cents on a dollar, of a fluctuating commodity, the credit of a great nation is far better security; and that its costless unfluctuating money shall yet prove the emancipator of a world in chains.

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*Note referred to on page 356.* Mr. William Jacob, F. R. S., gives the following table of the amount of coin in circulation at various periods:

A. D.	14,	£358,000,000	About	\$1,790,000,000
	230,	181,943,000	"	909,000,000
	410,	107,435,924	"	537,000,000
	662,	51,324,889	"	256,000,000
	806,	33,674,256	"	168,000,000



## ART. VII.—BIBLIOGRAPHY.

## THEOLOGY.

*Literae Encyclicae Leonis, P. P. XIII.* Romae v. Id. Dec.  
MDCCCLXXVIII.

PERHAPS the most telling indication of the passing away of the Papal power to its enemy, or to even an indifferentist, is furnished by the Encyclical of Leo XIII, of the 28th December, 1878, inasmuch as his holiness explains instead of anathematizing. This document will be read in places into which the most popular novel never penetrates. It will be heard where formal State papers and the proceedings of Reichstags are unknown; and its influence will be more potent to inspire distrust of socialism, with which it mainly deals, than the gag-law of Bismarck or the death-sentence of Moncasi. Though happily free from those turbulent influences herein so bitterly denounced, the American people should weigh the utterances of a man who confessedly exerts the greatest moral influence in Christendom.

A Papal Encyclical differs from a Brief or a Bull in having only an exhortatory character. It is the Pastoral of the supreme Bishop of the Church, and is drawn up with special advertence to existing evils. The Encyclicals of the Popes furnish a running commentary upon the ethical condition of the age from a world-wide or œcumenical standpoint; for the special scandals and distresses of particular churches are prescribed for *aliunde*. The Roman Church unquestionably possesses the most diversified means of keeping informed of the moral condition of the world, and her purely admonitory documents are of deep interest even to the mere student of morals.

There is something very gratifying in the reflection that the Pope's words do not apply to the political or the general moral condition of the United States, however apropos they may be to the chaotic state of the South American republics or to the wild dreams of European communists. A comprehensive glance over the world, such as the Pope necessarily takes, reveals little outside of our own land to encourage the Pope of the stability of republican institutions; and our own unhappy political *gaucheries* (not to use a harsher term) have inflicted an awkward blow to the cause of universal liberty, from which she will be long in

recovering. The French Revolution awakened the spirit of liberty in Europe, a spirit immortal, and, despite its primitive anarchic fury, worthy of a joyful obedience, as the present political condition of France abundantly indicates. The American republic, free from wretched traditions, and unhampered or besieged by deadly enemies upon her borders, shows the intrinsic excellence of republicanism; just as France, under less happy conditions, shows its ability to form and mould a nation into a higher and nobler loyalty than that paid to immemorial kingship or dazzling military renown.

But the Church can never rid herself of the fear of the license, which in her experience, if not in her hope or definition, is synonymous with liberty. Hence we find Leo classifying Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, Rationalism, Republicanism, and even Protestantism, as "a new godlessness unknown even to Pagans." As this is the view taken by Rome since the date of the Reformation, it is of interest to know on what it is based. Has it any scientific or historical foundation, or is it, as Hallam declares, a resultant "of the impotent fury of a feeble old Pontiff (amid the ruins of the Vatican), throwing a harmless dart?"

With the exception of Bossuet, who indeed is severe enough upon Protestantism, all Catholic theologians and historians assume that the religious rebellion of the sixteenth century, against the authority of the Church, was the cause of woes unnumbered. And certainly, the Protestant idea is a most complete and unhealable disruption from Catholicism. Other religious differences admit of certain explanations and solutions. The Greek schism from Rome, and the various Oriental sects with their minute but indifferent variations from orthodoxy, claim the name Catholic in its apostolic acceptance, and retain the hierarchical and the sacramental order with a vigor and belief equal to Rome's. But Protestantism strikes at the very principle of religious authority—obedience to the Church. It broke the historical life of the Church, by denying her Apostolicity. It overthrew the priestly idea, for both Luther and Calvin taught the universal priesthood of all believers. The priest in Catholicism, both Eastern and Western, is an essential factor; but the Protestant minister loudly disclaims any mystic or sacramental or authoritative powers independent of, or different from, those of the individual members of his congregation.

The spirit of free enquiry, of rational investigation and of Scripture interpretation let loose by Protestantism, flew at once at the Church, and unfortunately in time turned upon its liberator. The great mistake of the Reformation was the bitterness of merely personal feeling kept up by theological disputants. For scores of years the proper plan of polemics was to call names. Everybody knows the terribly sarcastic powers of Luther; the fierceness of his diatribes; the cruel nicknames which he bestowed

upon all that Christendom had hitherto honored. It might have been necessary for Thor to hammer down the altar, but there was no need for him to unchain the tempests.

There could be no concession on the part of the Church for a *doctrinal* modification. But she herself could have reformed her members morally. The most sacred Catholic principle, which it is doctrinal death to give up, is the infallibility and immutability in faith guaranteed her by her founder. The Reformers should have stuck to infallibility—and to its embodied idea in the living Church—and they might have declaimed to their heart's content against moral abuses. But they denied the cardinal principle of authority. They set up the Bible in lieu of the Church. They made every man and every woman a priest, and thus introduced an order of things with which the Church must be in perpetual antagonism.

It is nonsense for Catholic theologians to ascribe to the Reformation the infidel philosophy of the eighteenth century. A writer in this REVIEW for January, (Art. *Voltaire*, etc.) has indicated the sufficient causes, and such an explanation suffices of itself to disprove this oft-made assertion. What Catholic theologians mean and should say is that all such movements as the French Revolution, Rationalism, &c., are antagonistic to Catholicism, but not necessarily so to Protestantism. Why? Pope Leo gives the immemorial tradition of the Church, that *all* authority is from God, and the State is the secular arm. In philosophy, Aristotle is almost of faith. Wherever the Church prevails, there government, no matter how tyrannous, or how liberal, is upheld, just because it *is* government. A Catholic is taught to obey power because it is power. All the refinements of all the theologians in the world cannot explain the action of the Church, whenever she has been brought face to face with this question. Even iniquitous usurpations have been sanctioned, when established, and the people ordered to obey. This we conceive is the logical reason why the capitalization of the Kingdom of Italy in Rome, now an accomplished fact, has Pope Leo for its friend or tolerant, as it will have his successors for its most ardent defenders. Not that the Church hates tyranny and denounces usurpations less, but she loves even the shadow of law more.

A large space is devoted in the Encyclical to the denunciation of secret societies, by which is meant conspiracies. The *raison d'être* of these organizations is the suppression of free speech and free discussion. There is no question of their grave danger to the State, and of course to the Church. Pope Leo knows well that if these turbulent enemies once gain the ascendancy in Germany, the terrible Bismarck would be a Constantine, compared with the destruction that would fall upon all Christianity. In America we let a demagogue talk himself to death, after nearly inflicting the same punishment upon his hearers. But if we should

suppress him, or his books and papers, signal him out for that notoriety dear to a patriot, persecute and exile him, his followers would increase a hundred fold. It may be of interest to know that the secret societies here denounced by the holy Father are those that are pledged to overthrow government and redistribute property. It is a subject of grave importance to statesmen to notice the growth of this idea. It is world-wide, and no doubt will yet embody itself in some frightful outbreak.

The Pope's words upon the relaxation of the marriage bond have little relevancy here. With all our liberalism, we are averse to those views of matrimonial liberty of conscience of which in France George Sand has been the modern evangelist. In the happily rare cases of conjugal infidelity, the American husband generally shoots the paramour, as he does also the seducer of his daughter; nor has any jury in the land hung him for so doing. The anomaly of Mormonism is detested quite as much by husbands as by wives. Humanly speaking, there can be no higher ideal of matrimony than that which the Church inculcates. She does not recognize even adultery as a ground for divorce *a vinculo*. She proclaims the sacramental nature of marriage in all cases where both parties are baptized, even if they be not of the visible communion of the Church, as for example, Protestants; and many of her severest trials have resulted from her pronounced views upon this very subject. The Pope alludes to the interference of the civil authority in this matter which is claimed to fall essentially under the regimen of the Church. It is certainly to be regretted that marriage should be considered as the slightest of natural contracts, and drawing its laws not from its essential holiness but exclusively from the varying conditions of physical or mental aptitudes.

The document on the whole is worthy of the attention of the theologian and the passing notice of the general reader. There seems to be a very general impression that Leo is a great, wise, moderate and liberal man, willing to make any sacrifice that will benefit the world. He understands its hopes, and his moral prescience warns him of its dangers. His letter is full of "sweetness and light," and its character is such as to draw the attention of a petulant age which is rapidly outgrowing all respect for authority.

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*A Candid Examination of Theism.* 12° pp. 197. By "PHYSICUS." Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. 1878.

THE *Examination of Theism* by an anonymous writer, forms the thirteenth volume of the series of the "English and Foreign

Philosophical Library," in course of publication by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Company.

The method pursued by the author in this "examination" is that of Herbert Spencer, namely, pure reason; and naturally enough he arrives at a conclusion, as to the existence of a personal God, which Mr. Spencer long since reached,—“suspended judgment.” The author may be regarded as a type of the Inductive school; calm in judgment, clear in logic, fearless of conclusions. In all those particulars, his work might have been the product of a Hume, except that the author adheres more closely than did Mr. Hume to the inductive method. He takes nothing for granted, except the demonstrable, and assumes nothing, except a premise. It is delightful to follow his even flowing rhetoric from facts to inference, in the realm of the knowable, and to observe the strictness with which he confines himself to the boundaries of reason, and declines to permit the imaginative faculty, of which, it is clear, he is by no means destitute, to take him off of *terra firma*, into the unknown regions of the speculative. “For aught that speculative reason can ever from henceforth show to the contrary,” he observes, “the evolution of all the diverse phenomena of inorganic nature, of life and of mind, appears to be as necessary and self-determined as is the being of that mysterious Something which is Everything,—the Entity we must all believe in, which without condition and beyond relation holds its existence in itself” (p. 57). In this position we heartily concur.

Despite the author's declared bias toward Agnosticism, there is a peculiar charm in his method which commends the volume to one's attention. In the first place the author is cogent and lucid. If one grants his premises, it is impossible, as a general thing, to escape his conclusion. He is strictly true to himself—to his method. For aught one knows he may be a disciple of Thomas Aquinas, withholding his own view and setting forth that of the logician from demonstrable data. Were that excellent saint to write from the inductive standpoint he would probably arrive at no different conclusion. The schoolman, therefore, will find little in the volume of which to complain, but on the contrary, a great deal to commend. It would be as sensible to find fault with the rule of three, or the demonstration of the square root, as with the logic of “*Physicus*.” His *line* of argument may be that of a Pagan, but his *style* of argument is worthy the emulation of a Christian.

We cannot, of course, in this place, follow our author step by step in his course through the abstract complexities of this subject. The conclusion at which he arrives—with apparent unwillingness—has already been intimated. But it will appear still clearer from the following:

“And looking to the present condition of speculative

philosophy, I regard it as of the utmost importance to have shown that the advance of science has now entitled us to assert, without the least hesitation, that the hypothesis of Mind in nature is as certainly superfluous to account for any of the phenomena of nature, as the scientific doctrine of the persistence of force and the indestructibility of matter is certainly true." (p. 113.)

The first objection we have to urge, from the scientific point of view, against the author's position, may be found in his definition of Mind. He accepts the doctrine of the correlation of force, by which a clear analogy is traced between what is called Mind-force and Sun-force, or light, but ignores its full significance. If this doctrine be well-founded, there is no difficulty in recognizing Mind even in inorganic nature. The so-called physical forces must be regarded as forms of Mind, each possessing a mode of acting peculiar to itself. This mode of acting on the part of molecules is usually referred to Law. But law is a term signifying order, or method, and does not explain the subjective cause of any phenomena. The formation of a crystal, the growth of a flower, and the building of an engine equally display a coördinating design, differing it may be, in each of these instances, in degree, but by no means in kind, though the latter is effected by human hands under the laws of cerebral forces, and the others are effected by chemical affinity under the laws of solar light. The conclusion is inevitable, therefore, of the existence of Mind in nature.

Moreover, to disconnect the marvellous processes which ultimate the crystal and the molecule and the endless varieties of vegetable forms from *mental* agencies, is to rob nature of her fructifying inspiration, and to shut our eyes to a system of causation of inconceivable grandeur, and which constitutes, to the reflective observer, her chiefest glory. It is moreover a procedure quite unnecessary to the requirements of science.\* Nay, stronger than that: it is an atheism opposed to the scientific doctrine of molecular physics.

The second objection we have to make to the conclusion of "Physicus," is his assumption of the exhaustible character of scientific data. His evident anxiety to conclude the whole matter often betrays him into a manner of writing as if scientific discovery were at an end, and it were impossible that a new factor should be found capable of disturbing or upsetting his solution. Such a position is an extremely awkward one for "Physicus" to assume. It cannot be possible that scientific discovery has reached its ultimate. By means of more sensitive faculties and improved instruments of observation, the realm of human knowledge has been vastly extended within the last decade. Nor is there any reason to suppose that it is limitable. The achievements of the past few years in the domain of psychology alone give promise of a future in that direction of sur-

passing brilliancy. And, be it observed, until scientific data shall be all in hand, it were idle to close the account and make up the result.

The third objection to the conclusion of "Physicus" which we have to urge, may be found in his habit of underrating the importance of emotional phenomena. He fails to give to prayer, for example, due significance in respect of the existence of an ideal Supremacy. So, likewise, Love, Faith, Intuition, Aspiration and Belief are not given due weight by him—a common error on the part of scientists, which is largely due, no doubt, to the brainless bigots who have hitherto held a monopoly of religious belief and have accordingly brought it into contempt. If it be said that these things come not within the pale of scientific induction, we beg leave to reply that the phenomena of the emotions must be regarded as susceptible of scientific classification; and that science shall not have affixed the last star in the galaxy of her achievements until she has effected such a classification and placed its significance beyond the cavil of honest doubt.

Finally, we remark that the work of "Physicus" is a valuable contribution to the scientific basis of unbelief, and will be of signal service in enabling the skeptic and believer to understand each other.

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*Essays and Reviews.* 8° pp. 633. By CHARLES HODGE, D. D.  
New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1879.

THE America of our day has produced no figure in theology more prominent than the late Dr. Hodge. From his commanding position at Princeton he sent forth, during half a century, an influence as profound as it was far-reaching. He was the great expounder and defender of the old-school theology; the supporter of Augustine and Calvin in the new world of the West. His nature was sturdy and unflinching; intensely honest in its convictions and loyal to the consequences of those convictions. Step by step, he reasoned his way through the labyrinthine, and often forbidding, paths of the strictest Scotch Presbyterianism; and he taught its principles and followed its tendencies with a remorseless logic that is sometimes appalling to contemplate. He had, moreover, the rare faculty of imparting his views to his pupils; of making them cling to the hearer's mind with an unconquerable pertinacity. Such are the greatest causes of his influence. He dealt in no negations; he had something to-day that must be said; he made of his students listeners who must listen. If his influence is today fading—even while his reputation remains as great as ever—it is because of the rapid advance of

rationalistic thought, before which he was constitutionally unable to yield, and with which his theology is, by its very nature, unable to compromise.

Theology, with Dr. Hodge, was not a progressive science. Like Aaron's rod, it had reached its full growth, was inclosed within the Ark, and refused to blossom any more. On the other hand, with his great—and in our opinion greater—antagonist, Dr. Park, theology is not only aggressive but progressive. It is a living branch, from which we may constantly expect fresh buds and new growth. This point is clearly discernible in the present *Essays and Reviews*, a new edition of a collection of remarkable contributions by Dr. Hodge to the old *Princeton Review*. As one of the younger generation we read these pages with intense interest. They produce upon us somewhat the effect of Baron Jomini's volumes. We witness the skilful manœuvring for position, the marshalling of forces, the onset and the struggle. Socinian, Pelagian, Augustinian,—all are here. It is the old, old strife; but on one side is theological despotism, on the other, theological freedom; and we feel, as we read the controversy which forms the most interesting part of this volume, that the Andover teacher is leading the advance-guard of a theology that will go on conquering and to conquer.

Perhaps the most important essay, after these three on "The Theology of the Intellect and that of the Feelings," is the famous one on "Slavery" which, with its sophistries and half-views of truth, did so much to harden the Southern conscience.

We would especially urge every student in our theological seminaries to read this book. They will receive here many keen thrusts that will make them look well to their armor.

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*Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scripture.* 8° pp. 738.

By HENRY M. HARMAN, D. D., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature in Dickinson College. New York: Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 1879.

IN these days of incessant assault against the very grounds of the Christian religion, it behooves the defenders of the faith to "walk about Zion" and "mark well her bulwarks." It often seems to us that those who are preëminently Biblical scholars are more fully awake to the requirements of the age than such as are more strictly theologians. At all events, there never was a time when Biblical literature multiplied so rapidly, or when such erudition and research were given to the elucidation of Scripture. A most notable example of all this is the volume before us, which



is the first of a newly projected "Library of Theological and Biblical Literature, edited by George R. Crooks, D. D., and John F. Hurst, D. D." It is intended that the series shall supply both ministers and laymen with a compendious apparatus for study—when used in connection with the Bible commentaries. Of the twelve volumes in preparation, all except those on Systematic Theology and Methodology will doubtless be of equal interest to students of every denomination. With the reputation of some of the writers we are not familiar, but Dr. Winchell, on Christian Theism and Modern Science; Dr. Crooks, on the History of Christian Doctrine; and Dr. Hurst, on the History of the Christian Church, will surely give us works of high value.

The series makes an auspicious beginning. After an able opening chapter, the writer pursues, for the most part, the usual course and method of Biblical "Introductions," showing himself to be a man of erudition; sound in the faith, yet with a degree of liberality in his views that would not have been tolerated fifty years ago; and displaying, also, much critical acumen and judgment. Twenty-three chapters are occupied with the Pentateuch in a discussion conducted with much skill and force. It is this part of the work, also, that gives us our best opportunity of judging its value, for it is on the earlier books of the Old Testament that recent research has thrown its clearest light. We will add, then, that its *freshness* constitutes by no means the least claim that this volume makes to a place at the elbow of every student of the Bible.

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*Lectures on Preaching, delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College.* 12° pp. 336. By MATTHEW SIMPSON, D. D., LL. D. New York: Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 1879.

If the coming preacher is not wiser and more efficient than his predecessors, it will not be from lack of good advice. The Lyman Beecher Lectureship at Yale has thus far been filled in the ablest manner; while the liberality with which it is conducted renders its results of exceeding service to the clergy. It must be a difficult task to follow such men as Beecher, Taylor, Hall, Brooks and Dale, with discourses upon the same theme; yet Bishop Simpson has done this successfully, and has even infused a charming glow of freshness into his hackneyed subject by occasionally giving—in true Methodist style, and always to admirable effect—his "personal experience." The lectures are hardly as eloquent as we should have expected from the great preacher and war-orator; but this must be partly due to the fact that they are his very first attempt at *written* discourse. Oc-

casionally, however, his accustomed eloquence breaks forth, especially when describing his own call to the ministry, or combatting the idea that the pulpit is losing its power. The Bishop's style is not only admirably adapted to his subject, but furnishes, at the same time, a worthy model to his listeners. The frightful demon of inaccurate thinking and inconsequential writing has possession of a vast number of pulpits, and we heartily wish that he could be cast out by all the clergy as completely as he has been by Bishop Simpson. These discourses are clear, concise, profound, witty, tenderly reverential, and full of a charming personality.

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*Faith and Reason, Heart, Soul and Hand Work. A concise account of the Christian Religion, and of all the prominent Religions before and since Christianity.* 12° pp. 423. By HALSEY R. STEVENS. New York: Charles P. Somerby. 1879.

IN glancing over the Table of Contents, we are favorably impressed with its comprehensiveness; continuing our inspection, we find in the *Premise* the author's own creed—a little remarkable for its rather original and curious conceptions. He believes in the omnipotence and omniscience of God, who "controls all events and substantially governs the world and all things in it" (p. 8), and that this power of governing consists in the ability "to say that this shall be, and that shall not be," (p. 14). He does not believe "in Jesus as an atoning sacrifice, connected with the theory that Adam sinned for himself and all his posterity, making a vicarious atonement all-important," (p. 8). He considers the power of God to be his alone, that it cannot be possessed by another while clothed with flesh and blood; that Jesus did not aspire to equality with the Father; that the idea of Christ being the Son and Father also, "is too absurd for acceptance by even the weakest minds." He probably intended to say "except by the weakest minds." If he were begotten by the Father two thousand years ago, he was not with God when the worlds were made. "To question the birth of Jesus somewhere about the beginning of our era seems unwarranted, but to say that he was begotten of God any more than thousands of his other children, would, in our opinion, be straining the truth" (pp. 15-16). Our author does not consider Christ to have died upon the cross, his apparent death being only a state of syncope, (p. 325). Yet he writes: "We accept it (*i. e.* Christianity) with joy and gladness, and embrace the faith in all its important parts," (p. 17). In short, Mr. Stevens' "theological views are of the broadest kind, embracing universal nature, all creatures, all worlds, all immensity; all that we can conceive of,

or know; all that is unseen, unknowable, or unthinkable" (p. 10.)

Less favored mortals cannot refrain from breaking the tenth commandment and coveting these stupendous "views" of our author, within which scope is included "all that is unseen, unknowable, or unthinkable!" Undoubtedly, Mr. Stevens has read conscientiously, but his ideas are sometimes sadly jumbled, as, for instance, on p. 22, in the chapter on "Aryan Religions, Myths and Legends," the Chaldeans, Babylonians and Jews are confounded with the Aryans. The chapters on Confucianism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Zoroaster, give a fair and concise account of those religions; but that section devoted to Christianity is lacking in force; its arguments are weakly put, and the character of Christ fails of justice, either as a man, a teacher, or a philosopher, notwithstanding the wholesale citation of twenty pages from the Gospels. *Faith and Reason*, coming at this late day, after the subject has been thoroughly treated by eminent scholars of Europe and America, must be regarded as a superfluity. Why the author should have deemed the work necessary, after Mr. Clodd's *Childhood of Religion* and James Freeman Clarke's scholarly production, *Ten Great Religions*, is to us a matter of wonderment.

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*Society, the Redeemed Form of Man.* 12° pp. 485. By  
HENRY JAMES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

IN this *Series of Letters to a Friend*, Mr. James elaborates very earnestly and at great length his idea that the highest purpose and destiny of human life have nothing to do with a man's self; that his ultimate good, identifying him with the divinity, must grow from a condition in which his personality will be lost in a state of spiritual existence, identical with that of the *anima mundi*, or soul of the universe. His idea of Deism is expressed as follows: "Deism, as a philosophic doctrine, that is, as importing an essential difference between the divine and human nature, or God and man, is a philosophic absurdity. There is no God, but the Lord, or our glorified natural humanity, and whatever deity we worship is but a baleful idol of our own spiritual fancy." It is in the system of the universe that he recognizes a deity. He also recognizes the redeeming sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and justifies the doctrine of miracles as a means of impressing the ignorant masses of mankind who are incapable of understanding the purpose of regeneration. Self-hood, contrasted with absorption into the general and divine communion of all good spirits, he regards as the satanic element of man's nature; in this, coming very near the old conclusion or teaching of the churchmen, though in a different way, which he labors to demon-

strate in his Letters. His style is trenchant and his vivacities of language are sometimes rather too acrid and vituperative for a philosopher whose subjective existence, physical and moral, is involved in his spiritual being, and who should be unmoved by such flushes and sallies of emotion.

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*The Book of Psalms. A new Translation, with Introduction and Notes Explanatory and Critical.* 2 Vols. 8° pp. 534-477. By J. J. STEWART-PEROWNE, D. D. From the Third London Edition. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1876.

No portion of the Old Testament is so much read by religious people as the Book of Psalms; from none, perhaps, are taken so many of the familiar quotations that abound in our literature and our *common speech*. Among those, also, who study the Bible as they do the Vedas, for the sake of its marvellous poetry, tender and sublime, the Psalms constitute the most popular portion, the richest mine. Both devotee and art-student, however, find their pleasure and profit marred by the mysteries of strophe and antistrophe, by the hidden antitheses, and the obscure historical allusions. Moreover, our noble King James' version, with its combined simplicity and strength, yet fails oftentimes to render correctly the Hebrew; while the Psalter of the English church, although in some cases it is better than the authorized version, is, on the whole, open to the same criticism. For all these reasons the Psalms have ever been a favorite subject with exegetes and commentators. In our own time, Delitzsch and Ewald, Hitzig and Hupfeld, Reinke, Maurer and DeWette, among many others, have turned upon them the keen eye and patient hand of German scholarship; while in America, Professor Conant has given us a translation, vigorous and idiomatic. But beside all these, and above most of them, we place the great work of Dr. Perowne. It is one of the noblest monuments of biblical scholarship, while it is far before all other English works on the Book of Psalms. He is a safer guide than most of the Germans in interpretation, though not in philological criticism. Especially, in dealing with the Messianic and the Imprecatory Psalms, do we discover his keenness and breadth of vision, his combined caution and independence. It should be remarked that this work is equally valuable to the common reader and the scholar. His eminent learning never makes him pedantic; his sturdy common sense never keeps him from being scholarly. His style, fresh, clear and simple—is admirably adapted to his task. He surpasses, perhaps, all other commentators in his insight into the emotions of the inspired singers, and in his unfolding of their thoughts. During a use of these volumes for several years, they have constantly

developed new beauties to us, and we cannot too heartily commend them to all who study the Bible—whether for spiritual or aesthetical culture.

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RELIGION.

*Spiritual Manifestations.* 12° pp. 322. By CHARLES BEECHER.  
Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

IT is a curious fact in the progress of thought—and one the full significance of which is not generally recognized—that, despite the most obvious inductions of science, the manifold exposures of the charlatany of mediums, and the antagonistic attitude of the Christian church, the belief in the interposition of agencies distinctively spiritual, and supermundane, and in a realm of being where the deceased of our race live again, and from whence they are able to revisit us, is on the increase. Civilization is no longer cursed with the presence of witches, but mediums exist in abundance; “possession” has ceased to command general credence, and yet men and women and children are, or seem to be, controlled by invisible agencies; “spooks” and “ghosts” have ceased to haunt us, but in their place comes testimony, almost credible, of the reappearance of our deceased friends, not as apparitions or fanciful shadows of diseased minds, but in substantial forms, their bones clothed with living flesh and woven fabrics! Probably no age since the dawn of civilization was ever so much bewitched—has been so much imbued with the belief in the reality of spiritual presence as the present. “All argument is against it,” says Dr. Samuel Johnson, “but all belief is for it.”

The book of Mr. Charles Beecher on *Spiritual Manifestations* will, therefore, receive a kindly welcome. The author makes no attempt to conceal his own views, confessing himself at the outset of his volume, a spiritualist, and dedicating the work “to all sincere spiritualists without regard to name.” He is evidently what has been termed a “Christian Spiritualist.” While he aims at the strictest candor, and recognizes the sources of fallacy in studying spiritualistic phenomena which have been pointed out by the physiologist, such as illusions and hallucinations arising from brain irritation, he does not confine himself to the scientific method of research or style of argument. The fancies of the poet frequently get the better of his judgment, and inspire language which is true enough from the poet’s standpoint, but which often leads him to commit the fault of *petitio principii*, and which lacks the admirable precision of the scientist. For example, he says

that, "In every soul there is an invisible realm, a heaven and earth of thought, a universe within,"—taking it for granted that all men have souls—a doctrine we very much doubt.

In the volume before us, the author describes his own "heaven and earth of thought," and details the experiences of his own "universe within," and observations of other individual "universes" without. It would be pleasant to follow him to the end of his evidence of a spiritual world in the form of experiences and observations, metaphysical subtleties and philosophical abstractions, for we are, like Dr. Johnson, "so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world that we are willing to believe it." But we must forbear to do so. We can only in this place express our interest in the book, and cordially commend it to such as believe themselves to be of "the earth, earthy."

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*Do They Love Us Yet?* 12° pp. 234. By MRS. CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE. New York: James Miller. 1879.

THIS beautifully printed volume, on the same theme by Mrs. Lawrence is dedicated "to the afflicted," but it is equally well adapted to the doubting. It is a most opportune collection of opinions and beliefs respecting a subject that deeply concerns every reflecting individual, viz.: The Future Life. The book is conceived in a spirit most tender and reverent, and is so pronounced in opinion on the subject with which it deals as to make a strong impression on those who are at all sensitive to a belief in things spiritual. If the best and wisest of earth's children are entitled to speak authoritatively concerning life beyond the grave, Mrs. Lawrence's volume must prove of inestimable comfort to "those who are mourning for their loved ones 'because they are not,'" as well as to those who habitually live in the shadow of doubt and despair.

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*The New Testament; or the Book of the Holy Gospel of our Lord God, Jesus the Messiah.* 8° pp. 515. A literal Translation from the Syriac-Peshito version. By JAMES MURDOCK, D. D. New York: Robert Carter and Brother. 1879.

It is too late to say anything new of this valuable contribution to biblical knowledge; yet the rising generation of students should be told that it is one of the highest interest as throwing a very early and clear light on the original text of the New Testament. The Syriac Peshito version is thought by many eminent scholars to date from the first century, but this opinion is undergoing modification. Certainly, it contains some traces of a much

later antiquity, and these have been faithfully noted by Dr. Murdock. His translation stands unrivalled for correctness; yet it would be even more valuable had he retained the Syriac idioms, instead of rendering them into "idiomatic English." With the latter we are all acquainted; the former would open a rich and almost unworked mine to the student of the Bible.

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*The New Testament.* 8° pp. 492. Newly translated from the Greek text of Tregelles, and critically Emphasized, with an Introduction and occasional notes. Second Edition revised. By JOSEPH ROTHERHAM. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons; New York: John Wiley and Sons. 1878.

THIS work is constructed on the principle that every passage of the New Testament contains words rendered emphatic by their sense and their relation to the whole; a principle which is correct enough in the main, but in the application of it the author often fails. Such a task is one of great discrimination and delicacy. The absurd reading heard in many pulpits is unmistakable proof that a labor of this kind is needed, and we wish that this attempt could have been uniformly successful. As it is, one who can read the original Greek, in which the position of words has so much bearing on their emphasis, will derive much real benefit from the volume, while the English reader must use it with considerable independence and caution.

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*Visions of the Future and other Discourses.* 12° pp. 269. By O. B. FROTHINGHAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

UNDER this *mal à propos* title the author has condensed into a volume a series of Sunday discourses. Those who have read his previous volumes on religious themes can have little doubt as to the general drift of this one. Mr. Frothingham careers over the doctrines of the Schoolmen with the skill of the practised rhetorician that he is, shocking many and surprising everybody with his ultra views of religion and religious forms and symbols.

If these discourses fairly represent the author, he belongs to that school of moral philosophy which declined with the rise of Christianity. In the discourse which opens the volume before us, entitled, *Life as a Test of Creed*, the line of divergence between Christian faith and Pagan philosophy is sharply drawn, and drawn with such ease and grace of diction as to charm even those whom he fails to convince. The doctrine of the Redemption is set aside; the Messiahship of Jesus is ignored; the whole scheme

of salvation, as formulated by the apostle Paul, is treated as a chimera—even the end and aim of human life as taught by Christian theologians, are disputed, and the individual is admonished to invoke the propitiation of a human providence on pain of failing of relief from the ills of life; to seek unselfishly heaven on earth, and be consoled, if he fail in finding it, by the assurance that he has made the way easier for those that come after him. "Is it not something to feel," writes our author, "that when we have done all our utmost and laid ourselves down to our quiet sleep, the everlasting forces will still go on, making the world more and more beautiful and the lot of man [mankind] happier and happier as they near the final consummation to which we have added our little trifle of help?" (p. 22.) And he quotes approvingly a line from Pope in respect of creeds, viz.: "His can't be wrong whose life is in the right." This line forms the text of the fine discourse upon which we have commented. Indeed, it is the essence of the author's religious philosophy. While the devout Christian must admire the author's moral tone and pure, sweet idiom, he will be repelled by the absolute manner in which he either controverts, or quietly ignores, the "Faith of our Fathers."

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POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Principles of Political Economy.* 2 Vols. 8° pp. 464-465. WILLIAM ROSCHER. To which is added a Preliminary Essay on the Historical Method in Political Economy, from the French of L. WOŁOWSKI. Translated from the German by JOHN J. LALOR, A. M. Chicago: Callaghan and Company. 1878.

THE number of different and conflicting treatises on public economy and its allied subjects seems to increase with the spread of economic disorders and bids fair to justify Mr. Hume's sagacity in characterizing the subject as the "Dismal Science." We make this remark not to reflect on the utility of public economy as a science, but rather to express our sense of its present status. The subject has been dignified in modern times by the associations of such celebrities as Adam Smith, Hume, Ricardo, Léon Say and the Mills, and by being made a part of the ordinary *curriculum* of the leading universities in all civilized countries. Its importance to the prosperity of the State is, moreover, sufficiently apparent to give its study high rank among intelligent people, entirely apart from the illustrious men who have devoted their lives to its study and elucidation.

Nevertheless, political economy is not a science, except it be



in that loose and uncertain acceptance of terms with which we are wont to dignify important departments of study. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Adam Smith, nearly a century since, did more than any man of modern times to discover and formulate economic principles, and England has done more than any nation of modern times to apply and profit by those principles. And yet, if there be more things in the industrial and economic condition of that country to boast of than to regret, we frankly confess that we know not what they are. While she is the richest kingdom in the world she is also the poorest. Political economy and pauperism seem to have kept even pace in England; and if she has flooded the civilized world with economic literature, the overflow of the indigent from her shores has been a spectacle equally noteworthy. If such a social condition be due to the cultivation of economic science the reader will concur with us, we think, in the opinion that the less we have to do with it the better.

In our view the demands of the time are in the direction of political or social science, rather than economic. Indeed, the utility of the latter is largely contingent upon the former. The science of government of which political economy is a part, and of which faint glimmerings begin to dawn upon the enlightened, comprehends the adjustment of the relations of individuals in accordance with the principles of equity, or justice, so that each individual shall be secure in his rights—certain of getting what he earns, and equally certain of earning what he gets. And we insist that until society is so constituted as to secure to her members these two grand desiderata, the maxims of the economists may be never so wise, but they will fail of the end they are designed to fulfil, or succeeding, propagate an industrial condition in which the weak are the legitimate prey of the strong—such as is cursing the civilized world to-day.

From these brief considerations it will appear evident that we do not welcome with the warmth with which they are received by writers in general new works on political economy, however meritorious they may be. The work of Herr Roscher, which is under notice, ought to be an exception, if any is to be made, since it is one to delight the student with its erudition and to extend the boundaries of one's knowledge with its history and statistics. Though not a new work, it having run through thirteen editions in Germany, it is new to the Anglo-American public. It seems, indeed, if popularity be any criterion, to be as highly esteemed in Germany as the *Wealth of Nations* is in England. Like the illustrious Adam Smith, Herr Roscher deals with his subject in a manner that leaves little to be desired. His logic is equalled by his erudition, the historical notes and references of his work exceeding in volume the text itself. The same degree of praise is due the author in his treatment of the technical details of his subject. He is most comprehensive and precise in his definitions

and exhaustive in his topics. Many a chapter has been written by economic theorists for example, to define the abstract nature of *value* and its relation to price. Our erudite author concludes the subject in a sentence: "The price of a commodity" he observes, "is its value in exchange, expressed in the quantity of some other definite commodity against which it is exchanged, or to be exchanged" (I, p. 303). Again, in respect of the definition of capital: "Capital, we call any product laid by for purposes of further production" (*id.*, p. 150). In such a way the author goes through all the departments and complexities of his subject, citing at every step the opinions and maxims of other economists both ancient and modern. Political economy, (*Nationalökonomie*) he defines as the "science which has to do with the laws of the development of the economy of a nation, or with its economic national life. \* \* \* Like all the political sciences, or sciences of national life, it is concerned, on the one hand, with the consideration of the individual man, and on the other, it extends its investigations to the whole of humankind" (Author's *Introd.*, I, pp. 87-8). We especially commend, also, the author's exposition of the laws of money and currency. His views on these topics come to us most timely. And we hope they may be of service to our legislators and financial *doctrinaires*, in showing them the true nature and uses of money and its relations to the prosperity of a people. The condition of the country requires industry as well as finances. Money should be earned as well as coined, and, perhaps, printed.

The learned author is an advocate of the "Historical School" in political economy, and his volumes are intended as an exhibition of that method in contradistinction to the "Statistical," and "Idealistic." Nearly a fourth of volume I is devoted to this subject, which must be regarded as not equalling in importance the space he gives to it. Wherein the so-called "Historical School" differs from that followed by Smith or Ricardo we cannot see. All agree that the principles of the subject are not deducible by *à priori* reasoning, but inductively by experience. It seems idle to us to attempt to draw a distinction between experimental knowledge and historical facts. Neither does Herr Roscher nor M. Wolowski succeed in making the distinction clear to us.

With the preliminary essay by M. Wolowski, we have more serious fault to find. Not only does it not add any value to the work, but it is a positive damage to it, by destroying its inductive symmetry. We cannot see for what purpose it is appended to it except it be to increase the sale of the work in France—the writer being a member of the Institute of France. Be that as it may, while professing to write an exposition of the "Historical School" in political economy, the writer gives us a long, rambling, desultory screed on things in general and moral philosophy in particular, in which he indulges in many beautiful, but irrelevant

figures of speech, in characterizing "thinkers" from whom he differs. Speaking of a certain class of social reformers, for instance, he says: "The Titans have tried to scale the heavens and have fallen into the most degrading materialism" (*Introd.*, p. 7). In one place he talks about the means of bringing mankind "nearer to final equality in the bosom of God" (*id.* p. 6); in another, he discourses on Liberty and Absolution; in still another, he goes off into an abstract disquisition on natural law, in which he properly enough quotes Portalis approvingly, and controverts Ulpian's absurd tripartite division of the subject, viz: natural law, the law of nations and the civil law, (*id.*, p. 11). While he is correct, in our view, in respect of most of these philosophical questions, we object to the propriety of publishing them in connection with an inductive work on political economy. To append an essay of this florid character to a massive work like Roscher's, is like ornamenting Venus with color, or adorning a beautiful woman with jewels.

We observe that the translator has been criticised in certain quarters relative to his rendering of the German. That he should have made mistakes now and then is certainly to have been expected. It seems to us, however, that Mr. Lalor deserves great credit for the general accuracy of his translation. German, with its immense vocabulary and wealth of synonyms, is a language not easily rendered into English; and those who find fault with its rendering in these volumes had better make the attempt to improve on it themselves. Were we to offer any criticism on the subject, we should say that Mr. Lalor had confined himself too closely to the style of rhetoric of the German.

The volumes are handsomely printed on good paper and substantially bound. The library of no scholar is complete without them.

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*A Popular Treatise on the Currency Question, written from a Southern point of view.* 12° pp. 213. By JUDGE ROBERT W. HUGHES. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

FINANCE is, of course, a part of national or public economy, and were one to judge from the heat of the controversy between mono-metallists and bi-metallists, and between both of the parties and the "Greenbackers," or fiat-money advocates, he would conclude that it was the most important part of it. The publishers of this handsome volume of Judge Hughes, Messrs Putnam's Sons, for example, have such positive convictions in favor of a "single standard," (Gold) that they have prefixed to it a "publisher's preface" in which they controvert the author and seek to break, or impair, his "double standard" views. We commend to

both publisher and author the essay in the present number of the REVIEW, entitled *The Elements of National Finance*.

The little volume under notice is an interesting contribution to the currency question, full of sensible suggestions and pertinent statistics. The matter of the volume was originally communicated to *The State*, a newspaper published at Richmond, Va. The chapters most interesting at the present time are those devoted to gold and silver as money, the evils of base money, the effect of redundant paper money, and the concluding chapter on *the demonetization of silver*. The author holds, justly it seems to us, that the demonetization of silver was a mistake. To the extent of its effect in increasing the burden of the tax payer it seems to us to have acquired the moral status of a swindle.

In a work so full of financial wisdom as this *Treatise on the Currency Question*, we are led to ask, why should it have been written "from a Southern point of view?" There can be no North and South on this question. It is a national question from beginning to end, and should have been treated from a national point of view—as in fact it really is—its title to the contrary notwithstanding.

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#### SCIENCE.

*Biology*. 12° pp. 180. By Dr. CHARLES LETOURNEAU. Eighty-three illustrations. Translated from the French by WM. MACCALL. London: Chapman and Hall; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co. 1879.

BIOLOGY and anthropology sustain a relation similar to that which subsists between the radicals of a vine and its blossoms. One deals with the primary and fundamental principles of life; the other, with the ultimate of those principles, the highest forms of life, their varieties and classification. The science of physiology may be regarded as occupying an intermediary position between the two, and, with them, constituting the triple hierarchy of sciences which has for its object the study of the origin, functions, laws of development and classification of the human species.

The most fundamental of these sciences is, as has just been observed, that of Biology, which embraces, in the comprehensive language of M. Letourneau, the exposition and coördination of all the great facts and laws of life, vegetable and animal. In a more restricted sense of the term, *biology*, as commonly used and understood, concerns more especially the "beginnings of life;" while physiology comprehends the laws of organic functions. The study of physiology properly begins where that of biology

ends. In the volume before us, which forms part of the "Library of Contemporary Science," in course of publication by the Messrs. Lippincott and Co., M. Letourneau has entrenched considerably—perhaps unavoidably—on the sphere of physiology. In defining the scope of his subject, he says that he has "attempted to state concisely what life is, and how organized beings are nourished, grow, are reproduced, move, feel and think" (p. 3). He has taken up the subject, therefore, in the large sense first given it by Treviranus and its etymological meaning, viz.: "Science of Life," and treated it in a manner altogether worthy its dignity and importance.

It has evidently been the aim of the author to confine himself to the demonstrable—to what is known on the subject, and to avoid the domain of the hypothetical and speculative. But the origin of living forms is so obscure, the demonstrable and the hypothetical, in respect of the subject, is so intermixed and blended, as to render it quite impossible to keep within the lines of such boundaries as the known or knowable. He apprehends the difficulties that environ the subject, and states, at the opening of his volume, that faith is a necessity on the part of him who would cultivate any of the sciences of observation. "Though it is perfectly incontestable," he very well observes, "that the exterior world manifests itself to us solely by exciting in our mind an incessant series of phenomena called *subjective*; we are nevertheless compelled, unless we wish to plunge into the doubt applauded by Pyrrho and Berkeley, to believe our senses as honest and sincere witnesses, when they signalize to us the existence, apart from our being, of a vast material universe, the elements whereof, without pause in movement, awaken in us, by acting on our organism, impressions, sensations, and consequently ideas and desires" (p. 2). In other words, at the very threshold of any inquiry, the observer is compelled to assume, not only the existence of his senses, but their normality—probity. Before he can determine the *non-me*, he must assume—for it is incapable of proof—the existence of the *me*, and also that the mental functions of the *me* work in normal harmony.

In accordance with the systematic arrangement of his work, the author begins with the constitution of matter, adopting the atomic theory first advanced by Leucippus and immortalized by Lucretius and Democritus, and finally formulated by Dr. Dalton as the basis of modern chemistry. From simple elements he advances to the compound, from the inorganic to the organic, and from plants to animals. In respect of the subject of life the author confesses that it is the "mystery of mysteries," and accepts the old exploded doctrine of an *archeus* "superadded to living beings and regulating their phenomena;" regarding this fact as a corollary of that other, which is self-evident, viz.: "that what is called force cannot sever itself from what is called matter" (p. 28).

After stating and defining the *properties* of life, our author critically discusses the views and definitions given by *savans*, of life in the abstract, closing the chapter by formulating a definition of his own, which we quote :

"Life," he says, "is a twofold movement of simultaneous and continual composition and decomposition, in the midst of plasmatic substances, or of figurate anatomical elements which, under the influence of this indwelling movement, perform their functions in conformity to their structure" (p. 34). "Plasmatic substances" performing functions! This is as complicated a statement of a complex subject as seldom befalls a fearfully complicated, plasmatic creature to unravel! It is to be hoped the reader's "plasmatic substances" or "figurate anatomical elements" will prove equal to the occasion. Unfortunately, ours do not.

The genesis, laws of growth and development of organic substances, and the evolution of organic beings are stated and traced by M. Letourneau with commendable precision and clearness. In respect of the genesis of the species, while rejecting the hypothesis of a supernatural origin of life, the author deems the well known experiments of his countryman, M. Pouchet, as conclusive proof of the doctrine of "spontaneous generation." He gives in detail one of the experiments of that brilliant *savan*, and concludes as follows :

"The short extracts we have just given suffice to show that the doctrine of spontaneous generation does not merit the vulgar disdain with which it is assailed" (p. 307). Nevertheless, some recent experiments of Prof. Tyndall seem definitively to conclude the question in the opposite direction. And M. Pasteur, the eminent French microscopist, unites with Prof. Tyndall in definitively rejecting the hypothesis of "spontaneous generation." "Elle est inattaquable," he writes, "cette conclusion que j'ai déjà formulée : dans l'état actuel de la science l'hypothèse de la génération spontanée est une chimère."\* Whatever may be the preponderance of sentiment on this question in France, the doctrine has few supporters in England—the recent and careful experiments of Prof. Tyndall† seeming to prove beyond rational doubt that organisms cannot develop in an infusion in which they have been completely destroyed, or from which they have been wholly expelled, under circumstances which preclude contact with the atmosphere.

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\* Letter to Prof. Tyndall. *Nature*. February 17, 1876.

† *Vide* his *Last Word* to Dr. Bastian. *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1878.

*Anthropology*. 12° pp. 548. With forty-nine wood-cuts. By Dr. PAUL TOPINARD. Preface by Professor PAUL BROCA. Translated from the French by ROBERT T. H. BARTLEY, M.D. London: Chapman and Hall; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co. 1879.

M. BROCA, in his agreeable preface to Dr. Topinard's work on Anthropology, gives us the natural history of the volume. Moved by the want of a treatise, pure and simple, on Anthropology, "the founders of the 'Bibliothèque des Sciences Contemporaines' have felt it incumbent upon them to step in, and to confide to Dr. Topinard the difficult task of elucidating, in a single volume, a science of vast dimensions in process of rapid development" (pp. 8-9). And M. Broca, who is himself an authority in this branch of science, cordially indorses the author as one "who is thoroughly equal to the task."

It was under circumstances thus auspicious that the fine treatise under notice was conceived and completed. And its character certainly justifies the wisdom of those who conceived and brought it forth.

At the outset of his volume the author clears away the rubbish and lays the foundation of its superstructure. After giving his own definition of the subject, and the definitions of MM. Broca, Bertillon, and De Quatrefages, he clearly states the line of divergence of Anthropology from the allied sciences of Ethnology and Ethnography. The definition of the subject, as given by M. Quatrefages is, perhaps, the most concise, viz.: "Anthropology is the natural history of Man, considered monographically, as a zoologist studying an animal would understand it" (p. 2).

The author discusses the subject of "Man, considered in his ensemble, and in his relation with animals." To this topic Part I is devoted. In Part II, "The races of mankind" are considered, and the variety, typical characteristics and classification of the *genus homo* are reviewed at length, together with the *influence du milieu où il se trouve placé*, etc., on the development of the species, forming the most instructive part of his work. "The origin of man" constitutes Part III, in which the various hypotheses of "the origin of the species," from the "transformation," hypothesis of Lamarck to that of "natural selection" of Darwin, are discussed with admirable impartiality, and in a most judicious, reverent spirit. After presenting Von Haeckel's grand scheme of the descent—or should we not rather say, *ascent*?—of man from an albumoid clot in the Laurentian period, down to the man-ape, and thence to all the modern improvements on him which are to be found in a Newton or a Von Haeckel, our author observes:

"This theory is painful and revolting to those who delight to surround the cradle of humanity with a brilliant aureole; and if we were to boast of our genealogy and not of our actions, we



might, indeed, consider ourselves humiliated. \* \* \* But, after all, what matter to science [is]-the regret or complaint of some people? \* \* \* Man is not at liberty to put or not to put a curb upon the functional activity of his brain. His spirit of inquiry is the most noble, the most irresistible of his attributes; and, as M. Gabriel de Mortellet said at the [late] meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, his characteristic is here;" that is, in freedom of intellectual conviction, "and not in religiousness" (pp. 533-534).

The author is most eloquent in setting forth the claims of science to our homage, and in enlarging upon the advantage of civilization, which he rightly traces to the progress of knowledge. But, while his views in this respect are worthy of him and his subject, we cannot believe that the best types of the modern "man-ape" manifest any decline in the religious characteristics, except it be in respect of those traditional and doctrinal beliefs, forms, symbols and ritual observances, which form no essential part of the truly religious life. The best test of the religious characteristic may be found in the growth of the ethical sense and the sacrifices that one is willing to make for the sake of the truth. Were Dr. Topinard himself to be judged by this standard of "religiousness," we are confident he would not be found wanting. His volume, indeed, affords sufficient evidence that he is imbued with the spirit of the early Christian martyrs, willing to sacrifice and to be sacrificed in behalf of the cause of truth, the object of supreme love of every devotee of true science.

Dr. Topinard's work is a model of arrangement. Its pages are enriched with the researches of men, both of the past and present, eminent in science and philosophy, giving them an erudition which greatly augments their value. The translation deserves praise, also; and yet it could have been improved by being less literal.

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*Æsthetics.* 12° pp. 423. By EUGÈNE VÉRON. Translated from the French by W. H. ARMSTRONG, B.A. London: Chapman and Hall; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co. 1879.

M. VÉRON, in his volume on *Æsthetics*, discusses the science of art, or art from a scientific point of view,—*Æsthetics* proper, taking every possible occasion to combat the false views and methods held and pursued by "the talented men who constitute the *Académie des Beaux-Arts*." "All the teaching of *l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts*," he asserts, "is directed to the continual reiteration of what has been done by the artists of dead forms of civilization, until its pupils become almost incapable of producing anything but more or less unsuccessful *pasticcios*" (imitations).



The author argues with much force and consistency that of the three methods open to the artist, viz : imitation of past art, realistic copying, and "manifestation of individual impressions"—artistic ideal—the latter is the true one. In the first method, he says, "emotion, conviction, sincerity, spontaneity—everything in fact that constitutes true art, is eliminated at a blow" (p. xxiii). The second method possesses some advantage over the first "because it is almost impossible for the artist to disappear entirely behind reality." The third, "the determinant and essential constituent of art," our author says, "is the personality of the artist," that is to say, the artistic sense in him which interprets and gives objectivity "to those things which excite his own emotions." As the "source of all poetry is the soul of the poet," so that of all true art is the æsthetic faculty.

The author elaborates his ideas with painstaking particularity, and with a profusion of illustration which is almost wearisome to the appreciative or sympathizing reader. "Art in truth," he very well says, "addresses all the feelings without exception;—hope and fear, joy or grief, love or hatred. It interprets every emotion that agitates the human breast, and never troubles itself with its relations to visible, or ideal perfection. It even expresses what is ugly and horrible, without ceasing to be art and worthy of admiration. The battle-field of Eylau, the hideous and awful torments of the damned, the crimes and ignominies of the ferocious beasts who, under the name of Cæsars, struck so great horror into Roman civilization—have not these afforded to Gros, to Dante, to Tacitus, opportunities for magnificent works whose models would hardly be found in the world of the intellectualists?" (p. 97). And he cites examples of the horrifying in Greek art, such as the behavior of Achilles and Agamemnon in the *Iliad*; "the corpse of Hector dragged round the tomb of Patroclus;" the self-mutilation of *Oedipus*; Hercules destroying his children; "Medusa cutting the throats of her sons to avenge herself upon a rival;" the Furies pursuing *Orestes*; the portraits of ugly or horrible figures or characters, as a Nero, or a Quasimodo, etc., claiming, and we think correctly, that the admiration these scenes and pictures excite is not merely due to imitation in which the artist has indulged, but rather "to the genius of the men who have so thoroughly understood and delineated them. In sum, what seems so fine to us is, not the originals, but their portraits; and for a similar reason, the portrait of a Quasimodo may be a beautiful work of art" (p. 103).

M. Véron's work is a masterly production, a little laborious in detail, perhaps, but full of bright thoughts, strong points and sound instruction, and presented in a vein of charming vivacity so characteristic of the French mind. The translator has succeeded admirably in preserving the striking peculiarities of French style of thought and diction; and the publishers are equally happy in

their selection of authors and subjects for their "Library of Contemporary Science."

PHILOSOPHY.

*Conscience: Boston Monday Lectures.* 12° pp. 276. By JOSEPH COOK. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

MR. COOK names his Lectures somewhat after the fashion of Ste. Beuve. They have another noticeable peculiarity in the animated and picturesque "Preludes" that introduce them, and turn upon matters of loudest contemporary report or most lively interest, thus rousing the minds of the audience to a proper degree of attention, and smoothing the way, so to speak, for the graver logic of the addresses. These last are on the theme of *Conscience* and *Heredity*, discussed in a style that has made Mr. Cook one of our most popular public lecturers. His manner is very assured, emphatic and arresting, brimful of pulmonary logic, in fact, and his ideas come to him, or he brings them along with him, somewhat peremptorily, from a very broad and varied field of reading and study. There is nothing prosy or conventional in his matter. He aims at the striking and original, though his logic in his most ambitious efforts becomes somewhat forced and even fantastic. In his lecture on *Conscience*, he talks of "Solar self-culture" and maintains with great force of illustration that culture gives a light to the human eye and countenance which is never seen on the face of the gross or the stupid, or in the aspect of animals. In proving this he exhibits the glowing vigor of the literary athlete; and few in return would be disposed to make any objection to the word "Solar," or even to his suggestion that something of the same light might have made itself visible in the Transfiguration of Christ. In the *Physical Tangibleness of the Moral Law*, he presents a powerful exposition of upward and downward as indications of moral condition. The "upward" gestures of men tend, in short, to express levitation and goodness, and tend also to illustrate the ascension of our Lord, Christ, a consideration of much emphasis. But the "downward" of look, head etc., is indicative of badness and inferiority. In this way he erects, as he says himself, "two pillars, gorgeous marble shafts—solar light and moral gravitation, at the porch of the temple" of science. It is certainly easier to admire those pillars than it would be to pull them down—or try to do so.

Mr. Cook is orthodox in his religious views, holding the customary ideas of revelation. He dislikes and denounces the memory of Thomas Paine in the old-fashioned mode of "sixty years since;" and has a sharp and rather scolding tongue for such heterodox and

mistaken individuals; rejoicing (in *Prelude Conscience: First Cause as Personal*, p. 144), over the collapse of the Paine Memorial Hall, in Boston. He has little patience with the religion of science and controverts the positivism of Huxley, Stuart Mill, Tyndall, and others. In his lecture styled, *Shakespeare on Conscience*, he is supposed to annihilate Tyndall with the speech of poor Edmund in *King Lear*.

*Heredity: Boston Monday Lectures.* 12° pp. 270. By JOSEPH COOK. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

In his volume on *Heredity*, Mr. Cook treats of *Hereditary Descent in Ancient Greece*; of Maudsley's ideas on the same subject; *Necessary Beliefs*; *Darwin's Pangenesis*; the *Origin of Conscience*; *Unlikeness in Organisms*, &c. He sharply criticises the modern views concerning life and its origin, holding, in respect of these questions, the ground of a doubter and maintaining the essential distinctness of spirit and matter against Hæckel and other Monists of the age, who, finding their little atoms and gemmules at work far inward and beyond the ken of the unassisted eye, have reached the "hard-pan" of all organic life, and yet cannot explain how these microscopic energies got their first impulse. Mr. Cook expresses his own idea in his own way:

"When God creates germinal matter, to be used as the basis of the career of an individual human life, he, out of the omnipotent power of the universe, brings into existence what we call the gloved-hand, or bioplasm; then he locks with it an immaterial or ungloved hand, which we call the soul. The two hands come into existence together. Lotze denies the theory of the pre-existence of the soul. But the ungloved-hand does not depend for its existence on the gloved-hand. We talk of matter as if it were a hand, and not a glove with a hand in it. So far as matter is inert, it is a glove only. This glove may be taken off. The supersensible reality at the core of it, the spirit, is God, and is indestructible. That supersensible reality, the glove taken off, may lock in with the other hand, and thus the Divine spirit and the soul, which the Spirit has created and upheld, the flesh dropped, the glove thrust away, exist forever locked together." (p. 190).

This brief citation illustrates the reverend author's free and easy semi-theologico, semi-scientifico, semi-rational method in treating the subject of final causes. The "gloved-hand" hypothesis is a fitting companion of the "cloven foot" hypothesis. And yet his philosophy of the subject is such a compound of theologico-rational ideas as to be objectionable to both classes. He dogmatizes in respect of the disputed hypothesis of "soul," and "spirit," and "God," and dogmatism in the domain of reason is an unmitigated offence to the rational mind. If it be necessary to dogmatize, let its exercise be confined to the pulpit or platform. It possesses a certain charm to the ignorant when spoken, but has a graceless look when written. The author's ideas of matter and mind, life and soul are similar to those promulgated by Manes, in

early Christian times, under the guise of the contemned "Manichean philosophy," which assumed the existence of a psychical essence distinct from, and independent of, matter, and that the latter was inert, dead, having no power of itself "to change its state." It is needless to say that such a view of this subject is entirely opposed to some of the most obvious truths of science; as for example, the unity of matter and force, body and mind. Whatever view we take of that which lies beyond our ken, it ill becomes us to stultify our common reason by assuming what we have no logical right to assume. If the existence of a Supreme Being and a Future Life, or that of *spirit* itself, for example, cannot be postulated without dissociating force and matter—a fact unthinkable—let the idea be held in suspense, or abandoned altogether. Most men, we believe, would prefer to be rational and mortal, than to be irrational and immortal—sensible sinners, rather than idiotic saints.

In all these matters, we commend to the Rev. Joseph Cook the advice of the learned dialectician, Bishop Butler, who preferred to give up the most vital doctrine of Christian faith, rather than to abjure reason. "Let reason be kept to," he observes, "and if any part of our Scriptural account of the redemption of the world by Christ can be shown to be really contrary to it, let the Scriptures in the name of God, be given up." (*Analogy*, Part II, c. iii, p. 229. Bohn's Edition).

In all things pertaining to the realm of the knowable and thinkable Mr. Cook's writings are pleasant reading, and it is to be regretted that he has a habit of wandering out of that realm.

The volumes under notice are written earnestly and eloquently and are well worth attention. They cannot be read at ease or in a sleepy mood; but will inevitably stir up many feelings of dissent and controversy; and, in so doing, excite that sort of mental exercise which is so beneficial to the thinking faculties.

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*Philosophy Historical and Critical.* 12° pp. 598. By ANDRÉ LEFÈVRE. Translated with an Introduction by A. H. KEANE, B. A. London: Chapman and Hall; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co. 1879.

M. LEFÈVRE's historical critique on philosophy, which forms a part of "The Library of Contemporary Science," in course of publication by the Messrs. Lippincott, deserves a wide welcome from the American public. While the author is a pronounced "Materialist" of the most ultra type, boldly declaring that thought does not "outlive the person, nor the person the living body" (p. 408), he possesses such a mastery of his subject, and presents it in a manner so logically consistent throughout as to render his pages exceedingly entertaining reading to those of any persuasion

or following that have outgrown dependence upon "leading strings."

Part first of the *Philosophy* is devoted to the history of the subject. Beginning with the cosmogonies of the peoples of remote antiquity, he advances to the doctrines of the ancient Greeks, as represented by such men as Thales, Epicurus and Democritus, the German poets, etc., and traces the decadence of the Greek schools and the rise of those which he terms the Græco-Oriental, which led to the theosophy of Christianity and the class of philosophers of the middle ages known as the "Schoolmen." Then follows a critical study of the systems of thought prevalent during the Renaissance, and lastly, but by no means least, those of modern times, embracing a period from Francis Bacon to Herbert Spencer. The last-named period will command the greatest interest, as it is one of great intellectual activity, and embraces a diversified class of thinkers unsurpassed in logical acumen and depth of research by that of any period in the history of the world. Unlike most other historians of philosophy, the author does not confine himself exclusively to the narrative method. On the contrary, his intellectual appetite and digestion are so keen and powerful as to enable him to devour and dissolve doctrines the most incongruous, and systems the most contradictory. The metaphysics of the Schoolmen, the deism of the "Sensualists," as represented by Locke, the Rationalism of the eighteenth century of Diderot and the Encyclopædists, German Idealism, as represented by Kant, and the Rationalism of the past and present—all wither before the magic of his touch, leaving a residuum in which he finds no trace of anything but the elements of Objective Philosophy—Positivism. Of Rationalism M. Lefèvre writes in this characteristic and rather dogmatic fashion: "Rationalism and its varieties have for a long time had nothing to teach us. It has ever been 'the same note, the same entertainment,' from the days of Parmenides and Anaxagoras. Philosophy has two poles, materialism and idealism, between which Rationalism oscillates, more or less strongly attracted or repelled, according to the individual temperaments, the state of the sciences, the authority of the masters, the fashion of the times. If the truth lies between the two, French eclecticism has discovered it. But *in mediocris*, a maxim doubtful in morals, has no place in philosophy" (pp. 408-409). This is certainly a rather summary way of disposing of a system, the adherents of which embrace such names as J. Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and Von Hartmann. Of the latter's ideal Rationalism, the author, with less truth than force, says it reduces "nature to a sort of geometry suspended in space" (p. 407).

Part Second of the work is devoted to an exposition of "Objective Philosophy," in which the author endeavors to rebuild the cosmos, which he had previously rudely pulled down, according to the methods of exact science. Beginning with the primary

elements of matter, he advances with rapid strides from the atom to the molecule, and from the molecule to the sidereal orbs that swing in space, and from these to the evolution of life and mind in the human organism, ending with an interesting chapter on the government of society—"The intellectual mechanism in presence of the universe and society," as he terms it. We cannot follow him here through all the complexities of his subject. To such as are familiar with the course of scientific thought it is needless; to such as have not had that advantage, nothing less than a liberal abstract of the author's views would suffice to enlighten them.

The translator writes an introduction to the work, in which he controverts in doubtful taste the materialistic views of the author, with the avowed object of forestalling his conclusions, so that this admirable "survey of the philosophies" "may be perused by the ordinary reader without much danger to the 'faith that is in him.'" As an offset to this fault, however, he has presented the French in felicitous English, for which all readers, "ordinary" or otherwise, cannot but be grateful.

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*The Reign of the Stoics.* 12" pp. 248. By FREDERIC MAY HOLLAND. New York: Charles P. Somerby. 1879.

Few subjects possess more curious interest in these times of effeminate profligacy than the character of the Stoics; and this very comprehensive and valuable little book, giving their history and character, so curiously, but erroneously, derived from the propylon or porch of an ancient temple or museum, and remembered as the noblest or most heroic of the ancient philosophies, will, we cannot doubt, receive a wide welcome. The philosophy of the Stoics was in truth the most advanced of these, being founded on the common nature of man and the practical duties of life rather than on any theory of the supernatural, such as bewildered the intellects of men in the speculations of the sophists and the school of Plato. The Stoics, from the first, tried to exclude the deities from the grand argument; and if they continued to refer to them, it was only or chiefly in deference to the opinions of people in general. Many of them denied the existence of personal deities, and maintained that what was called Zeus or Jove, meant the power of matter, acting under some general law of nature. Stoicism was, in fact, the doctrine of free thought, liberty and social progress; and a good share of its spirit was transferred to the new system of moral or religious doctrines, under the name of Christianity. But it could never reconcile itself to the dogmas of the Christian faith. By these, it was overpowered and set aside for a thousand years. In the fifteenth century, the displaced philosophy began to reassert itself—"with

a difference," yet sufficiently to establish the kinship. If it would not be "to consider too curiously," one might fancy that if Christianity had not risen in Judea, the world might have had its Comtism and positive philosophy over a thousand years ago. All the tendencies of Stoicism were in the direction of "Positivism"—that is, of rational investigation and thought; and it might be maintained, with a good show of reason, that the Christian system gave renewed life to those metaphysical sophistries and supernatural speculations which were dying out under the imperial Stoicism of the Roman Empire. The reaction was, at any rate, a signal one; and perhaps none of our philosophers has as yet tried properly to estimate it. Of course, those who scoff at the positivists and their system of *Natura naturans*, will think the world was all the better for that silencing of the old Stoics, and may probably hope that something of the same fate is in store for the new Stoics.

Mr. Holland's little book, in its record of the Stoics and their illustrious professors, and in its quotations from their teachings and proverbs, is one of the most valuable helps for those who would understand the character of human progress in the departed ages, and follow the course of mental and moral philosophy in our own day.

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#### MEDICINE AND HYGIENE.

*Transactions of the Homœopathic Medical Society of the State of New York, for the year 1878.* 8° pp. 477. Edited by Drs. A. K. HILL and H. L. WALDO, Secretaries.

It is interesting to turn over the nicely printed pages of this work and note the improved character of their contents. The various department-committees, or Bureaux of Medicine and Surgery, are nearly all represented in the volume, with practical contributions of more than average merit, of importance to the medical practitioner. To distinguish would be invidious, of course, and we do not intend to do so in this place, but simply to express our satisfaction at the industry displayed by the members of the Society, and the interest manifested by them in improving the grade of medical education, which is sadly in need of improvement.

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*What our Girls Ought to Know.* 12° pp. 261. By MARY J. STUDLEY, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. 1879.

In this little volume of Dr. Studley, the fair author has taken for her text a very appropriate sentiment from Herbert Spencer, which we approve:

"As vigorous health, and its accompanying high spirits, are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields to no other whatever."

Acting upon this sentiment, the truth of which is self-evident, the author addresses herself to the "dear girls," for whom she writes, in a manner as chaste and direct as forcible and elegant. While she does not attempt to tell "our girls" all they ought to know, for what book could contain so much?—she tells them things it is not safe for them to be ignorant of—things in their daily walk in life, the ignorance or disregard of which prevents them from doing and becoming their best.

There is nothing in the volume to condemn and everything to praise. The author has culled, from the wisdom of the ages,—from Homer, Moses, Solomon and Plato; Jesus, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, Voltaire, Kingsley, Harriet Martineau, Emerson and other writers of ancient and modern times, grains of truth most important for girls—and boys—to possess. The opening chapter, which is really a physiological proem, is an exhortation to "study God's poem,—the human body—showing the relation of health and beauty, and the necessity of securing the former if one would possess the latter. "Each one of you," she eloquently says, addressing the dear girls, "has the right to be perfectly beautiful by so living that you shall be perfectly healthy." And again, says the author: "To be truly beautiful, with the unfading beauty of health and culture of mind and soul, which good health makes possible, is to grow beautiful as long as you live" (p. 23). Age, she rightly urges, ought to improve the physiognomy of any woman—or man—and would do so, were her life—or his—regulated conformably to those conditions of being which the highest in us so ardently longs for. The most timely lesson for the young of either sex to learn is, that perfect virtue and perfect health are interdependent, and that both are essential to ideal comeliness of body and mind—beauty.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Studley's eloquent little volume will be widely read and duly appreciated.

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*Hygiene of the Brain and Nerves, and the Cure of Nervousness.* 12° pp. 279. By M. L. HOLBROOK, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. 1878.

THE *Hygiene of the Brain* is not designed to enlarge the bounds of knowledge in respect of the functions and care of the brain and nervous system. It is rather an attempt to popularize, or bring into general appreciation, the knowledge of those subjects which students of physiology already possess, but too often ignore.



The work is divided into two parts. Part I begins with a description of the brain and nervous system, to which four brief chapters are devoted. Then follows a short discussion of the nervous function and its chief disorder, *nervousness*. To the cure of this protean disorder the author gives two chapters full of sensible suggestions, well worthy a careful perusal. This part of his book closes with a chapter of quotations on various subjects of moment, connected with mental hygiene, from the writings of distinguished scientists and physicians.

The most attractive part of the volume, at least to "Jenkins," is Part II, in which the "physical and intellectual habits of distinguished men and women," and many men and women of less note, are described by themselves in the form of letters to the author. We will not attempt to pass judgment upon those letters lest our critical propensity—if it be a "propensity," and we suppose it is—get the better of us; we will only venture to remark that while some of them are instructive and interesting, all are curious and amusing. One thing is most conspicuous in all of them, *viz.*: the facility with which men and women, distinguished or otherwise, lapse into cheap autobiography when an opportunity to do so presents itself.

This is, however, no detraction of the author's own contributions to his work, which are most timely and judicious.

#### LAW.

*A Treatise on the Law of Railroad and other Securities, including Municipal Aid Bonds.* 8° pp. 707. By LEONARD A. JONES, Esq. Boston: Houghton, Osgood and Co. 1879.

THIS excellent treatise on the *Law of Railroad and other Securities* is designed by the author to supplement his recent treatise on the *Law of Mortgages of Real Property*. Without entering into the details of the topics with which the work deals, it will be sufficient to say that it meets a want in the legal profession which has not before been adequately met. Indeed, this want is of quite recent origin; the securities of which the book treats being, for the most part, to use the language of the author, "the outgrowth of the recent extraordinary development of the railroad system of this country."

This rapid and unparalleled growth of the railroad system in the United States has given rise to an unparalleled amount of legislation by the different States on the subject. We cannot, perhaps, present the bearings of this treatise on this complication of legislative affairs, and show its *raison d'être* to better advantage

than by quoting the precise language of the learned author himself:

"In nearly all the States," he writes, "there have been enacted, in different terms, general statutes authorizing railroad companies to convey their franchises and property in mortgage; statutes giving laborers and contractors special liens upon railroads for work done and materials used in their construction and repair; and statutes authorizing the purchasers of railroads upon foreclosure sales to organize new corporations to hold and operate them. There have also been enacted numerous statutes relating to mortgages of rolling stock; to the making of foreclosure sales; to the rights and duties of mortgage trustees, and to the appointment of Receivers. The granting of municipal aid to railroads has been either the subject of constitutional or legislative provisions in almost all the States" (*Preface*, pp. 6-7).

The author has treated his subject with a thoroughness that seems to be exhaustive. His work is a model in its method and arrangement, as well as in typographical excellence; written with studied precision of speech; and shows on every page unmistakable indications of conscientious scholarship and painstaking industry. The utility of the work is enhanced by a comprehensive index, a table of contents, and a complete table of cases cited in the text, with corresponding references. It cannot fail to receive a hearty welcome from the legal profession.

#### EDUCATION.

*An Introduction to the Rhythmic and Metric of the Classical Languages.* To which are added the Lyric parts of the *Medea* of Euripides and the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Rhythmical Schemes and Commentary. 8° pp. 198. By DR. J. HEINRICH SCHMIDT. Tr. from the German, with the author's sanction, by JOHN WILLIAMS WHITE, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Greek in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn & Heath, Publishers. 1878.

HERE is a work that almost makes us regret our school days. We all remember the terrors of scansion, an art bearing the same relation to the music of Greek verse that the dry and cumbrous nomenclature of botany bears to the floral kingdom. Scansion, as commonly practised, serves only to mar the music and conceal the fine distinctions of poetry. Now, all this will be changed. In place of the fallacy that Greek rhythmic is distinguished only by one long and one short time, Dr. Schmidt discovers "notes of six different values, ranging from five-eighths to a sixteenth, the ordinary short being the eighth." From this, a musical system, very expressive and not too intricate, is established; the study of rhythmic and metric is made a delight, bringing constantly its own reward. We turn eagerly to our old beloved poets, and find every verse beaming upon us with unwonted attractiveness, revealing new beauties to mind and ear.

The translator has greatly increased the value of the book by

adding three indexes, and he has substituted for the German illustrative quotations, verses from our well-known English poets. It would be unjust to dismiss the work without a word of hearty praise for the manner in which the publishers have presented it to the public.

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*English Synonymes.* Explained in Alphabetical Order, with copious Illustrations and Examples drawn from the best Writers. To which is now added an Index to the Words. 12° pp. 856. By GEORGE CRABB, A. M. New Edition, with additions and corrections. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.

EVERY editor, writer, speaker and teacher, in short, every person who uses the English language and wishes to use it correctly and to the best effect, is indebted to the Messrs. Harper for this admirable new edition of a standard work. As no work on English Synonymes can compare with Crabb's, so no edition of it equals this one for compactness, clearness of print, and general presentation. Let every one buy it and use it. Indeed, we are not sure but editors would do themselves a good turn by presenting a copy to each of their "regular contributors," and thus relieve themselves from the mental strain of revising so many manuscripts which, however important in matter, are yet so often slovenly written.

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*How to Learn Russian; A Manual for Students of Russian.* 12° pp. 567. By HENRY RIOLA. With a preface by W. R. S. RALSTON, M. A. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

*Key to the Exercises of the Manual for Students of Russian.* 12° pp. 125. By HENRY RIOLA. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

RECENT events have done much to arouse an interest in the language and literature of Russia. But, perhaps even in this the pen has been mightier than the sword, and the novels of Tourgenieff have attracted more students than the political prominence achieved by his country. The universal belief that the acquirement of the Russian language presents insurmountable difficulties is a fallacy, arising naturally from the lack, hitherto, of a really good grammar. This fatal defect is now most ably remedied by the *Manual* of Mr. Riola. His pages fully prove his assertion that the prominent features of the language are clearness and methodical arrangement, and that Russian is easy of acquirement by dint of average diligence and perseverance.

His method is a modified Ollendorffian. To pronunciation he devotes an elaborate treatise, supplemented with tables of reference. The chapter on orthography is admirably clear and full. He makes comparatively easy the mastery of inflections and terminations. In the exposition of the verb, he follows the best Russian grammarians, replacing the usual numerous subdivisions by two conjugations merely, subdivided into only ten classes, and giving to each verb three branches—present, past and iterative. And thus onward, through nouns, adverbs and prepositions, he makes the path smooth and the way plain. His illustrations and tables are both copious and helpful. In fine, while the *Manual* cannot take the place of a scientific grammar, it is admirably adapted to serve as a means of *entrance* upon the rich fields of Slavonic literature.

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*An Introduction to the Greek of the New Testament.* 12° pp. 72.  
By GEO. L. CARY. Andoyer : Warren F. Draper. 1879.

This is an elementary work, designed for the use of such as desire to read the New Testament in the original, and who yet have no knowledge of Greek. It has been already used with good success, and a careful examination of its pages explains the pleasing fact. The many peculiarities of the New Testament idiom are made exceedingly simple and easy to master; while the numerous and confusing references to classical authors which abound in our larger works have been either omitted entirely or thrown into brackets. The battle that rages around the doctrine of eternal punishment, for instance, is driving many to a study of the original text. To this highly laudable purpose Mr. Cary's treatise is a valuable aid.

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*Mother Play and Nursery Songs.* Illustrated by fifty engravings, with notes to mothers. 4° pp. 192. Translated from the German of FRIEDERICH FROEBEL, by MISSES F. E. DWIGHT and JOSEPHINE JARVIS. Boston : Messrs. Lee and Shepard ; New York : Chas. T. Dillingham. 1879.

THE English admirers of Von Froebel will be pleased with this translation of his *Mother Play and Nursery Songs*. The gentle simplicity and kindly spirit which animate his lines must make them a great favorite in the nursery. The work contains, in addition to his songs which have been gracefully rendered into English and adapted to music, *notes to mothers*, by this great master of child-life, which will be read by them with affectionate interest.

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*Aids to Family Government; or, From the Cradle to the School*, according to FROEBEL. 12° paper, pp. 208. By BERTHA MEYER. Tr. from the 2d German Edition, by M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. 1879.

*Aids to Family Government*, by Mrs. Bertha Meyer, a disciple of Froebel, has been sufficiently appreciated by the "American Froebel Union" to be placed by them in their standard library for Kindergartens. It is graced with a fine cut of the head of Von Froebel. The spirit of this benignant and large-minded German imbues every paragraph of the author and gives pith and point to everything she writes. The translator, too, seems to have caught her inspiration in rendering the German into graceful English. It is to be hoped that this "labor of love" may be rewarded by the work finding its way into every household where there are children, and awakening in parents a wiser interest in their little ones. The work concludes with a chapter from Herbert Spencer on *The Rights of Children*, and the *True Principles of Family Government*.

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#### HISTORY.

*A History of American Literature.* 2 Vols. 8° pp. 292-330. By MOSES COIT TYLER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

MR. TYLER has given in these volumes the first instalment of his history of American literature, from the days of the first colonists down to the present time. It is a great undertaking, especially as regards the record of what is to be the concluding portion—the record of the last hundred years, when the sphere of native effort began to enlarge itself into something like national dimensions. But the author shows his ability to cope with it, whether we regard his judicious arrangement, his acute power of criticism, or the love of what is curious or characteristic in the earlier writings of the colonists; while his manner of composition is clear and forcible, with a very flexible power of expression—the happiest and most idiomatic style to be found, perhaps, in any American book; being stronger in texture, so to speak, than that of Irving, Prescott or Bancroft, our most distinguished historians.

In the first of these volumes (1607-1676), we have biographical and critical notices of about thirty writers, beginning with Captain John Smith, George Percy and William Strachey, who wrote on the theme of Virginia, which, if priority alone were to be considered, might be called the leading colony in the realm

of literature; though it was eventually eclipsed by Massachusetts. The American muses were born of maritime adventure and the sea; and their "especial pen" was the aforesaid Captain John Smith who first opened a way into the heart of Virginia-Britannia, as it was affectedly or affectionately termed in some of the charters of James I and in other documents. Smith is a notable historic figure, and our author presents him in a fair light. He says (page 19), that John Smith belonged "to that noble type of manhood of which the Elizabethan period produced so many examples—the man of action who was also a man of letters, the man of letters who was also a man of action: the wholesomest type of manhood anywhere to be found; body and brain both active, both cultivated; the mind not made fastidious and morbid by too much bookishness, nor coarse and dull by too little; not a doer who is dumb, not a speech-maker who cannot do; the knowledge that comes of books widened and freshened by the knowledge that comes of experience; the literary sense fortified by common-sense; the bashfulness and delicacy of the scholar hovering as a finer presence above the forceful audacity of the man of the world; at once bookman, penman, swordsman, diplomat, sailor, courtier, orator. Of this type of manhood, spacious, strong, refined, and sane, were the best men of the Elizabethan time." And at page 37: "Over all his personal associates in American adventure he seems to tower, by the natural loftiness and reach of the perception with which he grasped the significance of their vast enterprise, and the means of its success. As a writer his merits are really great—clearness, force, vividness, picturesque and dramatic energy, a diction racy and crisp \* \* \* \* during the first two decades of the seventeenth century he did more than any other Englishman to make an American nation and an American literature possible." This quotation—which also serves to give a good idea of the author's peculiar felicity of expression, presents a high estimate of Captain Smith, a higher perhaps, than many would be willing to accept. Yet Smith was truly a man of mark; and it was only the other day, at the auction of the Brinley Collection in New York, that one of the oldest editions of his famous *History of Virginia and the Somers Islands* brought the handsome sum of \$1,800, cheerfully paid by Mr. Kalbfleisch.

After Smith came William Strachey, one of the literary mariners of England, who formed part of the flotilla, under Sir Thomas Gates and George Somers, which was wrecked on the coast of "the still-vexed Bermoothes." On his safe arrival in Virginia, Strachey wrote a "True Reportory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Kt., upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas," &c. This narrative, bearing the date of 1610, furnished Shakespeare with the fine, fantastic ideas and descriptions to be found in his play of *The Tempest*. Strachey's style is very labored and intense—a style that certainly leaves, for that reason, a strong

impression on the reader's fancy. His Report conveys a lively notion of the storm-spirits and other fantastic creatures of the air and water, which, in the opinion of the sailors, had a hand in these terrible Bermuda hurricanes; and which the dramatist presented in the shapes of Ariel, Caliban, &c.

With an allusion to this storm and its suggestion, Mr. Tyler passes on, overlooking what lay somewhat in his way, and might have seemed characteristic of the literary thought of that place and period. We mean the Virginian vocabulary of Powhatan, which Strachey was at pains to collect, and which is highly interesting to all philologists for the number of Keltic words to be found in it. *Sucquo-hana*, for instance, means river and water, and it represents a number of old-world rivers, among the rest the historic stream of Northern Gaul, running through Paris, the *Sequana*, or, as we now write it, the *Seine*. *Ire* meant to go, as it does in Latin and other languages. *Damisak* meant a knife, and is the old English word for sword, the origin of our phrase *damascus-blade*, which has nothing to do with an oriental city. More than a score of writers, as philologists are aware, have asserted the strong similarity between the Keltiberian dialects and those of the native Americans; and Mr. Farrar, especially, argues that the roots and word-formations of the Basque are discoverable in the old glossaries of the Red Men and the Mexicans. It will be remembered that the Virginia region was once called *Huittramanaland* (White-man's Land), and *Irland-it-Mikla* (the Greater Ireland). On the whole, we fancy William Strachey's philology deserved the honor of a paragraph or two, or, at least, a foot-note in Mr. Tyler's history.

As regards the literature of Virginia, it did not fulfil the promise of its first efforts; and Mr. Tyler shows the cause of its inferiority to that of Massachusetts. He says of the early Virginians (page 83): "Though they were of the same stock and speech as the founders of New England, in ideas they were very different; and at once proceeding to incarnate their ideas in the visible frame of society, they erected a fabric of church and state which was of course a veracious expression of themselves, and which presents an almost perfect antithesis to the fabric of church and state which at about the same time began to be erected in New England. \* \* \* The founders of New England were inclined to settle in groups of families forming neighborhoods, villages and at last cities; from which it resulted that among them there was a constant play of mind upon mind; mutual stimulation, mutual forbearance also; likewise an easier and more frequent reciprocation of the social forces and benefits; facility in conducting the various industries and trades; facility in maintaining churches, schools, and higher literary organizations; facility in the interchange of books, letters and the like. The course chosen by the founders of Virginia was precisely the opposite of this. \* \* \* Their ambition was to be-

come territorial lords in Virginia. \* \* \* And many things united to favor them in this wish. It was extremely easy to get large tracts of land in Virginia. \* \* \* Moreover Virginia is veined by a multitude of navigable rivers; so that every man who wished to segregate himself in his own mansion, amid a vast territorial solitude, needed not to wait for the construction of a public road to enable him to get to it; \* \* \* but by erecting his house near to a river bank, he could find almost at his door a convenient shipping point for the productions of his farm." No doubt the geographical elements—too often omitted from such estimates—will always shape or color the character of a people. The warm, rich soil of Virginia, encouraging the system of slave labor, produced these distinctions in society which prevent any community of idea or of effort between the higher and lower classes, and thus tend to lessen public spirit and those energies or sympathies of the intellect that work themselves out in literature, of whatever sort.

Mr. Tyler's luminous abstract of New England literature begins with William Bradford, who came in the Mayflower, and who wrote a history of the New England plantation, a work used subsequently by his nephew, Nathaniel Morton, author of *New England's Memorial*, published in 1669,—and continues with Winthrop, Johnson, Gookin, Wood, Josselyn, Hooker, Shepard, Cotton, Chauncey, Ward, Roger Williams, &c. His treatment of Williams makes one of the most attractive passages of the series; for Williams was himself a very beautiful character, and the northern counterpart of the founder of Pennsylvania. He was a genuine lover of human liberty—the best kind of liberty, that of the mind—and a friend of those whom his countrymen regarded with contempt, and had come to dispossess, the red Indians. He thought those swarthy creatures had the rights of men, and wished to educate and live with them as such. But the general cry in his day was: "The Red-skins must go!" And they did go with a vengeance. A somewhat similar cry is heard in our own day, and it remains to be seen whether or not the quality of our civilization has changed in the lapse of two centuries. Of Roger Williams our author says: "Never in anything addicted to concealments, he has put himself without reserve into his writings. There he still remains. \* \* \* Searching for him along the two thousand printed pages upon which he has stamped his own portrait we seem to see a very human and fallible man, with a large head, a warm heart, a healthy body, an eloquent and imprudent tongue; not a symmetrical person, poised, cool, accurate, circumspect; a man very anxious to be genuine and to get at the truth, but impatient of slow methods, trusting gallantly to his own intuitions, easily deluded by his own hopes; an imaginative, sympathetic, affluent, impulsive man; an optimist; his master-passion benevolence; his mind clarifying itself slowly; never quite settled on all subjects in the universe; at almost every moment on the watch



for some new idea about that time expected to heave in sight; never able by the ordinary means of intellectual stagnation to win for himself in his lifetime the bastard glory of doctrinal consistency; professing many things by turn and nothing long, until at last, even in mid-life, he reached the moral altitude of being able to call himself only a seeker—in which not ignoble creed he continued for the remainder of his days on earth" (I, p. 241-242). These sentences, so just to the first founder of one of our sovereign States, will give the reader a pretty good idea of the author's ample and graphic way of dealing with such themes.

But, having said so much about Roger Williams, why did Prof. Tyler slur over, *sans phrase*, the claims of John Eliot, the renowned apostle of the Indians, a man only second to Williams himself in the intellectual and governing qualities of his mind? Eliot helped largely to advance the cause of literature, though he wrote few or none of those polemical treatises which have been noted under that designation. He had the enlarged mind of a statesman and a philanthropist; and it is greatly and singularly to his honor that he attempted to make the language of the native tribes of New England a means of raising them in the scale of civilization, and rendering them as free and enlightened as the colonists themselves. Like Williams, he thought they were men, with some rights which men of the Puritan creed were bound to respect. He was a scholar and a linguist, and his Bible, New Testament, Psalms and Catechism in the Mohegan language are beyond a doubt the greatest curiosities of American literature, while they perpetuate a mass of rare information which will yet help the cause of literature in general, by means of linguistic research. Eliot's claim to literary distinction would not have been denied in his own day. Charles the Second no doubt recognized it when Buckingham put into his royal hands the large American Bible, turned from the English of King James into the choice Mohegan of Aquidneck; and the work was still more cordially recognized, subsequently, by the great scholars of France and Germany. Nor was the literary worth of the man less acknowledged a few weeks ago in New York, when, at the public sale of the Brinley collection, Mr. Moore, librarian of the Lenox Library, gave \$500 for a copy of the Eliot New Testament, published in 1661. The Mohegan Bible brought \$1,000, and another copy, taken by Trumbull, of the Watkins Library, Hartford, brought \$500. Eliot was really a man of letters and learning, and his name and work should have been more than mentioned in a history of American literature. Socrates wrote nothing; and yet few would think of omitting him in a treatise on the philosophers. For the rest, Eliot was the most hard-working literary man of his day. He worked for twenty years at his Mohegan Bible; and Cotton Mather, whose general harshness was somewhat softened by his kindly regard for puns, anagrams and such cheerful diversions of

the intellect, used to point to the fact that *Eliot*, read out in a particular way, signified *Toile*. Mather did not approve of Eliot's courses, the latter always insisting that the Indian rights should be respected.

Being in the fault-finding vein, we may observe that, having looked for some notice of the writings of Samuel Gorton,—philosopher and founder of the town of Warwick, in Rhode Island,—we did not find it. And yet his career would have furnished some of those traits and tintings that never come amiss to a writer like Mr. Tyler. Gorton was as meteoric a writer as Lord Byron and, in his own way, as great a genius. He has left writings preserved in public and private libraries, such as *Simplicite's Defence against Seven-headed Policy*; an *Antidote against the Common Plague of the World* (read with unction and profit by Oliver Cromwell, to whom it was dedicated); a *Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew*; *Saltmarsh returned from the Dead*; the *Incorruptible Key*, &c. Gorton, largely gifted with the propensity to affront some of the best Christians of that day, was denounced as a "wanton gospeller," and a "prodigious minter of exorbitant novelties;" and the colony of Massachusetts made war upon him, in a manner which the reader may find very agreeably narrated in Mr. Gay's *Popular History of the United States*, and in Dr. Spark's *American Biographies*. Mr. Tyler might have spared a page at least to the career of one who, with tongue and pen, made such a noise in his day, and who was really an educated man and a philosophical thinker. He was sufficiently strong-minded to disregard the religious teachings and dogmas of his age, scoffing at priesthoods and ordained ministries; scoffing also at the received ideas of a future judgment and a future life. He had a leaning to pantheism, and asserted that the true Divinity—represented by the "man Christ,"—existed in human nature and would yet be developed in that character and connection. He lived a life of heresy and struggle, and was as great a "seeker" as Roger Williams. Like Williams and Eliot, he had a brotherly feeling for the "red men," and dwelt in friendship beside them all his life. Taken altogether, the singularity of the man is as worthy of historic record as that of the Mathers.

Mr. Tyler's second volume—including the names of over one hundred writers—brings us down to the year 1765, closing with the themes of American journalism, early American colleges, and the study of physical science in America; this last department containing a notice of Franklin, discoverer of atmospheric electricity, and founder, in 1741, of the first American Magazine. The notice has reference to the earlier part of his career only, the conclusion belonging to a future volume. Concerning Franklin, Mr. Tyler says: "At the close of our colonial epoch, Benjamin Franklin, then fifty-nine years of age, was the most illustrious of Americans, and one of the most illustrious of men; and his renown

rested on permanent and benign achievements of the intellect. He was, at that time, on the verge of old age; his splendid career as a scientific discoverer and as a citizen seemed rounding to its full; yet there then lay outstretched before him—though he knew it not—still another career of just twenty-five years in, which his political services to his country and to mankind were to bring him more glory than he had gained from all he had done before, and in which he was to write one book—the story of his own life—that is still the most famous production in American literature, that has an imperishable charm for all classes of mankind, that has passed into nearly all the literary languages of the globe, and that is ‘one of the half-dozen most widely popular books ever printed.’” (II, p. 252.)

The second volume concludes with a copious index; and both volumes are presented to the public in the best typographical style of Messrs. Putnam’s Sons.

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*The King’s Secret.* 2 vols. 8° pp. 399–535. Being the Secret Correspondence of Louis XV with his Diplomatic Agents, from 1732 to 1774. By the Duc DE BROGLIE. London, Paris and New York: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

FEW kings have left a more unsavory memory than “Louis the Well-Beloved,” and every new light thrown upon his reign serves only to deepen our abhorrence of his character. These revelations by the Duc de Broglie show the king’s depravity to have been more complete, even, than we have hitherto believed.

It is impossible to understand such a mental structure as that which led an absolute and autocratic monarch, whose lightest word was law, to carry on State matters of the highest importance in a manner the most unworthy—utterly debasing to himself, and, what is far worse, to the many strong and true men who were concerned in them. “*Le Secret du Roi*”—the fact that Louis XV was secretly conducting some great affair through the medium of princes of the blood, hare-brained adventurers, obscure clerks, and even lieutenants of police—was widely suspected in the king’s lifetime, and officially acknowledged, perforce, by his successor. Louis XVI, indeed, commanded that all the records of the “strange whim” be burned; but the order was never executed, and the papers, having mysteriously disappeared for a time, came to light again in 1810, through the hands of Giraud Soulavie, who at that time offered them to Napoleon I. In 1866, M. Boutaric, sub-keeper of the State Records, published such of these documents as he could obtain, and thus threw the first broad light on the old mystery. The present Duc de Broglie, finding his ancestors to have been the most prominent actors in the secret,

began diligently to search the archives of his family for the purpose of filling the wide gaps in M. Boutaric's work. The result is before us—in one of the most valuable, ably written and absorbingly interesting historical works of recent years.

While not in the slightest degree "sensational," the work has created a profound sensation in France, and will excite deep interest in America as well, especially as the period of the secret diplomacy covers our Revolution, and its principal agent furnished the plan for the attempted invasion of England by French arms in behalf of the American Colonies. The object of the secret, however, is chiefly Poland. These volumes have accordingly their greatest value in laying bare the hidden history of the infamous Partition. In the face of this new light we must re-read and annotate all our old authorities on that affair.

The Duc de Broglie's volumes record the exploits in war and diplomacy; the State and love intrigues of empresses; the comico-tragic domestic history of legations, and the pathetic stories of life in exile. Warriors dancing attendance at court, diplomatists spinning webs on the battle-field, courtesans caballing in king's palaces—all appear and pass in rapid succession; while ever and anon the old political hope and the old royal passion break forth to overturn the best laid schemes. The de Broglies, Marshal, Count and Abbé, are the central figures; but Poniatowski, the lover of Catherine, and the Chevalier d'Eon, who succeeded in confusing every one as to his sex, serve, with du Barry and the Pompadour, to give the history a strong flavor of romance. We predict that all who take up these volumes and admire a strong and brilliant historical picture will follow them to the end.

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*Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life.* 8° pp. 913.  
By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Tenth Edition, with  
Six New Chapters and a complete Bibliography of the  
subject. By EZRA ABBOTT. New York: W. J. WIDDLE-  
TON. 1878.

MR. ALGER'S *Doctrine of a Future Life* was first published in 1859, since which time it has been through ten editions; a fact that proves its popularity in spite of its bulk. Its theme is one that has an interest for all persons—the shadowy future, and it is treated by one who approves himself as a scholar and a philosopher, a clear-headed thinker and a good writer. The author does not stand in any awe of what is called "orthodoxy." He says orthodoxy "insists on doctrines whose irrationality in their current forms is such that they can never be a basis for the union of all men. Therefore, to discredit these, in preparation for more reasonable and auspicious views, is a service to the

whole human race." And yet the author's arguments are never too pronounced or in any way repelling, but always modified and balanced. He gives a history of the human beliefs concerning the soul's origin and essence, the ideas of death, the end of the world, and of a future life; freely criticising the old theories, and in the same spirit, examining the doctrines of the Old Testament and the Gospels. His field is a large one, the greater part of it being a mere wilderness of men's imaginations. The most comforting of our author's chapters is probably that in which he decidedly scouts the very ancient idea of an eternal life of torment—the cherished belief of so many of God's interpreters during so many ages; and one that our own Jonathan Edwards accepted and propounded with remarkable force and unction. On the whole, Mr. Alger writes in the spirit of the present age, and brings human reason to bear on all the mysteries, or other themes of thought, old or new, and with a discretion that preserves him from the extreme views of many rationalists, and, in this way, tends to enhance his popularity. One great charm of his book must be mentioned—and that is, the multitude of poetical quotations scattered through its pages and relieving the austere gravity of the subject. There are ten times as many of them in his volume as the quotations which enliven Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Mr. Abbott's part in this work is worthy of all acceptance, having added a complete bibliography of the subject. The index, too, is one of those satisfactory things which a book of this kind should never be without.

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*History of the First and Second Missouri Confederate Brigades. 1861-1865. A Military Anagraph. 8° pp. 507.*  
By R. S. BREVIER. St. Louis: Bryan, Brand and Co.  
1879.

THIS tribute to the memory and military service of brother soldiers who fought in the Civil War, is well and soldierly paid. The writer has combined his "Personal Reminiscences" with the general plan of his history. The author follows the battles, sieges, and fortunes of the two brigades, from the opening fight of Booneville to the last scene of all, where "the remnant of the eight thousand gallant soldiers who had followed General Price across the Great River, all that were left upon its rolls—the sick, the wounded and the well—scarcely exceeded eight hundred men." The animated narrative must have its charm and value for all Missourians; but for us, at this distance of time and place, the author's "Personal Recollections," drawn from his own diary, have a more agreeable sort of attraction, being written in a very animated manner, "very audible and full of vent," and interspersed with a swarm of poetical quotations that keep the reader's fancy on the *qui vive*;—a common practice in the authorship of a soldier.

*Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy.* 2 Vols. 12° pp. 436-415. By WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M. A. Edited from the Author's MSS., with Notes by WILLIAM HEPWORTH THOMPSON, M. A. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1879.

IT is gratifying to know that there is still a demand for these brilliant and scholarly essays. Although first published more than twenty years ago, they yet hold an advanced position in a field occupied by some of England's foremost scholars. The lectures, indeed, are uneven in merit, those forming the introductory series having evidently been hastily prepared; but the historical portions are characterized by the assured grasp, perspicuity of thought, seductive eloquence, and winning personality that made the author a master among men. Of especial worth are the lectures on Plato and his followers, in which the system of the great philosopher is discussed with great power of thought and charm of utterance. Even the most serious defect in these volumes—the inexplicable omission of any account of the Stoics and of Epicurus,—serves but to heighten and intensify the glowing portrait of their central figure. We advise all young students, who find the history of philosophy dull and dry, to read these lectures of Professor Butler.

We cannot refrain from adding an expression of regret that so many valuable works are disfigured by an injudicious and untasteful scrimping of margins. Many of the books on our table are thus marred: Spedding's *Life of Bacon* and these Lectures on Philosophy being prominent illustrations of the fault.

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*Short History of German Literature.* 12° pp. 591. By JAMES K. HOSMER. St. Louis: G. J. Jones and Co. 1879.

FEW tasks are more difficult than to present, in a single volume, a just view of the vast field of German literature. Consequently most attempts have defeated their object, by resulting in unreadable pages, lumbered with accounts of insignificant authors, and by utterly ignoring perspective and due sense of proportion. In these particulars Professor Hosmer's book is a great advance. Limiting himself to belles-lettres, he sets forth in a pictorial and attractive style the fruits of a thousand years of German genius and study. Large space is given to the literature preceeding Luther, in which the Nibelungen Lied and the epic of Gudrun receive full and loving treatment; while the chapter on "The Beginnings" is made highly interesting, although we wish the author had been more explicit in his references. Professor Hosmer's plan is to show "the great peaks illuminated, the less important summits in a shadow;" hence, about half the book is given to Lessing, Goethe, Schiller and Heine. Here he

is seen at his best. The chapters devoted to these men contain the most satisfactory brief treatment of their genius and writings that we remember anywhere to have met with.

As a whole, Professor Hosmer's work is by far the best of its kind; the safest and most pleasing guide along the highways of German polite literature. But, *per contra*, he intrudes a long account of the Thirty Years' War; introduces frequent reminiscences of his travels; is strangely inconsistent in his spelling of proper names (though persistent enough in the case of "Leipsig"); and gives us too many examples of careless writing. These, to be sure, are small defects; but not so is the lack of an index, which should be supplied in a second edition—for a second edition will surely be demanded.

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*Conversion of the West.* 4 vols. 16°. With maps. *The English.* By REV. G. F. MACLEAR, D.D. *The Northmen.* By the same author. *The Celts.* By the same author. *The Continental Teutons.* By the VERY REV. CHARLES MERIVALE, D.D. London: Published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Pott, Young and Co.

THESE volumes cover a very interesting epoch of history; when Christianity offered to the barbarians of the West a more enlightened faith, and the beginning of a higher civilization. From the picturesque country of the Northmen, with its pine-clad hills, snow-capped mountains, and rock-bound coast, the green fields of England, the smiling valleys and peaceful lakes of Ireland, to the sunny lands of France, did the saintly fathers extend their mission; enduring hardships from which many a strong man might shrink, and braving dangers before which many a courageous heart might quail; not only laying down their lives at their Master's feet, but, what was a truer heroism, taking them up and devoting them to his service, bearing patiently all misfortune, and fighting valiantly to plant his ensign in new fields, and once there, to maintain it.

Of course, the history of the conversion of the West is well known,—of Ulphilas, the Apostle of the Goths, and his work among his countrymen; of Severinus, the Apostle of Noricum; St. Amandus' mission in Flanders; St. Boniface, the apostle of western Germany; of St. Augustine's labors among the English, bringing them back within the pale of the Church and the general society of Europe, devoting himself to the double work of converting the Pagans to Christianity, and of prevailing upon the British believers to return to the Roman allegiance, after the Anglo-Saxon invasion had almost wholly eradicated the seeds of the Christian faith which had been previously sown by the British

church; of Ireland, and the difficulties Christianity encountered there, and of its final, though rather doubtful, success.

*The Continental Teutons*, by Dr. Merivale, is a more elaborate work than the others of the series. It includes much of the history contained in the other three, necessarily, as the missionary labors in the western countries were intimately connected. *The Northmen*, by Dr. Maclear, verifies the old adage that truth is often stranger than fiction. It reads more like a romance of olden times than the record of the planting and growth of a new faith upon a foreign soil.

The style of both Dr. Merivale and Dr. Maclear is eminently suited to their subject, being concise, lucid, and entertaining. The series will, undoubtedly, receive much favor, and will find a place on the shelves of many libraries. The volumes are tastefully gotten up, and the typography excellent.

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*The Commonwealth of Missouri.* 8° pp. 649. Edited by C. R. BARNES. St. Louis: Bryan, Brand and Co., 1879.

THIS volume is worthy of its theme, comprising the labor of several distinguished Missourians. Its archæological division has been furnished by A. J. Conant, A. M.; the historical, by Col. W. F. Switzler; and the geographical, by G. C. Swallow, LL.D. Its material wealth has been treated by R. A. Campbell, C. E., and its educational progress by W. T. Harris, LL.D. Each of these themes supplies in itself the matter of a volume, and all give evidence of careful and intelligent research. Mr. Conant's division is an ample dissertation on the pre-historic periods and races of the Missouri and Mississippi regions, and maintains the view that these regions were in former ages very populous in tribes which, passing southward, produced the comparative civilization of Mexico and Central America. Mr. Switzler's chapters bring the reader forward into the light of the European immigrations, from the time of Ponce de Leon to the present. The contributions to physical geography, material wealth and educational progress, involve narratives and statistics which will yet make this work a valuable book of reference and guide for the writers, as well as the people of Missouri. The work is a royal octavo, and is adorned with about eighteen portraits of distinguished Missourians, and many other illustrations. Its typography is an honor to the press of St. Louis.

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*The Telegraph in America.* Royal 8° pp. 892. By JAMES D. REID. Albany: Printed for the Author, by Weed, Parsons and Co. 1878.

THIS book may be termed the monument of Samuel F. B. Morse. The record is alike honorable to our dead men of genius and to the industry of the author, who has performed his labor of love in the kindest and most genial spirit, and in an effective literary manner. No doubt some future histories of Morse and his coadjutors in telegraphy will be written; but we can well believe that the writers will be under the necessity of making use of the facts and figures contained in the present work. It is illuminated by forty-five portraits of American savants who have been most forward in promoting the cause of telegraphic science, and the interest of those who have covered the country with a net-work of telegraph lines. The story of telegraphy is an interesting one, as we find it here narrated, leading to the conclusion that there yet remain discoveries and applications in the domain of electro-dynamics, which will surpass all that has been hitherto found so full of achievements and wonder.

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*Decisive Events of History.* Small 4° pp. 178. By THOMAS ARCHER. Illustrated. New York, Paris and London: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

IT is a good idea to present the great events of by-gone times in a convenient readable shape. They are, so to speak, the most luminous pictures in the long historical gallery of the world; and the tendency is to excite the curiosity of young readers, elevate their ideas, and create a taste for historical reading. This is a valuable book for boys and girls, and may also be read with profit by men and women. The illustrations are Teutonic, reminding us of those drawings that usually accompany the *Nibelungen Lied*.

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BIOGRAPHY.

*English Men of Letters.* Edited by JOHN MORLEY.

1. *David Hume.* 12° pp. 206. By Prof. HUXLEY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.
2. *Oliver Goldsmith.* 12° pp. 152. By WILLIAM BLACK. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.
3. *Daniel Defoe.* 12° pp. 167. By WILLIAM MINTO. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

1. THE readers of these interesting biographies of Hume, Defoe and Oliver Goldsmith will probably be reminded of the traditional

influences that have at all times shaped the fates of most literary men, leaving them a good deal at the mercy of events, instead of giving them the power to control them. From the earliest ages, the followers of the muses were a sort of "Bohemians;" and there is something shifty or shiftless in the rôle of the most practical of those *littérateurs*—we mean the journalists, very few of whom will admit that they were ever intended or trained for the special office they happen to occupy. Literary men seem to drift into their places, somehow. In the cases of Hume and Goldsmith, we find both of them growing up without knowing what life to follow. The Scotchman tried to make himself a lawyer, and spent some time in a lawyer's office. He then tried the business of a tutor, and afterwards travelled to Bristol, where he became a merchant's clerk. He next went over to France, where he cultivated literature, "on a little oatmeal," and the acquaintance of some friendly Jesuits of the College La Flèche. He was subsequently the military secretary of Gen. St. Clair; and at the age of forty had secured from his savings the handsome certainty of \$250 per annum. He next served as secretary in Lord Hertford's embassy to France; and from 1767 to 1769 had the place of Under-secretary of State. In all these movements and tentatives, he used literature as a staff, not as a crutch, as Sir Walter Scott used to express it.

The same sort of uncertainty directed the courses of Oliver Goldsmith—a man so unlike Hume in so many other respects. Wandering out of Trinity College, he became a family tutor. Then he tried to get church orders; then studied medicine; then became usher in a school; then tried to become a ship-surgeon; then subsided into a publisher's hack; and so drifted on to the place in which, after years of hard work, some starvation, a little enjoyment and a gleam of celebrity, the last moment reached him, in the usual prime of man's life. He would have been a happier man and less laughed at, as a school-master or curate. Hume, as a British merchant, would have grown plethoric on something more savory than oatmeal. But he would have kept an even mind to the end, passing away into oblivion, "content that he had lived and that he died." No doubt, chance governs the lives of most men. And yet that chance may be "direction which they cannot see" very clearly.

Mr. Huxley devotes about one-fifth of his little book to the biography of Hume, and the rest of it to an exposition of his philosophy—a task for which he is eminently fitted, sympathizing as he does with the general tone of his author's writings. Hume, as everybody knows, fell back on human reason and rejected everything in the shape of authority; belonging in this respect to the school of Locke, Descartes, Spinoza, Kant and the later philosophers who teach the doctrines of positivism. Of these, Prof. Huxley is one of the most resolute, believing that "the

laboratory is the fore-court of the temple of philosophy;”—in this respect going somewhat beyond Hume, who was more of a moral philosopher than a scientist, using the reason only against the systems of religion and of pure metaphysics. Hume doubted the continued existence of what is called the soul; and the positivists, entertaining the same doubt, go farther, and try to explain its material origin—a harder task than that of the Scotch logician, who was content to be a Pyrrhonist, and “sap a solemn creed with solemn sneer” in his own cold and philosophic style.

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2. To the generality of readers, the biography of Oliver Goldsmith, treated by William Black, will be more attractive than that of Hume. The novelist offers a very agreeable, running commentary on the life-acts and literature of his subject; and he does so with a cheerful optimism peculiar to himself—hovering as it were over the poet's pilgrimage without entering very much into it. He finds the rubs and endurances of Oliver inevitable from the man's impulsive nature; while he fancies and conjures up a crowd of compensations mitigating all the trials and discomforts of that literary career. It must be admitted that Goldsmith was not born to be a prudent and prosperous man, like Mr. Black, who rather blames Mr. Forster (Oliver's other biographer), for sympathizing so warmly with the hard work and meagre earnings of the poor poet, and for overlooking gaieties and vivacities which made that life in a garret rather tolerable, if not cheerful. No doubt, Goldsmith would have been happier and lived longer, if he could have done his hard pen-work like the frugal Hume, who could live on ten cents a day, and never cared to unbend in anything like the “shoemaker's holiday,” which the Irishman could enjoy with such heartiness. Hume had the reward of his prudence. His life was longer by about twenty years than that of Goldsmith, who died at the age of forty-five.

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3. THE seventh volume of this interesting series of “English Men of Letters,” giving a condensed biography of Defoe, the merchant, poet, novelist, reformer, philosopher, patriot and demagogue, of the 17th century, is quite as edifying as any of the series which has preceded it.

Mr. Minto's *Defoe* is based mainly on the biographies of him by Chalmers, Wilson and Lee, all of them thoroughly painstaking works, “justified by independent research and discovery.” In addition to these valuable sources of information, relative to the life and character of the eccentric author of *Robinson Crusoe*, he has otherwise qualified himself for his task, as he alleges, by reading “such of Defoe's undoubted writings as are accessible in

the library of the British Museum," and endeavoring "to connect them and him with the history of the time" (p. 6). The former part of the author's task is sufficiently easy; but the latter part of it is quite otherwise. And yet, however difficult it may be to connect a man with the history of the age which produced him, when that age is a century or more in the past, in no other way is it possible to form a correct judgment of him. By no other process could one make a just or proper estimate of Defoe—a man whose conscience, if he had one, was so overborne, or covered up, by the lying, deceitful, hypocritical, treacherous conduct and customs of his day and generation, as to preclude the possibility of its being called into action. In the time of James and the Charles' it was neither prudent nor politic for a public man to be frank and honest. Party spirit and religious bigotry were so intense, that if a man escaped the stake or dungeon for heresy it was at the risk of being hung or decapitated for defection to the crown, or the faction in power. It is a matter which should excite no suspicion, therefore, that a man of such pronounced political and religious convictions as had Daniel Defoe, should be found wanting in moral principle. The law of "natural selection" would make such a man, what Mr. Minto says Defoe was, "a truly great liar, perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived" (p. 165). Nevertheless, the man's influence was most potent for good and might always be found exerted on the right side. With all his lack of political rectitude, or moral principle in private life, our author says truly that "his powerful advocacy was enlisted in favor of almost every practicable scheme of social improvement that came to the front at his time" (p. 167).

Mr. Minto has dealt with his subject in a manner worthy of commendation, concealing nothing, nor failing to present anything essential to a life-like picture of this many-sided and most extraordinary man. These life-histories have a hundred good points and peculiarities; but the best of these is their miniature size, which is a merciful consideration in our day. They contain everything the general reader wishes to know concerning the men they celebrate; while the high character of the biographers tends still farther to make them popular with the reading public.

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*John Lothrop Motley.* 12° pp. 278. *A memoir.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

IN this memoir of the distinguished American historian, we have the biography of one man of genius very genially and happily set forth by another, and in that brief, idiomatic manner which is the charm of biography. The "autocrat" of the literary table, as well as the "breakfast table" is one of Motley's oldest

friends; and he writes with the knowledge that comes of such a long intimacy. His biography as here written by Dr. Holmes is perhaps one of the most vivid and satisfactory things of the kind in American literature; and in spite of its brevity—perhaps we might better say, because of its brevity—will tend to damage the success of any other life-history of John Lothrop Motley that may yet be written.

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*An Account of the Life and Times of Francis Bacon.* 2 Vols. 12° pp. 709-707. By JAMES SPEDDING. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

DURING the years from 1861 and 1874, Mr. Spedding published in seven volumes, *The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, including his occasional writings. That work is here presented in an abridgment, considered the most suitable to the tastes or needs of an American public, and adapted accordingly, under the superintendence of Mr. Spedding himself. These two volumes omit the philosophy of the great instaurator; furnishing his biography only, with its political events and all the means and strategies of his advancement in the midst of rivals and adversaries. It may be called a state-record of the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James; and, though the theme is an old one, it has a sort of narrative interest for the historic reader. Of course, that interest must be deepened and saddened by the latest events of Bacon's career and the terrible disgrace that darkened the closing years of his existence. Mr. Spedding tries to extenuate it; and in this he is much more judicious than Mr. Basil Montagu who, in his *Life of Bacon*, labors so hard to clear the Lord Chancellor's character. Bacon was, after all, very much a man of his own age; though in some respects he showed himself in advance of it; being born and fated to struggle for place and distinction under the corrupt influences of the society he moved in. One of the most prevalent customs of his time was the habit of making presents to men of distinction and mastery—kings, judges, &c.; such gifts being considered as perquisites of place, so to speak, and tributes of respect and devotion. But we have "changed all that." Macaulay was not quite just when he judged Bacon by the better practice of our days, and by the abstract opinions of strict moralists. Princes and States will still perpetrate murders and robberies, but in such a way that public opinion does not condemn them capitally. Of course, Bacon's own admissions prove that he sinned against his better knowledge. But his frankness and remorse prove that his nature had its nobleness as well as its weakness. Still, it is a deplorable story—perhaps one of the most deplorable in literature—spoiling our admiration of a philosopher who gave, or helped to give, so happy an impulse and direction to the course of human progress. In all ages,

men's minds have had a natural tendency to such courses, in spite of the metaphysics and dogmatisms of the philosophers and the ruling classes; and the principle of "utility" was always slowly but surely undermining the superstitions of the schools and systems. In the age of Elizabeth, Francis Bacon, bringing his large and comprehensive genius to bear upon that principle, gave it a memorable advancement, while he performed his task with an apparatus of the intellect and an elaborate felicity of style very much in keeping with the rather stately pedantries of the age he lived in.

In these compact and beautifully printed and bound volumes, Mr. Spedding and his publishers have done a real service to the student and busy *littérateur*, by condensing such a vast amount of interesting material in so small a space. The work is embellished with a portrait of Bacon, and is furnished with a copious index.

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*Lessing.* 2 vols. 12° pp: 328-358. By JAMES SIME.  
Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

THESE beautiful volumes are devoted to one of whom Heine used to say: "Lessing is the writer I love the most;" an assurance which will excite an interest in the biography of this man, who was born at Kamenz, in Saxony, in 1729, at a period which might be termed the twilight of German literature, before its "morning stars sang together," with Goethe, Schiller and their compeers.

Nothing is more striking in human history than the fact that men die to live again. Lessing, after passing out of sight—and memory, almost—for nearly a century, is beginning to live again, with the prospect of a career of increasing lustre. How true it is of the worthy dead, as Cicero has aptly said, that, "*Vita enim mortuorum in memoria vivorum est posita.*"

The volumes of Mr. Sime may be regarded as heralding Lessing's resurrection. They afford evidence that the good that men do dies not with them, but is as wheat sown on fallow ground, sure to bring forth abundantly. Though regarded a failure by the dominant opinion of his day, Lessing exerted an influence on Germany second to no literary man of his time.

At no distant day we shall endeavor to do, in these pages, justice to his genius and the volumes which have provided us with such ample material. For the present we must content ourselves with a few brief observations on his writings and philosophical convictions.

The "sybilline" leaves of Lessing are of much interest to his countrymen as belonging to the first period of their literature. He tried to improve the native rudeness of the German stage, with the help of Aristotle and the classic examples—as in his

*Laoköon*, which contains much of his peculiar genius. In one part of it he says: "Art uses forms and colors in space; poetry articulates sounds in time;" and such opinions could not be readily controverted. Indeed, much that he spent his life in setting forth had more force or novelty in his own days than in ours. But he excited in the Germans a love of thoughtful industry and taught them "to parse their pleasure," as Southey expresses it. In theology he was indifferent and tolerant, and wrote his play of *Nathan the Wise*, to show that a good Mussulman may be as good as a good Christian, or a good Jew. He was a doubter in philosophy; and Mr. Sime says there is nothing to guide us in forming an idea of his opinions; though he seems to have leaned in part to the ideas of Spinoza, that mind and matter are of the same primordial substance; while, in his *Christianity of Reason*, he maintained with Leibnitz that the world was a mass of monads. At the same time he held that the human will is free. His philosophy was, in fact, as vague as the plans and purposes of his life. As regards the latter, he felt that he could foresee nothing; and, as regards the greater problems of man's nature and destiny, he felt that he could know nothing. Mr. Huxley and the "positivists" are not much beyond him in these respects.

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*The Life of Louis Adolphe Thiers.* 12° pp. 353. By FRANÇOIS LE GOFF. Translated from the unpublished Manuscript, by THEODORE STANTON, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

THIS biography of the French statesman and historian, M. Thiers, makes its first appearance in an English dress. The most of the volume is devoted to the political career of its subject, the author giving a rapid review of the chief events and incidents in the political life of a man of singular and exceptional endowment—a life made all the more interesting by its covering a period of French history crowded with notable events of wide national importance. France has had and has now many *savans* and publicists whose careers and characters are more to be admired than those of M. Thiers. But few Frenchmen ever possessed a higher degree of practical wisdom than he. M. Thiers fulfilled, in fact, Mr. Burke's ideal of a statesman in that he took the world as it is, rather than as it ought to be. This maxim is, no doubt, the wisdom of a practical political genius, one who makes the most he can *out of* the world instead of doing the most he can *for* the world. But this is no place to quarrel either with the maxims of Mr. Burke or the character of M. Thiers.

Thiers was one of "the best-abused men of his age"—as Daniel O'Connell usually said of himself; and was accused of

wanting a decided course of policy—like that of Robespierre, Guizot, and other distinguished and resolute men. But he was like a ship at sea, which must make way according to the winds—and this is, indeed, the plea of M. Le Goff. And yet, it might be retorted that a ship, with steam and paddles, does not need to obey the wind. The truth is, that Thiers was only half a politician. He loved literature more than statesmanship, and was all his life working at his manuscripts or rummaging libraries. Like Dr. Johnson, he “loved to browse in a library.” For the rest, he was a statesman like Edmund Burke, who always thought it wiser to lead, than to drive or coerce, the sentiment of an age, and largely deferred to the common sense of the common people. Thiers always respected general tendencies, feeling that no army can safely march faster than its rear-guard; and was considered a shuffler and a trimmer, when he was really a practical philosopher. He was convinced that civilization should not alone *think* itself out, but *work* itself out. He himself loved work—believing with the old Greek poet, that “the gods sell everything to labor.” Like Sir Walter Raleigh, “he could toil terribly;” and his toil has left its mark on the progress of his country.

M. Le Goff—who has not yet found a French publisher for his manuscript—is the warm advocate of M. Thiers; and, though he is somewhat prejudiced, his opinions are much fairer and truer than those of the American, Mr. John Bigelow, who (in *France and Hereditary Monarchy*) is too “cock-sure” in his criticism—as Lord Melbourne used to say, with reference to Macaulay—and much more inclined to denounce freely than to discriminate carefully. Thiers was certainly not “the faultless monster which the world ne’er saw;” neither was he the political “Vicar of Bray,” which hasty people are in the habit of depicting.

The closing chapter of this biography will be found more interesting than those preceding it—relating, as it does, to the private life, ways, artistic tastes, habits, sayings, amusements and social character of Thiers—things that will be new to a great many who have become tired of the somewhat monotonous story of his politics, as usually narrated. The volume contains a portrait of the hard-looking old man; some inky and almost illegible specimens of his careless chirography, a representation of his mansion in the Place Saint George—which the *pétroleuses* burned to the ground, and which the municipality of Paris restored—and an *Appendix* containing memorable matter.

Mr. Stanton’s version is clear and readable—the original being very clear and easy of translation—though there are some deficiencies of phrase and manner which an ill-natured critic might be tempted to quarrel with. But these are more than compensated by the biographical foot-notes that accompany and illustrate the text.



*Memoir of George David Cummins, D. D.* 12° pp. 544. By HIS WIFE. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1879.

"HONOR and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." Had it not been that the memoir was written by a loving wife, these words might have stood as the motto for the life of Bishop Cummins, who combined in an eminent degree the characteristics which, the Psalmist tells us, are found serving God in His Temple. Of intense affections, of unselfish ambition, of sweet charitableness, of unflinching fidelity to convictions—such was the nature of this good man. When to this we add a lofty eloquence, we cannot wonder that he was a leader of men, and that, the time being fully ripe, he became the redresser of wrongs, the champion of reform, and the founder of a Church. Beginning his labors at an early age, his advance was rapid, though well-earned. His ministry was exceedingly able and fruitful, increasing in power and value every year. But he was too warm-hearted, too broad-minded, too *Christian* to escape the persecution which the various churches seem only too ready to bestow on their noblest men. Even the Episcopal church, whose bosom is so ample, could not feed with the milk of human kindness a child so loving and devoted. The heresy-hunter was abroad. At a time when the clergy of the whole world had met in "Evangelical Alliance" in New York, Bishop Cummins, in the spirit of Christ and in obedience to his direct commands, sat down at the Lord's Supper with the ministers of the "sects," with such outcasts, for instance, as the noble Dr. John Hall. Thereupon Bishop Tozer, "of Zanzibar," opened the battle which soon waged all along the line. Gradually it came to pass as the fittest end to it all, that Bishop Cummins came forth from the old church and established a new one—bowing under the sense of his responsibilities, yet erect with the consciousness of Christian manhood and integrity. So it has ever been from the earliest times, and so will it ever be, until the churches learn more of Christ and of the liberty wherewith He has made us free.

We could wish that the origin of the Reformed Episcopal Church had been more fully and distinctly traced in this memoir; but it was doubtless fitting that it should be mainly a story of the inner and more personal life of its subject. No one can read the volume, so charmingly written, without loving the Bishop, or without gratitude to the wife who has rendered us such a service; while no clergyman of any denomination can read it without becoming a better man and a more efficient pastor.

The two portraits which adorn the volume are admirably executed; and the publishers have presented the work in a faultless style.

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*Soldier and Pioneer.* 12° p. 63. By E. L. ANDERSON.  
New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

THE sketch of Lieut. Col. R. E. Anderson, of the Continental army, by his grandson, furnishes an interesting record of one of the architects of our republic. It contains many curious and memorable incidents in the life of a man who was above the average of his time, and shows that Gen. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumpter fame, came fairly enough by his loyal blood. It is a well-written and beautifully printed little volume, with two interesting wood cuts.

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TRAVELS.

*Die Culturländer des alten America.* Zwei bande. Mit drei Karten und einen Tafel. VON A. BASTIAN. Berlin : Weidemann ; New York : B. Westermann and Co. 1879.

THIS work is a good specimen of a style of literature only too rare at the present day—the notes of a traveller who has journeyed with his eyes open, and has not been too proud to ask for information whenever he needed it. The author's South American tour, which occupies the first volume and is illustrated with three of those excellent maps of which Germany would almost seem to have the monopoly at present, may be briefly sketched as follows : Leaving England on the 5th May, 1875, he reached Valparaíso, by way of Magellan's Straits, with a passing view *en route* of Ferro, the Brazilian coast and the Chilian penal settlement of Punta-Arenas. From Valparaíso he coasted northward to Callao, touching on the way at Copiapo, Iquique, Arica, and various other ports. He visited the city and environs of Lima, which he criticises with an unflattering plainness of speech in striking contrast to the florid descriptions of other travellers. Still heading to the north, he sailed up the Gulf of Guayaquil, and made a tolerably wide circuit through the interior of Ecuador and Colombia, penetrating as far inland as the city of Turja, and descending the Magdalena from Santa Fé de Bogota to the sea—no light undertaking, as any one can avouch who has tried it. He then proceeded to the Isthmus and Guatemala, traversing a considerable portion of the latter State and paying a visit to its capital. At this point the author's personal narrative suddenly breaks off, the first volume closing with the remark that "the return journey through the United States must be dealt with later on"—a promise which we hope to see fulfilled in another work as entertaining as the present one.

In making this tour, Mr. Bastian had the twofold advantage of

a previous visit to South America in 1852, and a tolerably complete acquaintance with the writings of Cieza de Leon and other Spanish chroniclers, who are naturally the chief authorities upon the great empire which they overran and conquered. The copious and valuable appendix upon *The Religion and Customs of Peru*, attached to Vol. I, is a kind of miniature type of Vol. II, which is entirely taken up with the history, antiquities and religious beliefs of the various aboriginal races of Spanish America, more especially the Aztecs and Peruvians. So minutely are all these points entered into, so numerous and weighty are the authorities cited, that any one who may be interested in the subject, and who is not sufficiently learned to read Garcilasso de la Vega in the original (unquestionably the most agreeable as well as the most voluminous of Spanish writers upon this topic), cannot do better than to devote some time to the attentive study of Mr. Bastian's second volume.

Among the the most interesting portions of the work is the long and comprehensive chapter upon "Ancient Mexico" (Vol. II, pp. 379-478), in the course of which the author takes occasion to summarize the various traditions of foreign visits to the American continent previous to the time of Columbus, from the discovery of "Vinland" by the Scandinavians under Thorwald and Eric the Red, to the supposed expedition of Prince Madoc of Wales, in the twelfth century. He also quotes several very curious theories as to the manner in which western America was originally peopled, including George Horne's ingenious derivation of the Mexican Aztecs from a vast immigration of Chinese refugees under Ti-Ping—a very singular foreshadowing, if authentic, of the precisely similar influx from the same quarter which is now rapidly becoming one of the most momentous of America's unsolved problems. Horne's supposition receives some countenance from the testimony of Pedro Melendez (quoted by Acosta) as to the discovery, on the coast near Quivira, of the wrecks of vessels of Chinese build, "with gilded poops;" and the traditions of the surrounding tribes contain many allusions to the arrival by sea from the west of "a great multitude of beardless strangers, clad in silk."

Even more interesting, to the student of "folk-lore" at least, is the succeeding chapter upon Quetzalcoatl (*id.* pp. 479-518), which examines minutely the various legends relating to the Mexican Odin. The Aztec mythology represents him as having suddenly and mysteriously vanished, leaving behind him the assurance that he would one day return in triumph, under the form of a bearded man of fair complexion, arrayed in complete armor—a belief which subsequently proved incalculably serviceable to the audacious enterprise of Cortez, whose personal resemblance to the characteristics wherewith tradition had invested the coming deliverer, was too obvious not to have its full weight with the superstitious inhabitants of Tlascala and Mexico. Mr. Bastian

might have added that traces of this belief in the mysterious disappearance and future resurrection of some national deity or demigod are to be found in all ages and among all nations—embodying themselves in the person of Zalmoxis among the Scythians, of Aristomenes among the Messenians of the Peloponnesus, of Theseus among the Athenians, of king Arthur in Wales, of Charlemagne in the Rhineland, of Don Sebastian in Portugal, of Olger Danske in Denmark, of Friedrich Barbarossa von Hohenstaufen in Germany.

With regard to the author's style, it displays the same characteristics of painstaking research, and industrious accumulation of miscellaneous facts, which marked the work upon *The Bronze Swords* in the Royal Museum at Berlin, published by the same writer in conjunction with Mr. Voss in 1878. From the fine architecture of the great cathedrals of Quito and Bogota to the rudely-plaited straw hats worn by the native Peons, nothing escapes him. Everywhere we find the same vigilant observation, the same microscopic minuteness of detail, which impelled one of Mr. Bastian's most scholastic countrymen to regret, on his death-bed, that he had not "consecrated his whole life to the dative case." This untiring diligence has certainly achieved its purpose; and those who may be dissatisfied with the amount of information afforded by Messrs. Squier, Hutchinson and Boddam-Whetham, upon Southern and Central America, will find in Mr. Bastian's two volumes a very effective supplement to all three. Could they be translated into English they would doubtless receive a cordial welcome from English readers.

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*Midnight Marches Through Persia.* 12" pp. 366. By HENRY BALLANTINE, A. M. With an Introduction by HON. J. H. SEELYE, D. D. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham, 1879.

MR. BALLANTINE presents us in an agreeable way with what may be gathered *en route*, along the public or telegraphic roads, by a rapid traveller through Persia. The volume describes a journey from Bombay to the Persian Gulf, northward by the Caspian to Russia, and so round by way of England to the United States—a journey of five and a half months, not altogether by "midnight." The book contains a number of maps and illustrations, some of them being very oriental or antique in character. It conveys on the whole as good an idea of the cities, palaces, temples, hills, gorges, streams, and population of the countries traversed as may be gathered from works of much greater pretensions.

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## BELLES-LETTRES.

*Apple Blossoms.* Verses of two children. By ELAINE GOODALE and DORA READ GOODALE. Sq. 16° pp. 120. New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

THIS little book of verses naturally suggests to memories not yet very old, a parallel with the youthful poems of Lucretia Maria and Margaret Miller Davidson. But to us, *Apple Blossoms* is a far more phenomenal performance than the work of the Davidson sisters. If there were nothing more to be said, its superiority in finish and art-expression is of itself striking. It may be urged truly enough that precocity—poetic precocity especially—is not unusual, but here we find not merely an irruption into poetic fancies and rhymes, but a singular mastery of the intricacies of verse. What we should call the technique of a poet these bright girls seem to have at their fingers ends, or to have conquered almost instinctively. It is quite safe to say that, in the one hundred and thirty-four poems here given (sixty-two by Elaine and seventy-three by Dora), there are not as many false rhymes or flaws in form, as you can find in almost any one of Whittier's volumes. Though, of course, we are not bringing Whittier's genius and thought at all into comparison. It hardly needs affirming that felicity like this, when it is accompanied by sweet and graceful conceits, the natural outburst of childhood, is something exceedingly rare.

These poems differ from the Davidson sisters' verses, again, in being much more healthy and robust in spirit. They have the pulse and effervescence of a fountain—its music and sparkle too. Even when they toy most with reflection, we are never once taken into the damp atmosphere of sepulchral meditation. Of morbidity we detect no trace, and where there is a touch of religious fervor at all, it is spontaneous and hopeful—never sad and pietistic. Some of the epithets in these poems are as pictorial and happy as one could wish; and the depth of thought, without being remarkable otherwise than in connection with the age at which it was produced, is never less than respectable—and it even gives us, sometimes, a sudden fillip of surprise. This little burst of Elaine's is not by any means the best, or above the average level, of her work—but see how joyous it is:

" Oh wild azalea rosy red  
In every woody hollow;  
Put out, put out your pretty head,  
That I may see and follow!  
That I may see and follow, dear,  
That I may see and follow!"

Little Dora's poem of *Maiden's Hair*, though we do not single it out as being superior to many others, is one which a maturer writer need not be ashamed to acknowledge. We will

not quote it, but give here something from her pen that is briefer and more impromptu :

"A sky of scurrying clouds  
That fly on dappled sails,  
And with purple oars  
To the sunset shores  
Are blown by the evening gales.  
"They reach the golden gate,  
They catch the golden glow,  
And, with purple oars,  
At the sunset shores  
They wait, while the winds breathe low."

It is not only the fine feeling and spontaneous voices of these young poets that we have to note; there is something also in the essence which underlies their verse that makes it authentic. If Elaine's poems show a little the most variety, Dora's do not in any respect fall below them in promise. We confidently hope from them, when maturity offers its sheaf, something which will not suffer when tried by the severest standards.

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*The Lady of the Aroostook.* 12° pp. 326. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Osgood and Company. 1879.

WE should all be thankful that we have Mr. Howells among us. It is an infinite relief to turn from the weak, moral stories and the strong, immoral ones; from American novels of a doubtful character and French novels with a character only too undoubtful—to the simple, powerful, pure, exhilarating, and winning stories of Mr. Howells. The word *exhilarating* is used advisedly. We all know what it is to feel depressed after reading a novel, to have a sensation of unrest, of irksomeness, as we come back to actual life. This arises from the false glamour that characterizes so many works of fiction, and makes them so attractive, yet dangerous, a pabulum for impressible minds. But Mr. Howells' stories are natural and elevating; and this last is no exception to the rule. We have a better opinion of human nature after reading it, and especially of American men and American women.

The story has no plot; it is the simple unfolding of daily life, during a most uneventful voyage on board a ship that carried as passengers a beautiful and simple country maiden and three young men of the world. The grandfather had engaged passage for his "little girl," as he called her; but when all hands had discovered that the little girl was a full-grown woman, the consternation was great. Lydia—for that was her name—alone saw nothing awkward in the situation; and the interest of the story lies in the application and result of a plan formed by the young men for protecting her from the knowledge of her position. The fact that the circumstances are all so perfectly natural, is to the honor of American society, in which a woman unprotected is the best protected.

*Paul Faber, Surgeon.* 8° pp. 201. By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

DR. MacDONALD has pursued his usual line of thought in *Paul Faber*, clothing religious and doctrinal teachings with the garb of fiction. One cannot help wishing that he would insist less on doctrinal beliefs, which pertain more to the domain of philosophy than to that of religion, while keeping in the foreground the religious element. In this instance, Paul Faber is a physician who has been led, by what seemed to him good and sufficient reasons, to deny the existence of a God and to reject the doctrine of immortality, though recognizing the eternity of matter. He ranks physics, or the study of nature, and nature's crowning work, man, as the highest science, toward which all other sciences radiate. The natural kindliness of his disposition and the love of his fellow-men led him to take an interest in the progress of science. He wished to demonstrate that one can live truly, unaided by either the hope or the fear of future reward or retribution, and his failure to do so is the fault of Dr. MacDonald rather than of Paul Faber. To this end he is made to marry a woman whom he saves from death, and whom he has taught to believe like himself. He soon discards her, however, for a sin he himself had committed in his youth. Through much suffering they are finally brought back to each other and to the Church. Mr. Wingfold, the curate and shepherd, who leads back the stray sheep, is evidently Dr. MacDonald's ideal of a pastor.

Notwithstanding the author's able handling of his subject, atheism is one of too vast proportions to be satisfactorily disposed of in a novel. When a man like Paul Faber is led to renounce his convictions during a period of prostration in which his mind is weakened through suffering, it does not follow that either the status of Christianity or that of Atheism is affected thereby. One may reasonably be skeptical of a faith, the supporters of which are influence by fear rather than by the clear, calm judgment.

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*A Quiet Life; and The Tide on the Moaning Bar.* Sq. 12° pp. 230. By MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Bros.

IN these two stories, *A Quiet Life*, and *The Tide on the Moaning Bar*, Mrs. Burnett has introduced as her heroines two more of her seventeen-year-old girls, although pretty little Prue Renfrew, in *A Quiet Life*, with her fair girlish face in its frame of falling hair, like brown autumn leaves; sweet serious eyes and sensitive little mouth, can scarcely be called a heroine, save for her patient fortitude in seeking to hide her sorrow from her old father. The

girlish dignity, rigid scrupulousness in the attention to her duties as the Rector's daughter, quaint little ways and unsophisticated innocence of Prue Renfrew, that for a time proved an irresistible attraction for Angus Strathspey, the Lord of the Manor, is a direct antithesis to the sparkling beauty and the thoughtlessness of the merry little sprite, Line Clangarthe, in *The Tide on the Moaning Bar*, although both are equally charming. Notwithstanding the similarity of Mrs. Burnett's tales, and the absence of anything like brilliancy or originality, her books possess a certain charm. The rare pathos in these simple and natural little stories can not fail to engage the attention of the most indifferent reader.

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*Madeleine*. Sq. 12° pp. 220. By JULES SANDEAU. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Bros.

*Madeleine*, Jules Sandeau's prize novel, is a well written and entertaining story, showing the influence of a good woman upon a man "hardened by egotism, stained by idleness, and rendered prematurely old by debauchery." His reformation is not effected suddenly, and his ascent is often retarded by backsliding; but he is eventually "regenerated by work, rejuvenated by love, and sanctified by sacrifice." Novels like *Madeleine*, the aim of which is to demonstrate a principle, are too often an exception in French literature. French novelists, as a rule, in their strict observance of the demands of art, make subordinate to it all moral considerations.

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*Philomène's Marriages*. Sq. 12° pp. 324. By HENRY GRÉVILLE. Translated by Miss HELEN STANLEY. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Bros.

*Philomène's Marriages* differs from the generality of Mme. Gréville's novels in that it fails to be as interesting as her other works. Mme. Philomène Crépin is a widow, aged thirty-eight years, an uninteresting peasant woman with yellow hair, a sharp nose, and ugly teeth, who possesses a little money, and is desirous of marrying again. The recital of Mme. Crépin's experiences in search of the deceased captain is not an entertaining narrative, notwithstanding Mme. Gréville's skill in portraiture. The characters of M. and Mme. Verroy, M. Masson and Virginie, however, compensate for the uninteresting character of Philomène. In a preface, addressed to her American readers, Mme. Gréville writes that she has endeavored to depict the people of France as they are; asserting that they live, love and marry as other people do. She has undoubtedly succeeded in this, but not in presenting as agreeable a picture of French life as might have been drawn.

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*Sonia*. Translated from the French of HENRY GRÉVILLE. By MARY NEAL SHERWOOD. Sq. 12° pp. 272. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Bros.

*Sonia* is a charmingly written love story. The sketches are drawn to the life and are attractive. The character of Sonia, the little serf girl, is delineated with considerable delicacy and skill. Disinterestedness, however, such as that of Prince Armianof, a nobleman by nature as well as birth, is a great rarity in real life; but one need not travel far to verify the reality of persons like Mme. La Générale Goréline, who, in her self-sufficiency and asserted dignity, seeks to bear everything down before her; Mlle. Lydia, whose ambitious scheming is thwarted by her selfish frivolity; and like Boris Grébof, who in true manliness of character bears up bravely under disappointment. *Sonia* will undoubtedly achieve a great success among Mme. Gréville's readers.

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*As It May Happen. A Story of American Life and Character.* 12° pp. 416. By TREBOR. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates. 1879.

INTENSITY of thought and style, and a tendency to description are the most noticeable peculiarities of *As it may Happen*.

It has slow action, with a double plot, over which the reader's attention cannot flag for a moment without losing a good deal of the narrative; which, indeed, seems to lose itself, somehow, among the many interlocutors that move through it and retard the *dénouement*. A tale with a simple, single plot, treated with all the conversational vivacity of the author, would be far more effective. The manner of a story is almost always of more importance than its matter. The story of any of Charles Dickens' novels, told by an inferior artist, would scarcely be worth reading or remembering.

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*The Barque Future, or Life in the Far North.* 12° pp. 252. By JONAS LIE. Translated from the Icelandic, by MRS. OLE BULL. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co. 1879.

*The Barque Future* is a pleasant narrative of rude life in the far north. The scenes and events depicted and narrated are commonplace enough to give them the air of probability. Wisdom and folly, vice and virtue, honor and duplicity, heroism and adventure, love, jealousy and matrimony are illustrated in the story, which is told with great simplicity. The translator has evidently made no attempt to do more than accurately to render the original, in which task she gracefully acknowledges her indebtedness to Prof. R. B. Anderson.

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*Bel Marjory, a Tale.* 12° pp. 376. By L. T. MEADE. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

An agreeable little family story is this, English as to its locality and character, and carrying with it a quiet English moral which it is the purpose of the narrative to illustrate. Its title, however, is unfortunate. If the volume possessed a more "taking" title, it would command a wider interest than it is likely to do as *Bel Marjory*.

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ART.

*French Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil.* 4° pp. 212. By REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D. With illustrations by English and foreign artists. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1878.

SOMEBODY has said that reading d'Herbelot's great oriental work was as good as going through the East on the back of a camel; and it may be said with equal justice that a perusal of this *livre de luxe* will give as good an idea of "the vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France" as could be gathered from an actual journey through that country. Here we are brought face to face with the valley of the Seine, Normandy and Brittany, along the Loire, by Auvergne and the Cevennes; the Alps of Dauphiné, south-western France and the Pyrennées; the highlands of eastern France and the cities of Lyons and Paris; a succession of admirable views going by as in a panorama—valleys, rivers, lakes, cataracts, bridges, promontories, castles, palaces, cathedrals, ruins and remains of old temples and theatres, crypts and sepulchres; all historic, or poetic, or picturesque, and all executed in a very delicate style of modern art. Accompanying these illustrations is a series of descriptions written in a very graphic and scholarly style. But it is hard to say which is the greater merit of these pictures of France—their charm of artistic excellence, or the value of the literature that describes them.

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*Art and Artists in Connecticut.* Small 4° pp. 176. By H. W. FRENCH. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

THIS book, having for its frontispiece a portrait of Col. John Trumbull, from the marble bust in the Yale gallery, and a great number of other portraits, artistic specimens, studies and sketches—presents an *Outline of the Growth of Art* in Connecticut, a history of the Yale art gallery; of the Wadsworth art gallery; and of our art-schools of the State; and also some chapters on water-color painting and education in art. Other chapters contain biographical notices of Connecticut painters and critical estimates of their works. The book is an honor to the State of Connecticut,

and also to the industry and zeal of its author, whose opinions on the condition and promise of the fine arts in this part of the world are expressed with judgment. He says "it is a fact which none would attempt to deny, that there is but little originality as yet to distinguish the art-life of America. In sculpture we are deficient. In painting we still "look up." In architecture we have produced but a bastard jumble. But in defence be it urged, we are yet young. We are composed, in the greater part, of emigrants from other nations, the least artistic of every community. Our fields are not yet half of them planted: shall we carve marble well before we have completed the plough-share? \* \* \* The promise in America is great, the possibilities unlimited. Scarcely a hundred years have passed since the fine arts found a first footing in native soil: yet Connecticut has already produced more than one man of whom it may well be said that

'All the world was proud that he was born;'

and hardly a year passes but higher steps are taken, offering every encouragement to the fullest, freest confidence in hope of further progress" (p. 23).

#### CATALOGUES.

*Catalogue of the Brooklyn Library. Part Second.* D—M. 4° pp. 401. By S. B. NOYES, Librarian. Brooklyn: 1878.

WE had occasion to speak in terms of commendation of *Part First* of the Catalogue of the Brooklyn Library some time ago;\* and it is, perhaps, unnecessary to add to, or extenuate anything, we then said of the work. The author has consistently carried out in *Part Second* the plan pursued in *Part First*. His method of classification, plan of cross references, and description of the literature catalogued leave little to be desired in a bibliographical work. The work will be completed with *Part Third*, which is soon to be published.

*Catalogue of the Newburyport Public Library.* 8° pp. 618. A. H. Tenney, Librarian. By AMOS NOYES. Newburyport: 1879.

IN the Catalogue of the Newburyport (Mass.) Public Library, no attempt at classification of subjects and titles is made. The system of cross references has been adopted to some extent, to advantage; but the alphabetical order is retained. With the aid of the learned Librarian, whose memory is said to retain every title the library contains, the work will serve, for some time to come,

\**National Quarterly Review*, July, 1878.

the purpose of the reader. It is nicely printed on good paper, and presents a very respectable appearance.

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*Putnam's Library Companion. A Quarterly Summary of "the best reading," giving priced and classified lists of the English Publications, etc.* Vol. II. 8° pp. 80. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

THIS quarterly volume of the Messrs. Putnam, giving a list and description, with prices, etc. of recent publications, is valuable in its way. It is neatly gotten up, and is obviously intended for bibliographers and the reading public generally.

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RECEIVED.

*A Reply to Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D., on Socialism.* 12° pp. 67, paper. By A SOCIALIST. New York : Charles P. Somerby. 1879.

*A History of the City of San Francisco.* 8° pp. 495. By JOHN S. HITTELL. San Francisco : A. L. Bancroft and Co. 1878.

*Sewer Gases, and How to Protect our Dwellings.* 16° pp. 157. Illustrated. By ADOLFO DE VARONA, A. M., LL.B., M. D. Brooklyn : Eagle Book Printing Department. 1879.

*Improved Dwellings for the Laboring Classes.* 8° pp. 45, paper. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

*Economic Monographs.* Nos. XI., XII. and XV. 12° paper. *Honest Money and Labor.* By CARL SCHURZ; *National Banking.* By M. L. SCUDDER, JR.; *International Copyright.* By G. H. PUTNAM. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

*Life and Times of Stein ; or, Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age.* 2 Vols. 8° pp. 546-568. By J. R. SEELEY, M. A. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1879.

*History of the English People.* Vols. I. and II., 8° pp. 576-500. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M. A. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1878.

*The Early Years of Christianity : The Apostolic Era ; The Martyrs and Apologists ; Heresy and Christian Dogma ; Christian Life and Practice in the Early Church.* One vol. each. 12° pp. 536-654-478-528. By E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D. D. Translated by ANNIE HARWOOD-HOLMDEN. New York : Nelson & Phillips ; Cincinnati : Hitchcock & Walden. 1878.

*The People's Commentary*, including brief notes on the New Testament, with copious references to parallel and illustrative Scripture passages, designed to aid Bible students and common readers to understand the meaning of the inspired word. 12° pp.

724. By AMOS BINNEY and DANIEL STEELE, S. T. D. New York : Nelson & Phillips ; Cincinnati : Hitchcock & Walden. 1879.

*Nadeschda.* A Poem in nine Cantos. 8° pp. 103. By JOHN LUDVIG RNEBERG. Translated from the Swedish by MARIÈ A. BROWN. Boston : Mariè A. Brown. 1879.

*Prince Deukalion.* A Lyrical Drama. Sq. 8° pp. 171. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

*Poems ;* By SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. 12° pp. 261. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

*A Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art,* with descriptive illustrations. Crown 8° pp. 541. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. Twelfth Edition. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

*Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers and Their Works.* A Handbook, with illustrations and monograms. Crown 8° pp. 681. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. Fifth Edition. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

*Artists of the Nineteenth Century and Their Works.* A Handbook, containing two thousand and fifty biographical sketches. 2 Vols. Crown 8° pp. 524-373. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT and LAWRENCE HUTTON. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

*Motives of Life.* Sq. 16° pp. 162. By DAVID SWING. Chicago : Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1879.

*The Grammar of Painting and Engraving.* 12° pp. 330. Translated from the French of Blanc's *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin*. By KATIE NEWELL DOGGETT. With the original illustrations. Third Edition. Chicago : S. C. Griggs & Co. 1879.

*Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist.* 12° pp. 436. By SAMUEL SMILES, LL. D. With portrait and illustrations. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1879.

*The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A.* 12° pp. 404. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1879

*Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates.* 8° pp. 445. By LADY ANNE BLUNT. Edited, with a Preface and some accounts of the Arabs and their Horses, by W. S. B. Maps and Sketches by the Author. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1879.

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THE Editors learn with regret that the leading article in the previous number of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, entitled *Ideal Commonwealths*, was plagiarized from the *Democratic Review* for September, 1846, Vol. XIX. It is proper to say that the said article was paid for and published by them as an original essay ; and that the author of the imposition is one subscribing himself Stephen W. Landon, Jamaica, L. I.

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
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